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OWEN'S PALEONTOLOGY.*

SCIENCE and revelation alike tell us of a period in the existence of our planet when life was not, and of a process and order by and in which it appeared. Notwithstanding the innumerable attempts which have been from time to time made, on the one hand to trace contradictions between the two authorities, and to set them in opposition; and, on the other hand, to bring them forcibly, and, we may venture to say, unnaturally, into *formal* accordance; it is now clearly recognizable to candid inquirers that their domains

are essentially distinct; and that whilst there is no discrepancy in the rightful interpretation of the *two* revelations given by the same Author, for good and wise reasons the one does not, and the other can not, trench upon the ground properly occupied by the companion history. Scripture briefly hints at a period when the earth was "without form and void," and giving the merest outline of the process by which the void was occupied, passes on to reveal that which by wisdom man could not find out — his own history, his fall, and the scheme and fulfillment of his redemption. The second revelation, that of nature, of which we are just beginning to learn the alphabet, as it is written on the mighty palimpsests of the earth's strata, treats of the origin and progress of organic life on our globe; and this it

* *Paleontology; or, a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals, and their Geological Relations.* By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Natural History Departments in the British Museum, Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Foreign Associate of the Institute of France, etc. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1860.

is the province of the infant-giant science, Palæontology, to interpret.

The outer shell of the earth is composed, for some miles in depth, of strata or layers, arranged more or less accurately in definite order, and marked by special characteristics in each case so determinate, that the skilled geologist has little difficulty, from inspecting a fragment of any of these, in placing it in its proper position in the series. These characteristics naturally consist, in some measure, of color, texture, and chemical and mechanical composition; but far more important indications than these are the organic remains buried in them, for each of these strata (with few exceptions) is a vast catacomb in which lie buried innumerable generations of creatures that lived and died during the period of its deposition; and these remains are so distinct in each case, that those of one layer can never be confounded with those of any other. The species—sometimes the genera and orders—that lived during one formation have passed away in the next; and, as all experience tells, they have passed away never to reappear; their place has been taken by corresponding representatives of the same types, but the one extinct race never revives.

Those who are not familiar with the existence of organic remains may have the fact impressed strongly on their minds by one glance at most of the ordinary gray marble slabs forming our chimney-pieces, etc. There we often see forms so crowded together, that the whole stone would appear almost entirely composed of them; forms that irresistibly remind us of the shells and fragments that strew our shores; so like, that our first natural and correct impression is, that these are really the remains of former living creatures; so unlike in all their minute details, that we can find no one form that is exactly similar to any now living. When we first make these an object of serious thought, question after question pours in upon the mind full of interest: What are these? Are they really former organic existences, or mere deceptive *simulacra*? How came they here, buried hundreds or thousands of feet deep in solid rock? Why are they so like, and yet so unlike, any of our now living forms? These questions it is the province of the closely allied sciences of geology and palæontology to answer.

What are these forms? It is perhaps scarcely credible now, yet it is true, that until a comparatively very recent period even men of science failed to recognize the true nature of organic remains. The favorite theory was that they had never formed parts of any living creature, but were developed from a *materia pinguis*, or fatty matter, under the influence of fermentation. Even the celebrated anatomist Fallopius taught that certain tusks of elephants that had been disinterred were not tusks, but mere earthy concretions. He also taught that what we consider to be petrified shells were generated by fermentation in the place where they are found; and that they had received their form by means of the "tumultuous movements of terrestrial exhalations.* Others considered that these were formed in the earth under the influence of the stars, or other heavenly bodies; and, again, that they were the failures of nature in the formation of animals, or the sports of nature. Comparing these with the stern inductive reasoning of many modern investigators, we may well consider palæontology as the science, *par excellence*, of Adequate Causes. About the year 1600, we find Imperati still contending that stones vegetated by force of an "internal principle." However, in 1580, Palissy had boldly promulgated more rational doctrines. "He was the first," said Fontenelle, when, in the French Academy, he pronounced his eulogy, nearly a century and a half later, "who dared assert," in Paris, that fossil remains of testacea and fish had once belonged to marine animals.†

It would scarcely be necessary to allude to these so-called opinions were it not that, in accordance with what Hugh Miller calls the "cycle of nonsense"† their absurdities have been gravely reproduced even within the last few years, and not always by men utterly ignorant of science and its laws.

"There are minds [says Professor Owen] who, cognizant of the wonderful structures of the extinct Devonian fishes—of the evidences of design and adaptation in their structures—of the altered nature of the sediment around them, and its dependence on the admixture of the decomposing and dissolved soft parts of the old fish—

* See Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, p. 22, ninth edition.

† Ibid. p. 23. ‡ *Testimony of the Rocks*, p. 388.

would deliberately reject the conclusions which healthy human reason must, as its Creator has constituted it, draw from such proofs of his operations. There are now individuals, one at least,* who prefer to try to make it be believed that God had recently, and at once, called into being all these phenomena; that the fossil bones, scales, and teeth had never served their purpose—had never been recent—were never truly developed, but were created fossil; that the creatures they simulate never actually existed; that the superior hardness of the inclosing matrix was equally due to primary creation, not to any secondary causes; that the geological evidences of superposition, successive stratification, and upheaval were, equally with the palæontological evidences, an elaborate design to deceive and not instruct."—P. 136.

A similar view was propounded a few years ago by a "Clergyman of the Church of England," in his *Brief and Complete Refutation of the Anti-Scriptural Theory of Geologists*. Fossils were not necessarily animated structures; some were originally stone; but some had been flesh and bone, inanimate. The mammoth found in Siberia had been created exactly in that half state of preservation in which it was discovered; it had never lived; it was merely a "created carcass." According to this ingenious writer, it would appear that all apparent vegetable and animal fossils are merely the Platonic archetypes originally created, after which all future organisms were to be modeled. Many have already been produced; the most part, we should infer, have yet to appear †

Although palæontology has so recently become one of the strictly inductive sciences, it has been, and is now being cultivated with a zeal so ardent and so widely spread, that it may safely be affirmed that no science is making such rapid progress, nor is communicating such important contributions to our general stock of knowledge. In particular, comparative anatomy and physiology have thereby been enriched by the discovery of the well-defined law of the "correlation of structures," as applied to the restoration of extinct species. Zoölogy has become much more exact as to classification, and the knowledge of the vertebral type or framework has been very much advanced. Geology may be said to have been reconstructed by means of palæontology—in fact, "to

have left her old handmaiden, mineralogy, to rest almost wholly upon her young and vigorous offspring, the science of organic remains." (P. 2.) Much light has been thrown upon the geographical distribution of animals, and its relation to changing geological forces rendered capable of investigation.

"Finally, palæontology has yielded the most important facts to the highest range of knowledge to which the human intellect aspires. It teaches that the globe allotted to man has revolved in its orbit through a period of time so vast, that the mind, in the endeavor to realize it, is strained by an effort like that by which it strives to conceive the space dividing the solar system from the most distant nebule.

"Palæontology has shown that, from the inconceivably remote period of the deposition of the Cambrian rocks, the earth has been vivified by the sun's light and heat, has been fertilized by refreshing showers, and washed by tidal waves; that the ocean not only moved in orderly oscillations regulated, as now, by sun and moon, but was rippled and agitated by winds and storms; that the atmosphere, besides these movements, was healthily influenced by clouds and vapors, rising, condensing, and falling in ceaseless circulation.

"With these conditions of life palæontology demonstrates that life has been enjoyed during the same countless thousands of years, and that with life, from the beginning, there has been death. The earliest testimony of the living thing, whether coral, crust, or shell, in the oldest fossiliferous rock, is at the same time proof that it died. At no period does it appear that the gift of life has been monopolized by contemporary individuals through a stagnant sameness of untold time; but it has been handed down from generation to generation, and successively enjoyed by the countless thousands that constitute the species. Palæontology further teaches that not only the individual but the species perishes; that as death is balanced by generation, so extinction has been concomitant with the creative power which has continued to provide a succession of species; and furthermore, that as regards the various forms of life which this planet has supported, there has been an advance and progress in the main. Thus we learn that the creative force has not deserted the earth during any of the epochs of geological time that have succeeded to the first manifestation of such force, and that in respect of no one class of animals has the creative force been limited to one geological epoch; and perhaps the most important and significant result of palæontological research has been the establishment of the axiom of the continuous operation of the ordained becoming of living things."—Pp. 2-3.

What do we learn as to the beginning of life on our earth? Nothing that is absolutely certain, but much that is highly

* See *Omphalos*, by P. H. Gosse, 8vo, 1858.

† *Testimony of the Rocks*, pp. 389, et seq.

probable. Our author tells us (p. 96) that beneath the oldest Cambrian strata, and forming the base rocks upon which these rest, there is, in all countries where investigation has been made, an enormous series of sub-aqueous sediment, originally composed of mud, sand, or pebbles, the successive bottoms of a former sea, derived from preëxisting rocks, which has not undergone any change from heat, and in which no trace of organic life has yet been detected. "Whether they be significant of ocean abysses never reached by the remains of coeval living beings, or whether they truly indicate the period antecedent to the beginning of life on this planet, are questions of the deepest significance, and demanding much further observation before they can be authoritatively answered." There is, however, a consideration, derived from the lower Silurian beds immediately above these, which lends great weight to the opinion that organic life first appeared *after* the deposition of these non-fossiliferous, non-crystalline sedimentary beds. Immediately above them, in localities widely separated, as in Russia, Sweden, Norway, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, and in the United States, "there are certain rocks which occupy relatively the same place, and inclose what may be described generally as the same remains."* In Scandinavia they constitute the "fucoid band" described by Murchison; they form the Skiddaw slates, bearing also fucoidal impressions; in North-America they are represented by the Potsdam sandstones, in which fucoids with a minute *lingula* abound. With these deep-lying beds in all these several localities, so far apart, all traces of life cease. In one or two instances it might have occurred that the conditions were unfavorable for the preservation of fossils, but it is at least improbable that, had life existed, it should always and so uniformly have disappeared at this one point in the descending scale. Hugh Miller concludes from this that these fucoidal beds "represent the period in which at least *existences capable of preservation* were first introduced." (*loc. cit.*)

There is a similar uncertainty as to the first living creatures on our globe. The most ancient known fossil is a zoöphyte found near Wicklow, in the lower Cambrian beds, and called by Professor Forbes

Oldhamia antiqua and *O. radiata*. The oldest fossiliferous beds generally contain only organisms low in the zoölogical scale, as we have seen in the fucoid beds. It is only in the upper Silurian beds that the first fossil fishes are found. But this kind of evidence is negative only, and although affording much probability, is not conclusive. Fishes, and even higher vertebrata, may have lived in the most ancient times, and their remains have perished, or the rocks in which they occurred may have been metamorphosed. Sir Charles Lyell also says that

"They who in our own times have explored the bed of the sea, inform us that it is in general as barren of vertebrate remains as the soil of a forest on which thousands of mammalia and reptiles may have flourished for centuries. In the summer of 1850, Professor E. Forbes and Mr. M'Andrew dredged the bed of the British seas from the Isle of Portland to the Land's End in Cornwall, and thence again to Shetland, recording and tabulating the numbers of the various organic bodies brought up by them in the course of one hundred and forty distinct dredgings, made at different distances from the shore, some a quarter of a mile, others forty miles distant. The list of species of marine invertebrate animals, whether Radiata, Mollusca, or Articulate, was very great, and the number of individuals enormous; but the only instances of vertebrate animals consisted of a few ear-bones and two or three vertebrae of fish—in all not above six relics."*

One of these gentlemen also dredged the great "Ling Banks," near the Shetland Isles, for shells, without obtaining any fish-bones or teeth.

It is evident, then, that merely negative evidence will prove nothing on such a question as this. Considering how frequently the supposed first appearance of reptiles, birds, and mammals has had to be put backwards in time by the discoveries of the last few years, the last-quoted authority considers that we are yet but on the threshold of our inquiries; and holds that the non-appearance of certain classes of remains in certain series of rocks is no proof whatever that the animals which they represent did not exist during the deposition of such rocks. Sir R. Murchison maintains, on the other hand, that there are such enormous quantities of fine undisturbed sedimentary rocks, in which even the minute markings of the annelidans are evident, that, had animals of high organization dwelt in those seas,

* *Footprints of the Creator*, Miller, p. 218.

* *Manual of Elementary Geology*, p. 489.

"we should find their relics in this sediment, so admirably adapted for their conservation, as seen in the markings of the little *arenicola*, accompanied even by the traces of diurnal atmospheric action."* Those who follow this opinion also suggest that large and powerful cephalopoda were so abundant in the Silurian seas, that they might well supply the place of fishes; against which it is urged, on the other hand, that both coexisted in the upper Silurian periods, and in the carboniferous and liassic seas, as they do in certain parts of our modern ocean.

There is one consideration of an analogical character, which would render it at least very probable that fishes ought to be wanting in our lowest strata. As we search deeper and deeper into our evidences of existence during past time, we find, as we recede, that the higher orders of animal life one by one disappear. First, man leaves the scene; next, his nearest physiological or structural allies, the quadrumana; then, in order, the mammal, the bird, and the reptile; all these, as far as positive evidence testifies, are wanting in the lower strata; and it seems only in accordance with this plan that afterwards fishes should disappear, and only the invertebrata remain. As this depends, however, only upon analogy, and to some extent also, theoretical analogy, it can only be taken as conjecture.

But, although we learn little that is absolutely certain concerning these earlier times, we may get glimpses of many a wondrous scene by turning over the pages of this strange old book. Perhaps, in the dim obscure of the earliest Cambrian rocks, we may read of a time when no life stirred the ocean, when no vegetation welded together or softened the scoriated surface of the earth. But shortly, as in a vision, we see a change pass over the face of nature—the fiat has gone forth that life shall be upon the earth, and that the waters shall bring forth abundantly. The sea is swarming with life; the little coral animal is already building up blindly its interminable reefs and barriers, which shall in after times be our mountain limestone. Countless multitudes of unsightly crustaceans, the trilobites, the constant characteristic of the Silurian seas, are swimming, with their back downwards, looking eagerly for their prey from eyes

of singular complexity, which are even yet preserved; teaching the most important lesson, that thousands of years ago the laws of light and matter were the same as now; and also that the ocean was not turbid and muddy, but much the same as now as to condition. Brilliantly colored crinoids and stone-flowers are gemming the floor of the ocean, even as our sea-anemones do now. We see as yet no fishes, though not improbably they may be there; but there are powerful races of the nautilus and cuttle-fish tribe, terribly armed both for attack and defence—the tyrants of these seas.

Still viewing in imagination our own latitudes, the panorama unfolds before us a dreary waste of shoreless ocean, the ocean of the "Old Red Sandstone." Land there may be—doubtless is—but we see it not, unless in the cloudy distance a low bank, with the faint, dim, and uncertain outline of a tree, indicates its presence. The fish dynasty is the predominant feature of the period.

Another turn of the canvas, and the scene is totally changed; for the first time we find large and important indications of land vegetation. It is the epoch of the Coal Measures. We see an archipelago of islands of as rich and gorgeous a vegetation as is now found in the tropics. Steep, almost precipitous, shores are clothed with the lofty and graceful araucaria, rivaling the palm-tree in beauty; the wide-spreading lepidodendron, with its feathery fronds; huge club-mosses and gigantic pines; whilst, filling up the interstices between these with an underwood thick as the primeval forests of South-America, are reeds scores of feet high, and ferns of the most luxurious growth.

Walking along the shore of the ocean of the new sandstone, we come upon footprints that are strange and new; they are those of some gigantic birds. We see nothing of the creatures themselves, but they have left their traces—footsteps twelve or fourteen inches long, and with a stride of six feet; evidently they are three or four times the bulk of our modern ostrich. But, in looking around us, we see that now another race has taken possession of earth, air, and water; it is the Reptile dynasty. Other animals do exist, but still are insignificant compared with the reptile. These are the giants and tyrants of the scene—the con-

* *Siluria*, pp. 20-27.

sumers of each other. Huge, bat-like reptiles, vaster than the fabled dragons of old, are flitting through the air; ponderous batrachians, large as a rhinoceros, are dragging their unwieldy bulk along the sands; fierce enaliosaur's dominate the ocean; and rapacious brutes, taller and bulkier than our largest elephants, occupy the foreground of the brakes and forests. Where now lie the wolds of Surrey and Kent we see in these past ages a river flowing, mightier than the Mississippi. Its banks are thickly clothed with tall pines and cycadææ, amongst which the gigantic iguanodon is rustling, and over its broad bosom dragon-flies and winged reptiles are speeding.

As we come nearer to modern times, we observe all these former races taking a subordinate place, and a new order of creatures appearing, that of the quadrupeds proper, or mammalia. In this, the tertiary period, mighty and fierce creatures occupy our own island. Here we see the hyena and bear, with teeth five inches in length; and the tiger, large as the largest of those of Bengal. Then the elephant, the mammoth, and the mastodon roamed the plains and forests of our latitudes; there the lonely tapir hid itself from society. But there were others of much vaster size than any of our own times. We will only single out one for description:

The megatherium was a representative of the tribe now known as the sloths. Had one of them and the largest known elephant taken a walk together, they would have appeared in about the same proportion as a Thames-street dray-horse and a Shetland pony. The monstrous pillars which supported the body were like forest trees, and were three times the thickness of the largest elephant's; the width across the loins was about six feet. The print of the fore-foot was about a yard long, and twelve inches wide; that of the hind-foot about half as large again. The feet were furnished with claws ten inches in length, and about twelve inches in circumference at the root. Its tail was five or six feet in circumference. Its mode of living was to tear up large trees by the roots, and strip them of leaves and radicles—trees so large sometimes as by their fall to crush the skull even of this gigantic brute. It was very slow in motion; but little need had it of speed when, for defense against its enemies, it had a coat of

mail an inch thick, probably ball-proof; and with one tread of its foot, or one lash of its tail, it could kill the largest puma or tiger.

But it is time that we address ourselves to a brief survey of some of the forms of life that seems to have played the most important parts in our world's history, and in so doing we shall follow the plan of our author, and begin with him at the lowest forms. Professor Owen separates the Protozoa from the Animalia; and, although the distinction appears somewhat arbitrary, it may be useful to follow it. Under the protozoa are grouped the amorphozoa, typified by the sponges; and the rhizopoda and the infusoria, to a great number of which it would appear difficult to deny distinctly marked animal nature. The testaceous rhizopods, or foraminifera, possess many points of extreme interest, from their endless modifications of form, their long duration throughout all known periods, and the large abundance of their remains.

"Upwards of six hundred and fifty-seven fossil species, belonging to seventy-three genera, have been described; they commence in the palæozoic age, increase in number and variety through each successive stratum, and attain their maximum in the present seas. Most of the fossil genera, and even some of the species, pass through many formations; indeed, if correctly observed, the existing forms are the oldest known living organisms. . . . The 'calcaire grossier,' which is employed at Paris as a building stone, contains *Foraminifera* in such abundance that one may say the capital of France is almost constructed of those minute and complex shells."—Pp. 12, 13.

A few of the species may be traced back continuously as far as the lias; a very extraordinary fact, when we consider how often most other species of animals have been changed in the interval, and especially what an almost total break occurred after the deposition of the chalk. This persistence of specific existence appears to be shared also, and only, by the infusoria. Certain species of *Bacillaria* now exist which were in being during the cretaceous period, and some of the present *Diatomaceæ* extend backwards in time as far as the Oolite. "The duration of types and species," says Professor Owen, "as a general rule, is inversely proportional to rank and intelligence. The most highly organized fossils have the smallest range, and mark with the greatest exactitude the age of the deposit from whence they

have been derived." (P. 40.) The *Infusoria* are especially interesting from their vast numbers found in many strata, numbers which the mind in vain strives to conceive. The "tripoli," or polishing slate of lapidaries, consists wholly of the siliceous shells of *Infusoria*, chiefly the *Gailonella distans*; in each cubic inch of this stone there are calculated to be forty-one thousand millions of such shells; and the strata in which they are found are miles in length and scores of feet in thickness.

"Most of the infusorial formations, as the polishing slates at Cassel, Planitz, and Bilin, are astounding monuments of the operation of microscopic organisms at former periods of the history of this planet. The minute size, elementary structure, tenacity of life, and marvellous reproductive power of the *Infusoria* have enabled them to survive as species those destroying causes which have exterminated contemporaneous higher forms of organism. . . . If it be ever permitted to man to penetrate the mystery which enshrouds the origin of organic forces in the wide-spread mud-beds of fresh and salt waters, it will be, most probably, by experiment and observation on the atoms which manifest the simplest conditions of life."—Pp. 16, 17.

Passing on to the division of animalia, and the first general subdivision, the invertebrata, we learn that the remains of these occur in strata of every age, "from the partially metamorphic and crystalline rocks of the Cambrian system to the deposits formed by the floods of last winter and the tides of yesterday. They are found in every country, from the highest latitude attained by Arctic voyagers to the extremities of the southern continents, and at the greatest elevation hitherto climbed in the Andes or Himalaya." (P. 17.) All classes with which we are acquainted are represented, except such as are incapable of preservation, owing to the perishable nature of their tissues, as the *Tunicata* and *Acalephæ*. As we go backwards in time we find the known and living species disappearing; the genera extend further back, some few as far as the palæozoic age, but the majority disappear in the secondary strata. The classes remain constant throughout all time, and it may be affirmed that "the organic remains of the most ancient fossiliferous strata do not indicate or suggest that any earlier and different class of beings remains to be discovered, or has been irretrievably lost, in the universal metamorphism of the oldest rocks." (P. 18.)

Amongst the lower classes of the invertebrata we find the coral polyps playing a most important and interesting part in the structure of our rocks, chiefly mountain limestone. Reef-building corals are now confined to limited localities in the warm seas; but in former (palæozoic) times they extended as far northward as Arctic exploration has penetrated. It is wonderful to consider the immense masses, thousands of feet thick and hundreds of miles long, merely as the accumulated secretion of minute atoms of jelly. Countless generations of these little creatures have lived, built their stony homes, and died, leaving their work as a foundation for their successors to build upon. Little shelled animals have floated by, and become entangled in their tendril-like meshes; sea-weed has been washed over it; fish have come there to feed, and remained to die. All these have become involved in the ceaseless architecture of these wonderful organisms; the coast has sunk with their works upon it; yet, ever as it sunk, have they continued their work, until it has reached the immense thickness mentioned. Finally, some upheaving of the sea-bottom has occurred, and these mighty catacombs have become our limestone mountains. Wenlock Edge is a coral reef thirty miles long. The barrier reefs on the north-east coast of Australia are one thousand miles long, a quarter of a mile broad, and one hundred and fifty feet deep. The Maldives and Laccadives are altogether coral.

Amongst the articulata, a province imperfectly represented by fossil remains, perhaps the most interesting order is that of the trilobites, which are strictly characteristic of the palæozoic age; none are even found in the upper coal measures; all, without exception, have perished. The most remarkable part of their organization is the wonderfully complex eye, and its preservation in some cases through the countless thousands of years that have elapsed since they lived, in so perfect a state, that the lenses of the large eyes may be seen without a glass. "Each eye has at least four hundred facets, and in the great *Asaphus tyrannus* each is computed to have six thousand." (P. 45.) Fossil insects have as yet afforded but few points of interest, except flies embedded in amber, of which phenomenon the late lamented Hugh Miller gives the following graceful picture:

"Lo! where the forest glade terminates in a brown primeval wilderness. The sunbeams fall with dazzling brightness on the trunk of a tall, stately tree, just a little touched with decay; and it reflects the light far and wide, and gleams in strong contrast with the gloom of the bosky recesses beyond; like the pillar of fire in the wilderness, relieved against the cloud of night. 'Tis a decaying pine of stately size, bleeding amber. The insects of the hour flutter around it; and when, beguiled by the grateful perfume, they touch its deceitful surface, they fare as the lords of creation did in a long posterior age, in that

"Serbonian bog,
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk."

But as it happened to so many of the heroes of classic history, death is fame here, and by dying they became immortal; for it is from the individuals who thus perish that future ages are yet to learn that the species which they represent ever existed, or to become acquainted with even the generic peculiarities by which they were distinguished.*

Of all fossils, those of the shelled mollusca are the most common and numerous, and the most generally available for purposes of identification of strata. There is much irregularity in the chronological development of the various classes; the univalves, or gasteropods, are much more frequent in modern times, and appear to have only now attained their maximum development; whilst the nautiloid cephalopods were the predominant races in the Silurian seas, represented by above thirty genera and fourteen thousand species, there being only three or four species now living. The cuttle-fishes, again, are much more common in modern than in ancient seas. We are totally in the dark as to the laws that regulate these variations; though the conditions are, doubtless, to some extent susceptible of investigation, and further research may throw light on the subject.

Amongst the vertebrata, whatever may have been the absolute order of their development, there is no doubt that all existing evidence proves that fishes preceded all other classes by long ages. Professor Owen is of opinion that "the earliest good evidence which has been obtained of a vertebrate animal in the earth's crust is a spine, of the nature of the dorsal spine of the dog-fish (*Acanthias*.) and a buckler like that of *Cephalaspis*. Both have been

found in the most recent deposits of the Silurian period, in the formation called Upper Ludlow rock." (P. 100.) From this period up to the present time no fossiliferous rock is without its fish representatives; but we find the same law of change in species, genera, and even families, still obtaining. No fossil *species* is the same with any existing one; no existing *genus* is represented in any of the palæozoic fossils. In the inaugural address to the British Association, Professor Owen says:

"Not a species of fish that now lives but has come into being during a comparatively recent period; the existing species were preceded by other species, and these again by others still more different from the present. No existing genus of fishes can be traced back beyond a moiety of known creative time. Two entire orders, (Cycloids and Ctenoids,) have come into being, and have almost superseded two other orders, (Ganoids and Placoids,) since the newest or latest of the secondary formations of the earth's crust."

Although the carboniferous period is generally considered that in which fishes were most highly developed, it would appear to be chiefly so because they were—so far as all evidence goes—the predominant vertebrate organisms, without rivals. But, judging by the number and extent of the ordinal forms, it would seem that the present epoch is that of their culmination. The past history of fishes throughout all time, however, speaks rather of a series of mutations than either of progressive development or degradation; in fact, zoölogists do not appear hitherto to be too well agreed upon what properly constitutes either. One practical conclusion may be mentioned connected with the mutations of form which fishes have undergone at different periods of the earth's history. The more nutritious fish, as cod, herring, salmon, and turbot, have greatly predominated about the period of human appearance, and seem to have superseded species which were by no means so well fitted for food for man, as the lepidosteus, etc.

There is, an interesting circumstance connected with the preservation of the remains of fishes, which we will give in our author's own words. Speaking of the consolidation of the old red sandstones, he says:

"In this process of consolidation the carcasses of the fishes entombed in the primeval mud

* *Sketchbook of Popular Geology*, p. 95.

have had their share. For just as a plaster cast boiled in oil* derives greater density and durability from that addition, so the oily and other azotized and ammoniacal principles of the decomposing fish operated upon the immediately surrounding sand, so as to make it harder and more compact than the sediment not reached by the animal principles. Accordingly, it has happened that, in the course of the upheaval and disturbance of the old red strata, parts of it, broken up and exposed to the action of torrents, have been reduced to detritus, and washed away, with the exception of certain nodules, generally of a flattened elliptic form, which are harder than the surrounding sandstone. Such nodules form the bed of many a mountain stream in 'old red sandstone' districts of Scotland. If one of these nodules be cleft by a smart and well-applied stroke of the hammer, the cause of its superior density will be seen in a more or less perfect specimen of the fossilized remains of some animal, most commonly a fish.

"But the . . . fishes of the Devonian period existed in such vast shoals, in certain favorable inlets, that the whole mass of the sedimentary deposits has been affected by the decomposing remains of successive generations of those fishes. The Devonian flagstones of Caithness are an instance. They owe their peculiar and valuable qualities of density, tenacity, and durability wholly to the dead fishes that rotted in their primitive constituent mud. From no other part of the world, perhaps, can a large flagstone be got which a builder could set on its edge with assurance of its holding long together in that position."—Pp. 135, 136.

But evidence of animal existence is not entirely confined to fossil remains. When Robinson Crusoe found the print of a foot on the sands, he needed no human remains to tell him that a man had been there. And of this nature is our first evidence of the existence of the next classes with which we meet, in the ascending scale—reptiles and birds. During the formation of certain sandstones, the soft, moist, littoral sand has been trodden by various creatures, which have left footprints that have subsequently dried and hardened, and received deposits of dry sand blown by the winds, or of wet sand or mud left upon them by the next tide. Thus are formed a mold and a cast, all of which will, in the lapse of ages, be consolidated into a fossil rock; this will have a tendency to split, or a *cleavage*, in the

direction of its original formation; and such cleavage will restore the mold on one surface and the cast on the other.

The great number of these impressions that have been discovered since the first were observed,* has given origin to a distinct branch of palæontology, to which the name of "Ichnology"† has been given; and investigations in this direction have revealed many noteworthy facts. Not footprints alone have been preserved in this manner, but evidences of events of a much more transitory nature.

"The lightning flash records its course by the vitrified tube it may have constructed out of the sandy particles melted in its swift passage through the earth; the hail-stone, the ripple-wave, the rain-drop, even the wind that bore it along and drove it slanting on the sand, have been registered in casts of the cavities which they originally made on the soft sea-beach; and the evidence of these and other meteoric actions, as sun-cracks and frost-marks, so written on imperishable stone, have come down to us from times incalculably remote. Every form of animal life that, writhing, crawling, walking, running, hopping, or leaping, could leave a track, depression, or footprint behind it, might thereby leave similar evidence of its existence, and also to some extent of its nature."—P. 153.

The most remarkable of the footsteps ushering in the reptile tribes are some impressions found in the new red sandstone, in quarries in Cheshire and Warwickshire. From their resemblance to impressions of a hand, the phantom brute that produced them was called *cheirotherium*; but it is now generally supposed that these are the traces of the labyrinthodon, a gigantic batrachian reptile, large as a rhinoceros, whose unwieldy remains are found in the same formations. From this time forwards, for ages of inconceivable duration, reptiles were the predominant organisms during the whole of the secondary period, as the mammalia are now and were during the tertiary period. As our quadrupeds proper occupy the land now, so did then the mighty *megalosaurus*, *iguanodon*, and their congeners; as our bat tribes flit through the air now, so did terrible winged reptiles at this period; and as our modern waters are peopled by the cetacean, so were those of the secondary epoch

* It will perhaps be remembered that, at the suggestion of Professor Owen, the long-buried ivory ornaments from the ruins of Nineveh were thus treated, in the hope of giving them tenacity. The attempt was fully successful.

* Dr. Duncan, in 1828, first inferred the existence of tortoises during the period of the deposition of the Dumfriesshire sandstone, from the existence of markings such as these.

† From *ἰχνος*, a footprint.

by fierce and gigantic enaliosaurs—true sea-serpents. But the reptile race is on the wane, and has been superseded by the higher mammalian type of vertebrata. The dinosaurs, the pterosaurs, and the enaliosaurs, all disappeared before the dawn of the eocene; and as it is the unbroken law of all time that the genera and species, once extinct, never reappear, so we may as well expect to see again the winged dragons* of the oolite and Wealden as the sea-serpents of the same epoch.

Although no actual remains of birds have been found in any deposit older than the chalk, yet their existence long ages previous to this is certified to us by footprints in the sandstones of the triassic or liassic period, which can not by any possibility have been made by any other animals. The most remarkable of these footprints are found in great numbers in the sandstones of Connecticut, and clearly indicate the existence of gregarious birds at least four times as large as our ostrich. Referring to these, Hugh Miller writes:†

"They are fraught with strange meanings, these footprints of the Connecticut. They tell of a time far removed into the by-past eternity, when great birds frequented by myriads the shores of a nameless lake, to wade into its shallows in quest of mail-covered fishes of the ancient type, or long-extinct molluscs; while reptiles equally gigantic, and of still stranger proportions, haunted the neighboring swamps and savannahs; and when the same sun that shone on the tall moving forms beside the waters, and threw their long shadows across the red sands, lighted up the glades of deep forests, all of whose fantastic productions—tree, bush, and herb—have even in their very species long since passed away. And of this scene of things only the footprints remain—'footprints on the sands of time'—that tell us, among other matters, whence the graceful American poet derived his quiet but singularly effective and unmistakably indigenous figure:

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

* *Winged Dragons*.—"Some of these dragons of the secondary ages were of very considerable size. The wings of a pterodactyle of the chalk, in the possession of Mr. Bowerbank, must have had a spread of about eighteen feet; those of a recently-discovered pterodactyle of the greensand, a spread of about twenty-seven feet. The *Lammer-geyer* of the Alps has an extent of wing of but from ten to eleven feet: while that of the great condor of the Andes, the largest of flying birds, does not exceed twelve feet."—Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*.

† *Testimony of the Rocks*, p. 89.

Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

The actual remains of birds are few in any strata—most numerous in the recent formations in New Zealand. For their scarcity there are many obvious, if not altogether sufficient reasons. By reason of their power of flight, they are not liable to perish by floods as quadrupeds are.* On account of their small specific gravity, their bodies are likely to float long enough to be devoured, and will only in exceptional cases be submerged and buried in the mud or other sediment, so as to form an integral part of the future stratification. The greater part of the remains of extinct birds that have as yet been found, belong to those genera that have little or no power of flight. Some of these are of immense bulk. The bones of the *Dinornis giganteus*, a very recently extinct species of New-Zealand, greatly exceed in bulk those of a horse; the tibia is about a yard in length. In the *Dinornis Elephantopus* the toe-bones are almost as large as those of the elephant—whence its name. Some of these birds appear, from Mantell's calculation, to have reached the height of twelve feet. Fossil eggs have also been discovered of a size corresponding to these calculated proportions. Some found in Madagascar measured from thirteen to fourteen inches in long diameter, and their contents were equal to those of six ostrich eggs, or one hundred and forty-eight hen's eggs.

As the palæozoic strata are especially characterized by the fish type of vertebrata and the secondary series of reptiles, so the tertiary period is that of the mammalia. But although this is true in a general sense, it does not imply that mammals never existed before the eocene. It is a growing opinion that the distribution of animal life in time depends more strictly upon geographical than chronological conditions: that, in fact, wherever the proper conditions for any type of life were fulfilled, there that type appeared. This view is being gradually confirmed by the discovery of mammalian traces much further back in time than had previously been anticipated. It has long been known that small genera of insectivora and marsupialia were indicated by fragments of

* Sir C. Lyell.

jaws in the oolite; it has more recently been discovered that less intelligible, or rather interpretable, fragments of a marsupial genus called *microlestes*, exist so low down as the trias. Mammalian remains have also been found in a coal-field of North-Carolina.

The determination of quadrupedal remains is much more difficult than that of other fossils, on account of their extremely fragmentary nature and scattered condition. Whilst shells are usually found entire, and fishes frequently so also, a few detached bones or teeth, or fragments of them in a confused state, are the most common remnants of the mammalia. Unpromising as these might appear at the first sight, they have given origin to one of the greatest discoveries ever made in philosophical zoölogy, that of the "Correlation of forms and structures," as it was called by its great author, Cuvier, who first made any progress in the restoration of extinct species by means of fragments.

"Every organized being forms a whole," says Cuvier,* "a single circumscribed system, the parts of which mutually concur to the same definite action by a reciprocal reaction. None of these parts can change without the others also changing, and consequently each part, taken separately, indicate and gives all the others. . . . The form of the tooth gives that of the condyle, of the bladebone, and of the claws, just as the equation of a curve involves all its properties; and exactly as, taking each property by itself as the base of a particular equation, one discovers both the ordinary equation and all its properties, so the claw, the bladebone, the condyle, the femur, and all the other bones individually, give the teeth, or are given thereby reciprocally; and in commencing by any of these, whoever possesses rationally the laws of the organic economy, will be able to reconstruct the entire animal."

A most important statement, and one which well merits a brief investigation as to the extent of its application.

Our knowledge of correlations of structure is of two kinds,† rational (or physio-

logical) and empirical. As an instance of the former kind of knowledge, we may cite the correlations between the teeth and limbs of a carnivorous or herbivorous animal. The form of teeth requires a certain style of jaw, and a condyle with an articulation in the one case allowing only a scissor-like action of the jaw, in the other a grinding action. Each of these involve certain defined modifications in the muscles working the jaw, and the bony parts of the skull in which they are implanted; and these again essentially involve certain equally specific forms in the formation of the occiput, the dorsal spines, and the limbs. Here we observe the physiological dependence of one part upon another. But there are other correlations equally constant, for which we can not give the reason. For instance, it is not known why ruminant hoofed animals should all have the cloven foot, and be the only creatures with horns on the frontal bone; yet these and many other relations are as constant as those for which we can trace the rational law. These latter relations are the empirical, of which Cuvier thus speaks:*

"There is, then, a constant harmony between two organs to all appearance quite strangers to each other, and the gradations of their forms correspond uninterruptedly even in the cases where one can render no reason for such relations. . . . But in thus availing ourselves of the method of observation as a supplementary instrument where theory abandons us, we arrive at astonishing details. The smallest articular surface (*facette*) of a bone, the smallest process, presents a determinate character relating to the class, to the order, to the genus, and to the species to which they belong; so that whoever possesses merely the well-preserved extremity of a bone may, with application, aided by a little tact (*adresse*) in discerning analogies, and by sufficient comparison, determine all these things as surely as if he possessed the entire animal."

The application of these principles to the reconstruction of extinct species is full of interest, and the conclusions that may be drawn from small single fragments of bone are wonderful. Thus Professor Owen, reasoning upon the physiological conditions that govern the relations of the contents of the cavities of bones to the flight and other mode of locomotion

only because so many instances of them have been observed.—*Palæontology*, p. 314.

* *Loc. cit.* p. 187.

* *Osmemens Fossiles*, 4to, tom. i. p. 53.

† Certain coincidences of form and structure in animal bodies are determined by observation. By the exercise of a higher faculty, the reason, or a reason, of these coincidences is discovered, and they become correlations; in other words, it is known not only that they do exist, but how they are related to each other. In the case of coincidences of the latter kind, or of "correlations" properly so called, the mind infers with greater certainty and confidence, in their application to a fossil, than in the case of coincidences which are held to be constant

in birds, was enabled from one fragment of a skeleton to infer that it belonged to a terrestrial bird deprived of the power of flight; and also to predict that such a bird, of less rapid course than the ostrich, would ultimately be found in New-Zealand. (P. 313.) Yet it may be not without profit to inquire into the extent of the applicability of this law. Can we in reality, by the application of sufficient skill, determine from one fragment of bone the relations of the animals to which it belonged? Concerning bones of modern animals, we are inclined to answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative; concerning those of fossil and extinct species and genera, we should doubt. That the *class* may be determined, and in some cases the *order*, we believe; but the generic and specific relations would present almost insuperable obstacles.

We believe in *design* in animal structure, *therefore* in correlations; and in exact proportion as we recognize the physiological reason for these correlations is our faith in the soundness of the conclusions derived from their application. We reason backwards with confidence from the *lanianaries* and trenchant teeth of a feline animal, to its short and strong jaw, its transversely extended condyle, its expanded zygomatic arch, its strong temporal muscles, its immensely developed spinous processes, its clavicle, insuring great motion in the fore-limb, its rotatory arm, and finally its retractile claws. With equal coherence, we infer from the broad flat-crowned grinding teeth of a ruminant animal, a slender jaw, a flat condyle, a comparatively small temporal muscle, a short and feeble zygoma, a limited motility of the fore-limb, an absent clavicle, a non-rotatory arm, and finally a horny case or hoof to terminate the foot. These we recognize as physiologically connected, as marks of design and coadaptation. But this has not always been the case.

"Geoffroy St. Hilaire denied the existence of a *design* in the construction of any part of an organized body. He protested against the deduction of a purpose from the contemplation of such structures as the valves of the veins, or the converging lens of the eye.

"Beyond the coexistence of such a form of flood-gate with such a course of the fluid, or of such a course of light with such a converging medium, Geoffroy affirmed that thought—at least, his mode of thinking—could not sanely, or ought not to go."—*loc. cit.*

Reasoners of this school, of course, utterly repudiate the inference of the hoof from the grinder, and the claw from the carnassial molar, or *vice versa*, believing in nothing of mutual coadaptation of parts. With these we can have no sympathy, nor do such appear, as our author remarks, to have been ever amongst those who have contributed most largely to the real advance of physiology or palæontology.

"The present," continues Professor Owen, "is not the place for even the briefest summary of the arguments which have been adduced by teleologists and antiteleologists from Democritus and Plato down to Comte and Whewell. The writer would merely remark that, in the degree in which the reasoning faculty is developed on this planet and is exercised by our species, it appears to be a more healthy and normal condition of such faculty—certainly one which has been productive of most accession to truths, as exemplified in the mental workings of an Aristotle, a Galen, a Harvey, and a Cuvier—to admit the instinctive impression of a design or purpose in such structures as the valves of the vascular system, and the dioptric mechanism of the eye. In regard to the few intellects—they have ever been a small and unfruitful minority—who do not receive that impression, and will not admit the validity or existence of final causes in physiology, the writer has elsewhere expressed his belief that such intellects are not the higher and more normal examples, but rather manifest some, perhaps congenital, defect of mind, allied or analogous to color-blindness, through defect of the optic nerve, or the inaudibility of notes above a certain pitch, through defect of the acoustic nerve."—Pp. 313, 314.

Coinciding fully with all this, we are still inclined to think that the generally received opinion that an extinct animal may be reconstructed from a single bone or fragment, requires some modification. It is true that, having a carnivorous tooth, we can compare it with other teeth of the same order, and by its greater or less resemblance we may trace its affinities more or less closely. But it appears to be otherwise with teeth which depart from known types. This is exemplified in the case of the *stereognathus*, an unknown animal, of which a portion of the lower jaw, with teeth, is found in the Stonesfield slate. These teeth differ in type from that of all known recent or extinct mammalia, and here the reconstruction of the animal fails entirely; for, although it is pronounced to be mammalian, all the analysis that has been brought to bear upon it fails to decide even its order—

namely, whether it be herbivorous, insectivorous, or a mixed-feeding carnivorous animal. (P. 307 *et seq.*) The truth would appear to be that, although physiological correlation does doubtless exist, and is an excellent practical guide amongst familiar types, it is liable to fail when applied to those previously unknown.

With regard to the geographical distribution of mammalia, we find that, with extinct as with existing tribes, "particular forms were assigned to particular provinces, and that the same forms were restricted to the same provinces at a former geological period as they are at the present day."* But this period was only the most recent tertiary.

"In carrying back the retrospective comparison of existing and extinct mammals with those of the eocene and oolite strata, in relation to their local distribution, we obtain indications of extensive changes in the relative position of sea and land during these epochs, in the degree of incongruity between the generic forms of the mammalia which then existed in Europe, and any that actually exist on the great natural continent of which Europe now forms part. It would seem, indeed, that the further we penetrate into time for the recovery of extinct mammalia, the further we must go into space to find their existing analogues. To match the eocene paleotheres and lophiodons, we must bring tapirs from Sumatra or South-America, and we have to travel to the Antipodes for myrmecobians, the nearest living analogues to the amphitheres of our oolitic strata."—P. 397.

The distribution in time of the mammalia presents phenomena of much interest. So far back as near the base (if not below it) of the secondary strata there are indications of mammiferous life in the remains of a minute marsupial animal, the microlestes. In the Purbeck and oolite also remains of small species only are found, belonging to marsupialia of low organization; or, when this is doubtful, the question is only between this order and that of almost equally low insectivora, though it is not impossible that the *stereognathus* may have been a minute ungulate quadruped. Through the entire of the Wealden and cretaceous strata there are no remains of mammalia; but we must be careful how we conclude from this negative testimony that they did not exist during this period. But it is during the tertiary and modern periods that the mammalia experience the

culmination of their development, holding now as prominent a position through the length, breadth, and height of our regions, as did the reptile race in the secondary epoch. The Marsupialia are now more fully developed (in Australia) than at any previous known epoch. Some orders, as the bruta, ungulata, and carnivora, have already apparently passed the maximum of their development, and are considerably reduced both in genera and species since the commencement of the eocene; the proboscidea still more so. This singular group, that of the toxodontia, has wholly disappeared. The other orders appear to be, if any thing, on the increase. Man, the latest arrival, multiplies greatly.

Analytic reasoning and all analogy lead us to the conclusion that mammals were not only apparently but really a late addition to our earth's Fauna. It is true that the simple absence of their remains in many secondary and palaeozoic strata will not demonstrate their non-existence, as we have seen when speaking of fishes. It may be said that the hitherto explored strata may have been deposited in seas far from land, where it would be unlikely to find the remains of terrestrial animals. But this would in no way account for the absence of the remains of marine mammalia. At present no genera and species are more numerous and diffused than the whale tribes; and had these existed in the same seas with the ichthyosaurs and other enaliosaurs, all of which would be dwarfs in comparison with our modern whale of one hundred feet in length, it appears improbable that their remains should be utterly lost, whilst those of the reptile race are preserved in such profusion in many localities. "The scanty and dubious evidence of cetacea in secondary beds seems to indicate a similar period for their beginning as for the soft-scaled cycloid and ctenoid fishes which have superseded the ganoid orders of mesozoic times." (P. 409.) And again: "Had the ichthyosaurus, pliosaurus, or plesiosaurus been represented by species in the same ocean that was tempestured by the balænodons and dioplodons of the miocene age, the bones and teeth of these marine reptiles would have testified to their existence as abundantly as they do at a previous epoch in the earth's history. But no fossil relic of an enaliosaur has been found in tertiary strata, and no living enaliosaur has been detected in the present seas, and

* Owen's Report on the Extinct Mammals of Australia, 1844.

they are consequently held by competent naturalists to be extinct." So much for the great sea-serpent!

Although vegetable remains have not been investigated to the full extent that has been accorded to the animal fossils, there are many points worthy of attention connected with their appearance and distribution; and although our author does not treat at all of these, we think it desirable to supplement this brief sketch of paleontological science with a notice of them. So far as our evidence extends, there is the same advance in the organization of plants, as we proceed from the most ancient times downwards to the modern period, as we have already noticed in animals. As the animal scale appeared to commence with the zoöphytes, and proceed only after long ages to creatures of high organization, and in an order, in broad outline, correspondent with our natural classifications, so we observe that plants appear to commence with the phytozoa in the older Silurian strata, and manifest a tendency to a more complex organization as we approach modern times. Thus, in the old red system, the vegetation consists chiefly of acrogens and gymnogens, in the carboniferous series it is monocotyledonous; but it is not until tertiary times that the true dicotyledonous tree appears.

The earliest vegetation of which we meet with traces is marine; the "fucoid band" already noticed abounds in algæ, sometimes so largely that beds of impure anthracite are formed by them many feet thick. In some few of these algæ a likeness may be detected to the modern families; there is an ancient *chorda*, (*palæochorda*), which seems to be allied to the modern *chorda filum*, or "dead men's ropes." Irish moss, or carrageen, has also its ancient representative, and the kelp-weeds appear represented in the *Fucoides gracilis* of the Lower Silurians. There is no trace of any terrestrial vegetation, nor, in fact, any certain indication of solid land, previous to our reaching the Upper Silurians, almost at the junction of the old red. Of this system the Flora is still meager; but there is distinct evidence of the existence of a true coniferous tree.

"The Flora of the coal measures was the richest and most luxuriant, in at least individual productions, with which the fossil botanist has formed any acquaintance. Never before or since did our planet bear so rank a vegetation

as that of which the numerous coal seams and inflammable shales of the carboniferous period form but a portion of the remains—the portion spared, in the first instance, by dissipation and decay, and in the second by the denuding agencies. Almost all our coal—the stored-up fuel of a world—forms but a comparatively small part of the produce of this wonderful Flora."*

One great characteristic of this Flora was the immense proportion and profusion of ferns. There are supposed to be, in modern times, about fourteen hundred species of flowering plants in Great Britain, and forty one species of ferns. But whilst there are but about five hundred species of plants described as existing in the coal, nearly two hundred and fifty are ferns. The tree ferns, the lepidodendra, the stigmariæ, the sigillariæ, and many others, formed a Flora which perhaps may be equaled, but hardly surpassed in gorgeous development, by that of the primeval forests of Brazil.

The principal new feature in the Flora of the oolite is formed by the introduction of the cycadæ—a family allied, on the one hand, to the ferns, and to the coniferæ on the other, and which somewhat resembled in general appearance, stunted palms. Cypressess and yews first appear at this epoch.

In the tertiary age, as the reptiles assumed a subordinate position before the advent of the higher mammalia, so do the ferns and conifers before the appearance of the true dicotyledonous trees. As we approach nearer and nearer to modern times, we find the *orders* and *genera* of plants more nearly resembling our own; and in the pleiocene, even before the drift period, we find ourselves amongst familiar species. Professor Forbes was of opinion that one of his five existing British Floras—that in the south-west of Ireland—was introduced as early as the miocene. A powerful argument is deducible from this circumstance for the fixity of species, and against the views of the upholders of development. We will give it in the words of Hugh Miller:

"The oak, the birch, the hazel, the Scotch fir, all lived in what is now Britain ere the last great depression of the land. The gigantic northern elephant and rhinoceros, extinct for untold ages, forced their way through their tangled branches, and the British tiger and hyena harbored in their thickets. Cuvier fram-

* *Testimony of the Rocks*, p. 26.

ed an argument for the fixity of species on the fact that the birds and beasts embalmed in the catacombs were identical in every respect with the animals of the same kind that live now. But what, it has been asked, was a brief period of *three thousand years* compared with the geologic ages, or how could any such argument be founded on a basis so little extended? It is however, to no such narrow basis we can refer in the case of these woods. All human history is comprised in the nearer corner of the immense period which they measure out; and yet, from their first appearance in creation till now, they have not altered a single fiber. And such, on this point, is the invariable testimony of palæontologic science—testimony so invariable, that no great palæontologist was ever yet an assertor of the development hypothesis.*

There is one very interesting circumstance connected with the succession of plants in relation to the appearance of man on the scene. The earlier Floras were, so far as we know them, of a somber, unproductive, unnutritious character. The luxuriant vegetation of the carboniferous era was most probably in great measure unfit for food. It is not until we enter the tertiary period that we meet with "Floræ amid which a man might have profitably labored as a dresser of gardens, a tiller of fields, or a keeper of flocks and herds," (*Op cit.*) It of course depends upon negative evidence, but there is much reason to believe that the entire order of rosaceæ, including the apple, pear, plum, quince, cherry, peach, apricot, almond, raspberry, strawberry, and the roses and potentillas, appeared immediately previous to man. The grasses, also, which form so large a proportion of the food both of man and beast, appear to be almost peculiar to the human period. The richly odoriferous labiatæ seem also strictly confined to our modern epoch. A too frequent appeal to final causes in matters of science is perhaps not advisable; but in this gradual modification of the Fauna and Flora of our earth, adapting them to the use of man, we can scarcely see the operation of blind chance, or equally blind

law; nor can we well fail to recognize the most beneficent provision for our well-being.

Even the briefest sketch of palæontology would appear to be incomplete without some reference to the recent controversy concerning the period of man's appearance on the earth. Until very lately, whilst the great antiquity of the earth was almost universally recognized, it was almost equally generally admitted that man only appeared after all the great geological changes were completed—that is, not only after the pleiocene, but after the drift period, and the deposit and diffusion of the gravel; so that the duration of his existence was limited to some six or eight thousand years. Recent discoveries have tended to unsettle the minds of many on this subject. Flint implements, apparently (some of our greatest authorities, amongst others Professor Owen, say unquestionably) of human workmanship, have been found in various localities, sometimes in close proximity with the remains of the extinct mammalia of the pleiocene and drift periods, and sometimes in what appeared to be undisturbed gravel, undoubtedly deposited during the drift period—a time when the whole of our latitudes were swept over by glaciers or icebergs, and partly submerged. The controversy resulting from these discoveries has been, and is, hotly carried on, turning upon various questions. Are these flints (or *celts*) of human origin? Have they originally been deposited with the strata in which they are found? or have they been subsequently introduced by any process? Are these strata of the age and date supposed, or more recent? If implements of men, they are so many as to imply the presence of the many hands by which they have been wielded, and where are these? Such are a few of the questions which would require to be definitively settled before we should feel justified in so far modifying our chronology as to extend the period of man's sojourn on earth.

* *Testimony of the Rocks*, p. 47.

From Chambers's Journal.

A DARK PAGE FROM RUSSIAN HISTORY.

Few readers of Russian history will fail to remember the name of Count Alexey Orloff, one of the most prominent actors in the murder of Peter III. of Russia. But treacherous as was that deed, it loses half its blackness when compared with another committed by him at the instigation of Catharine II., widow and successor to the murdered monarch.

Catharine, not being a native Russian princess, was most desirous of removing from her path all who might be supposed likely to disturb the security of her government; and in order to effect her purpose, in one instance, she and her associate Orloff exercised a degree of fiendish ingenuity almost unparalleled in history. The unfortunate girl who excited the jealousy of Catharine was a Russian princess, and granddaughter to Peter the Great. Elizabeth II., his daughter, contracted a private marriage with Count Alexey Razumoffsky, and three children, two sons and a daughter, were the issue of this union. Of the sons, it is only necessary to say that one was accidentally killed, and the other not judged of sufficient political importance to excite either jealousy or suspicion. But it was otherwise with the young Princess Tarranakoff, the subject of our story.

The ambitious designs of the Empress Catharine with regard to Poland excited the indignation of the Polish nobles, and one of these, the Count Radzivill, conceived the design of using this young native princess as an instrument in supplanting her. For this purpose, by dint of bribing her female attendants, he secretly removed her to Poland, and thence to Italy. Many attempts were made to induce Radzivill to place the young princess in the power of Catharine; but though reduced to poverty by the confiscation of his estates, the promise of their restoration, and the offer of the most costly bribes, failed in inducing him to

yield. No effect being produced by such proposals, the Empress had recourse to threats. Mysterious communications were conveyed to the Polish count, intimating that ruin and misery impended over the Princess Tarranakoff, which could be averted only by his ceasing all correspondence with her. Whatever ambitious designs might have actuated Radzivill, he was most anxious for the safety of the unfortunate girl. What could he do? Shorn of his estates and dignities, and in a foreign land, how was he to protect her from a powerful empress and most unscrupulous woman? Unhappily, he yielded to these covert menaces, and took a final leave of the princess, having first exacted a pledge from the Russian government that she could remain unmolested.

This separation effected, the most difficult part of Catharine's work was completed, and by the aid of the Count Alexey Orloff, and one of his infamous associates, the rest became easy. Though the murderer of her husband, Count Alexey retained the favor of his imperial mistress; doubtless, she found him a most useful tool in accomplishing other dark deeds, though a fouler crime than the one committed on this hapless princess could hardly disgrace human nature. When first resident at Rome, the granddaughter of Peter the Great was amply supplied with every thing befitting her rank; but at the time Orloff came thither, she was almost in want, and occupying a poor lodging in a humble quarter of the city. Judge of her surprise when an elegantly attired officer called upon her to offer his services. Though he was to all appearance wealthy, and her situation one of actual indigence, he paid her the same respect as though she had been seated on the imperial throne. When invited to sit in her presence, he respectfully declined. "Misfortune," said he, "can not alter your claims to our respect. Can I,

when you are before me, forget that the granddaughter of the illustrious Czar Peter the Great is entitled to all the homage I can offer? Is it for me, because you are in a foreign land, to forget that to you, and not to the tyrannical foreigner who occupies it, belongs the imperial throne of Russia? I have not the honor to be your countryman, but believe me, princess, I am not the less devoted to your service, in which I would freely lay down my life."

The unfortunate princess listened with delight and thankfulness to this address. It was long since such respectful language had greeted her ears, and the departure of Radzivil had almost reduced her to despair. She answered this flattering speech in terms which proved how much pleasure it had given her, and desired to know to whom she was indebted for this solicitude respecting her welfare. To this her visitor replied: "That his name was of little moment, since he was only the ambassador sent by some of her most influential countrymen, whose hearts bled to think that she, the descendant of one so doubly illustrious as the Czar Peter the Great had proved himself to be, should be exposed to neglect and indigence in a foreign land." The princess being naturally curious to know the names of those whose interest was so deeply excited in her behalf, again pressed her visitor for information on this point, but he still refused to gratify her curiosity. He, however, begged permission to present one who would explain all; and having obtained it, withdrew as from the presence of a sovereign prince, having first knelt to kiss her hand.

The visitor who thus imposed on the credulity of the Princess Tarranakoff was indeed employed by one of her countrymen, he being the spy and associate of Count Alexey Orloff. The uniform in which he appeared was of course assumed for the occasion, as he was in reality a man of most infamous character, a Neapolitan by birth, and chosen as his tool by the Count, because he had already committed crimes sufficient to prove that he would enter unscrupulously into the designs of that nobleman. Ribas, for that was his name, did not at once introduce Orloff to the presence of his intended victim; he repeated his visit, and finding that she was in actual need, induced her to make use of his purse, and by the re-

spect he paid her, completely won her confidence.

Now was Orloff's time. When informed that the schemes of his emissary had proved successful, and the princess was duly prepared to listen to and believe whatever he might advance, the principal tragedian, as we may call him, appeared on the stage.

Better skilled in the ways of a court than was his emissary, the deference of the latter sank into insignificance when compared with that of his more polished employer; and so well did the latter play his part, that the princess became devotedly attached to the man whom she believed to be a model of all that was noble, good, and disinterested. In a short time, Orloff had cause for exultation in the success of his plan, for the princess readily consented to be his wife. A sham-marriage completed the deception, and was followed on the part of the princess by a brief period of unclouded happiness. Never for a moment did she suspect the imposition that had been practiced upon her, but built with the most perfect faith on the affection and sincerity of him she believed to be her husband.

One day he entered her presence with an air of the greatest concern, and on her inquiring the reason of his sadness, Orloff replied: Ah! dearest, I may well look sorrowful, since I must leave you—you whom all here call the good and the beautiful. But who can tell how good or how beautiful you are in my eyes? You, the granddaughter of one who made himself as illustrious by his deeds as by his high station, yet deigned to bestow on me the treasure of your love."

"Why speak of this, Alexey?" said the princess. "My birth mattered little when you sought and found me poor—nay, in want. It was not on an illustrious princess you fixed your affections, but on a neglected and unfortunate woman. Why should we part? Can I not accompany you? Am I not your wife, and as such, is it not my pleasure to sacrifice my convenience to yours?"

It was, of course, no part of Orloff's intention to leave his wife behind, though he was desirous that she should propose to accompany him. Hitherto, she had been carefully watched, though unknown to herself, she having attributed the continual presence of the Count to the devoted affection he professed for her. She

was now informed that he had received a summons to join the squadron he commanded at Leghorn, and thither she also went, and was received with many demonstrations of respect. Orloff's scheme was fast approaching its completion, and the Empress Catharine, exulting in its success, prepared to shower honors on those who had labored so zealously in her behalf.

It was a lovely day, with the blue sky only as an Italian sky can be, when the Princess Tarranakoff, escorted by her husband, stepped into a magnificent barge. Gay, and in the highest spirits, the princess laughed and chatted with her attendants, little dreaming of the horrible fate impending over her. It had been arranged that she should be permitted the indulgence of a marine excursion, and she was assisted up the side of the vessel by her obsequious husband. The lookers-on saw the sails spread without suspicion, and waved their farewells, deeming that they should soon witness the return of the party. The hapless princess was doomed never to revisit the shores of Italy. On board the ship were none save the creatures of Orloff; and now, having his wife completely in his power, he revealed his treachery in all its blackness and fiendish ingenuity. The delicate wrists of the princess were manacled, and the granddaughter of the czar was taken back to her native land, not, as she had been led to expect, with the honors due to her rank, and the prospect of a throne, but as a wretched prisoner.

It would be utterly impossible to depict

the agony of mind she must have endured during this gloomy voyage, but probably no human being ever suffered greater. For during several years after her arrival, she was the inmate of a dungeon in the Russian capital. Catharine triumphed in the success of her plan, and amply rewarded those who had too successfully carried it out. Europe might exclaim against her, but her object was gained, and the Princess Tarranakoff was in her power. In her dark prison-house, the unhappy young woman spent, it is said, six years, and her deliverance came in a dreadful fashion. The autumnal equinox was at hand, and a furious gale raged in St. Petersburg. The angry waves of the Neva lashed the sides of the prison in which she was confined. Absorbed in sorrowful recollections, she scarcely heeded the storm, until she noticed that the floor of her dungeon was wet; then the horrible thought crossed her mind, that the river was rising. Perceiving that the water gained in height, she shrieked aloud; she strove, by every means in her power, to attract the attention of her jailer. But no human aid was at hand. She raised herself as high as possible by means of the articles of furniture in her cell, but still the waters pursued her. The whole of the ground-floor of the prison was laid under water. When the gale had passed over, and the impetuous Neva returned to its ordinary course, her jailer found only the corpse of what had been the victim of Count Alexey Orloff's treachery, and the jealous hatred of Catharina Alexiewna.

ANOTHER "NEW MOTIVE POWER," TO SUPERSIDE STEAM.—The Paris correspondent of the *Star* thus announces the invention or discovery of another of the thousand and one forms of power that are ever threatening to "supersede steam":—"The whole of the scientific world is in a state of revolution at the bare prospect of the success obtained by M. Lenoir's new motive power, for which we have been prepared for many months past. The trial has been made at last, and the result has excited the greatest interest throughout Paris. As usual in all great discoveries, that made by M. Lenoir is founded upon the simplest fact in science, being merely the application upon a

large scale of one of the elementary experiments in chemistry—that of the synthesis of water in the radiometer. He has simply utilized the principle of the expansion of air, when at a lofty temperature, by means of combustion through the spark of induction of hydrogen. The economy produced is calculated at not less than forty per cent by the suppression of the boiler, the chimney, and the other accessories hitherto used in the construction of steam-engines, and the machine itself offers a saving of thirty per cent. Several engines, varying from five to ten horse power, constructed by Marinoni, have been dispatched to England and Belgium."

From the North British Review.

FALL OF THE EMPIRE OF NAPOLEON I.*

(Concluded from page 297.)

WE turn from the political ideas of M. Thiers to his narrative of the fall of the Empire. In 1812, when Napoleon crossed the Niemen, no power seemed capable of withstanding his arms. At the head of twelve hundred thousand men, he held the Continent in his grasp, was master of France, Italy, and the Netherlands, disposer of Germany, and spoiler of Spain; and he was about to invade the wilds of Russia, with a host such as Europe never had witnessed. If, in a distant corner of the Peninsula, his power was still resisted by England, and Massena had recoiled in defeat from Torres Vedras, the opinion of Europe had no doubt that his generals would soon drive Wellington out of Portugal. Six months passed, and the fangs of an Arctic winter and the wasting sword of an indignant nation had made a wreck of the Grand Army; while the baffled legions of Joseph and Marmont had fled in ruin from Salamanca. Then arose throughout Europe the cry for vengeance, and the hope of relief from long oppression: the youth of Prussia flew eagerly to arms, and forced their monarch to head the movement; the hordes of Russia poured into the heart of Germany to aid the common cause against the tyrant; the forces of Austria were steadily raised to throw her weighty sword into the balance; and England, through the gates of Spain, resolved to aim a deadly blow against the enemy. That enemy, however, was not yet vanquished; and though France was already half weary of him, and her sources of strength were fast perishing, though his hold on Europe was nearly broken, and his huge armies in Germany and Spain were rapidly being cooped up in isolated garrisons, surrounded by enemies and insurrectionary levies, he hastily crossed the

Rhine in 1813, at the head of three hundred and fifty thousand men, and on the fields of Lutzen and Bantzen once more saw the dreams of universal empire. But the tide had turned, and the day had past when two defeats could paralyze Europe. The alliance of Prussia and Russia against Napoleon had become a thoroughly national impulse; and the great conqueror, at the armistice of Pleiswitz, found that the Coalition was not to be shaken. At this moment peace was within his reach, but he had the fatal folly to reject it; and he soon discovered that his pride and insolence had arrayed the whole force of Austria against him. He was now exceedingly overmatched; but, instead of yielding an inch of ground, of abating a jot of his haughty demands, of concentrating his garrisons scattered over Germany, or of securing a safe retreat towards France, he placed himself astride on the Elbe, with a menacing Bavaria and Wurtemberg on his flank, with a hostile Confederation of the Rhine in his rear, and with his wings inclining towards Berlin and the Oder; and from this position, he sought to terrify the banded armies combined against him. Although victorious wherever he appeared, his forces are on too long a line: his generals are beaten in several battles; and at length, when planning a march into Prussia, and the relieving the fortresses on the Oder, he finds that the allies are accumulating in Leipsic, and that the German races behind him have risen against him. A battle follows, in which he is overwhelmed, and loses more than half his army; and he is driven headlong out of Germany, pursued every where by a furious insurrection, and meeting at all points a harassing enemy. He brings back to the Rhine sixty thousand men only, with Russia, Germany, and Austria on his traces. He is cut off completely from his garrisons in the German rivers; and when

* *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire. Faisant suite à l'Histoire de la Révolution Française.* Par M. A. THIERS. Tome XVII. Paris, 1860.

he reaches his capital, he learns that disease, with famine and misery in its train, is preying on the shattered frame of his army. In the mean time, Holland has flung off his yoke; Illyria and Italy have been slipping from his hands, and Eugene has been driven to the Adige; his own Murat is meditating perfidy; and Wellington, rapidly issuing from Portugal, and scattering the host of Jourdan at Vittoria, has penetrated to the roots of the Pyrenees, and is gathering in strength on the French frontier. The empire in 1812 seemed made of adamant: within a year it is a crumbling ruin.

We leave it to M. Thiers to describe the state of France at this fearful juncture—her resources against invasion, and the spirit of her people. We merely premise that, as we shall show hereafter, he has not calculated fairly the Peninsular armies, in point either of strength or numbers; and we think that he has understated the unpopularity of Napoleon, and the destitute condition of many parts of the country. In reference to this latter particular, he has not quoted the celebrated Report of 1813, which declared that "agriculture for five years had gained nothing; that it barely existed; that the fruit of its toil was annually wasted by the Treasury, which unceasingly devoured every thing to satisfy the cravings of ruined and famished armies."

"The situation of our armies was disheartening on every side. On the Rhine we had 50,000 or 60,000 men worn out from fatigue, followed by an equal number of stragglers and invalids, and having to contend with 300,000 men of the European coalition; in Italy we had 36,000 men in juxtaposition with 60,000 Austrians on the Adige, and burdened with the difficult task of holding Italy in check, that was weary of our rule, and of restraining Murat, who was ready to abandon us; on the frontier of Spain we had 50,000 veterans, disheartened by misfortune, and scarcely able to hold the Western Pyrenees against 100,000 victorious soldiers under Lord Wellington; and on this same frontier we had 25,000 more old veterans, in excellent condition certainly, but called upon to defend the Eastern Pyrenees against more than 70,000 English, Sicilians, and Catalonians. Such was the exact position of our affairs correctly noted down. Napoleon had, it is true, proved a hundred times with what prodigious rapidity he could create resources, but he had never before found himself in such distress. More than 140,000 of our best troops were dispersed in different European fortresses; there remained in France only deserted depots, which even in 1813 had made an effort to drill raw re-

cruits in two or three months, and had sent them forth, officered by the few experienced men they still possessed. Undoubtedly there were still in the regiments that returned to France trained soldiers and officers, but the authorities were now about to send to them recruits, ill-dressed and ill-drilled, in order that these old soldiers might do for the recruits what the depots had neither time nor capability to effect; in fact, they were to be constrained to employ the time they would have needed for repose, if the enemy had left them leisure for a day, in instructing these conscripts. Our fortresses, which would have served as a support to the army, were, as we have said, stripped of all means of defense. The immense amount of war material sent beyond the frontiers left our home fortresses without indispensable necessities. We had given to Magdebourg and to Hambourg what was wanted at Strasbourg and Metz, and to Alexandria what would have been needed at Grenoble. Even a part of the Lille artillery was still at the camp of Boulogne. But it was not alone the material of war in which we were deficient. Our engineer officers, so numerous, skillful, and brave, were scattered through more than a hundred foreign cities. We had hardly time to form and dispatch some cohorts of national guards to Strasbourg and Landau, to Lille and to Metz. In order to conquer the world, which was now escaping from her grasp, France had left herself defenseless. Our finances, formerly so prosperous, and managed with admirable regularity, were now as exhausted as our armies, through the chimera of universal domination. The municipal lands seized to liquidate the debt of 1811 and 1812, and to supply the deficiency of 1813, had remained unsold. It was doubtful whether purchasers could be found for ten millions. The paper which represented the anticipated price sank from fifteen to twenty per cent, although nearly the entire of what had been issued was still in the coffers of the bank, and in those of the crown itself, which had taken more than seventy millions. The moral condition of the country was, if possible, still more wretched than its circumstances. The soldiers, convinced of the folly of the policy for which they were pouring forth their blood, murmured aloud, though they were ever ready in presence of the enemy to sustain the national honor. The nation, deeply irritated that the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen had not been used to secure a peace, looked upon themselves as sacrificed to a mad ambition, now that they had experienced the serious inconveniences of an irresponsible government. Disenchanted as to the genius of Napoleon, having never believed in his prudence, but having always had faith in his invincibility, they were at once disgusted with his government, doubtful of his military capability, and terrified at the approach of enemies who were advancing in masses; the French people, in a word, were morally broken down, at the very moment when, to avert the impending danger, they would have needed all the patri-

otic enthusiasm with which they were animated in 1792, or at least the confiding admiration with which the First Consul had inspired them in 1800. Never, in short was a people in a state of more profound dejection called upon to encounter a more imminent peril.*

It is not easy to pronounce with certainty upon the designs of Napoleon at this crisis. It is evident, even at the eleventh hour, that he preserved his haughty and unbending attitude; that he underrated the strength of the Coalition, and, above all, its power of cohesion; that he did not comprehend the vehemence of the passions which his tyranny had excited in Europe; and that he did not appreciate fully the apathy or the rising indignation of his people. M. Thiers assures us, that at the close of 1813, the Emperor was really desirous of peace, provided it secured "the natural limits" of France, but that he viewed the Allies' overtures with distrust; that this made him elude the proposals of Frankfort; and that he girded himself up for the final struggle, for the purpose, not of regaining what he had lost, but of establishing France on the Rhine with honor. This attempt to portray Napoleon as a patriot, contending for an object dear to all Frenchmen, and resolved to stake his crown on the issue, is certainly not borne out by the facts; it is merely a "scene" for the Emperor's exit. For, even assuming that the Emperor had a right to mistrust the good faith of the Allies at Frankfort, and to evade a reply to propositions which offered him the line of the Rhine as a position—an assumption which M. Thiers repudiates—it is clear that, even in December, 1813, he had no notion of accepting such limits to his Empire. His instructions to Caulaincourt at this period, prove that he still insisted on a part of Holland—on retaining the great bridge-heads on the Rhine, which gave him an easy access to Germany—on occupying all the territory of Piedmont—and on governing Italy through Eugene Beauharnais. This fact is decisive against M. Thiers; and, indeed, there are several other facts which are contradictory to his theory. Had Napoleon, in November

and December, 1813, been satisfied with the boundary of the Rhine, yet resolved to fight to the last for this stake, would he have set on foot a fresh army of Italy—have delayed to recall Suchet from Spain—have clung tenaciously to the Spanish fortresses—and have left garrisons in Piedmont and Holland, not to speak of those blockaded in Germany—when the forces of Europe were on the Rhine, and about to commence their threatened invasion? Would such a commander have hesitated for a moment to collect his armies from the extremities of his empire, and to concentrate them in imposing strength against the hosts that touched on the very line he had resolved never to abandon, and that stretched already from Basle to Antwerp? Upon the hypothesis of M. Thiers, it is impossible to doubt what his course would have been; but as he never adopted that course, and, on the contrary, up to the last, disseminated his forces on all points of his dominions, we conceive the hypothesis is utterly groundless. We think it probable, that, till all had been staked and lost, Napoleon clung to the idea of his Empire; that, relying too much on his own genius, on the support of France, and the jealousy of the Coalition, he conceived to the last that he could retrieve his losses; and that, when he surveyed his position in December, 1813, he had no real desire for peace, and was hopeful, even on the verge of ruin, of yet emerging in triumph from the struggle. Whether Europe would be convulsed in the contest—whether France would be rent and wasted by his efforts—did not enter into the thoughts of one who called his soldiers "food for cannon," and who had exclaimed to Metternich at Prague: "What are half a million of men to me?"

M. Thiers details at great length the political and military expedients of the Emperor in reference to the impending invasion. As he has a sentimental love of parliamentary institutions, he is shocked at the seizure of the Dictatorship—at the violence done to the remains of the "Constitution"—at the election of a president of the Legislative Body by the simple fiat of Napoleon—at the garbling of documents by the Imperial ministers—at the raising of taxes by Imperial decrees—and at the wrath of the Emperor at the report of Lainé. All these acts, certainly, were "great mistakes;" but we sus-

* In justice to M. Thiers, we have quoted from "the authorized version" of his History, except where its errors of sense and grammar are unpardonable. It is a wretched performance—a bald, and unfaithful, and full of mistakes.

pect that, had they achieved the result which M. Thiers believes, the securing to France "her natural limits," they would have been called "touches of genius and inspiration," in his usual style of tawdry adulation. As it was, they were certainly not more illegal than several other measures of Napoleon, which in his hour of glory, escaped uncensured; and, really, when we reflect what a cheat the "Constitution" of the Emperor was—how completely his paid and servile Senate, and his mute Legislature of unpopular deputies, were the mere instruments of his will—we are not disposed to blame him severely, for having got rid, at a period of pressure, of the inconvenient furniture of despotism. The fault of Napoleon was, that he had made his people unfitted for real freedom, and that he had veiled his tyranny under popular forms, and in the haze of military glory. It was not that, at the eleventh hour, he exclaimed boldly, "I am the State;" and there is much truth in his stinging remark, that in 1813 France "wanted not orators, but a man." As for the diplomacy of Napoleon at this crisis, M. Thiers unravels it very fully; and his account, on the whole, is not uncandid, though, on some points, we think it erroneous. He admits that the Allies were in earnest at Frankfort in offering the boundary of the Rhine to Napoleon; and he blames the Emperor justly and sternly for not having at once accepted their overtures. This, indeed, is not consistent with his view, that at heart Napoleon was satisfied with these terms; but, in truth, it is not possible to reconcile the two positions of M. Thiers on this subject, that Napoleon rejected the basis of Frankfort, and yet had no other political object. M. Thiers is also right in his statement, that the insurrection of Holland in November, 1813, caused a great change in the views of the Allies, and led them to insist on harsher conditions; but he is wrong in insinuating that the policy of England made the question of peace depend on Antwerp: and we think that, in his estimate of the diplomacy of the Coalition, he should not have suppressed that important document, the Allied Declaration from Frankfort. Perhaps, however, the marked contrast between the moderation of this state paper, and the arrogance of Napoleon's manifestoes, was the cause of this significant omission.

M. Thiers' account of the military mea-

asures adopted by Napoleon at this juncture is very graphic and elaborate, and is a valuable addition to the history of the period. The forces now arrayed against France, which were about to burst upon her territory, were, though separated, immense in numbers; and for the most part, they were flushed with victory. They consisted of the Army of the North, under Bernadotte, which was marching on the frontier of Belgium; of the Grand Armies of Silesia and Bohemia, which lay along the Rhine from Cologne to Basle; and of the Anglo-Spanish army of Wellington, which had recently passed the Bidassoa. These forces were nearly four hundred thousand men; and in addition were the Austrian army of Italy, to be soon joined by that of Murat, the Anglo-Sicilian army of Arragon and Catalonia, large masses of reserves coming up from Russia and Prussia, and the troops blockading the French garrisons in Germany. Against this prodigious array of foes Napoleon had only the army of the Rhine, which did not exceed sixty thousand men; that of Belgium, not twenty thousand strong; that of Italy, under Eugene Beauharnais, which perhaps was of thirty thousand men; the nucleus of an army at Lyons, some regiments scattered in dépôts in France, and the two armies of Soult and Suchet, which in spite of M. Thiers' assertions, were at least a hundred and thirty thousand bayonets. His garrisons in Germany are, of course, out of the account; he had scarcely any reserves at hand, though he had recently obtained decrees from the Senate for a levy of six hundred thousand men; and his people were so exhausted and terrified, and the fortresses of France so ill provided, that a national resistance appeared chimerical. A sovereign on a revolutionary throne, and with a people rising against him, and a general with not more than two hundred and twenty thousand troops, and no certainty of a large increase of them, he stood against a mass of banded enemies whose combined forces were nearly a million of men, who, of late, had been victorious every where! And yet he remained confident in himself; and, so far as his outward acts are evidence, he resolved to defend his empire on all points, not to give up a yard of territory, and to brave half the world in arms against him. Relying on a respite of four months, and

that no invasion would take place till April, he calculated that his levy of six hundred thousand men would yield him three hundred thousand soldiers; and with these, added to his forces in hand, he still hoped to reconquer victory. Accordingly, his dispositions were made on this hypothesis; and his plan was to leave his armies on their stations, and to strengthen them with large reinforcements of conscripts; while he himself, at the head of his corps of Guards, which he hoped to raise to one hundred thousand men, would meet the pressure wherever it was heaviest. Eugene was thus left upon the Adige, and Soult and Suchet on the Spanish frontier, while the feeble corps on the Rhine and the Meuse remained opposite to the enormous hosts that lay on the German banks of these rivers.

It seems obvious that, from a strategical point of view, this plan of Napoleon is open to censure: for he had no right to count on a delay till April; and on the assumption of M. Thiers, that he was fighting only for the boundary of the Rhine, he was absurdly wrong in dispersing his forces. But if, as we believe, he was still striking for his empire, the plan becomes intelligible and consistent; and if he erred in the important particular, that an invasion was not immediately impending, he had had many proofs in his previous campaigns of the tardiness of the allied movements. His mistake lay, not in judging the Allies from what his own experience had taught him, nor yet in calculating on divisions among them, but in not perceiving that the generals opposed to him had learned the necessity of celerity in warfare, and in not comprehending the energy of the hatred which his own conduct had aroused, and which now quickened the advance of his enemies. His dispositions were all unfinished: of the three hundred thousand men he had hoped to obtain, not more than a hundred thousand had been enrolled; no attempt had been made to fortify Paris; his fortresses in France were still out of order, and wanting provisions and ammunition; and his weak divisions on the Rhenish frontier had received very small reinforcements, when, at the end of December, 1813, the hosts of the Allies were set in motion; and the army of Silesia having crossed the Rhine at Mayence, while that of Bohemia penetrated by Bâle, an

enormous flood of invasion poured into his dominions. The design of the Coalition was to drive before them the weak divisions arrayed against them; to march straight by any fortresses on their way, relying on their prodigious strength; and, converging towards each other after their entry into France, to concentrate themselves between Chaumont and Langres, and from thence to march directly to Paris. M. Thiers, who never praises any general but a Frenchman, of course says not a word of this strategy, but it was not the less an admirable move. It would probably have been completely successful had it been vigorously carried out at once; and, as it was, it entirely disconcerted the Emperor; it gained for the Allies a third of France in three weeks; and it reduced the ultimate issue of the war to all but a military certainty. The result of this attack was, that by the twenty-fifth of January, 1814, the armies of Silesia and Bohemia, under the respective commands of Blücher and Schwartzburg, had reached the valley of the Seine and the Marne, with an open country before them to Paris, and with all the provinces in their rear in their possession; that the French corps opposed to them had been forced to fall back without having fired a shot; and that Napoleon had been compelled to hurry from Paris, to endeavor to hold the invaders in check, with a force not more than sixty thousand strong, against a host of more than two hundred thousand. In fact, his plan of war had been utterly baffled, and his strategical position appeared desperate.

The campaign which ensued is one of the most splendid of the many great achievements of Napoleon, and it proves the force of his military genius, the originality and daring of his maneuvers, the celerity of his movements, and the excellence of his soldiers. A few words will convey an idea of the brilliant and profound strategy, by means of which, for several weeks, the Emperor, with a comparatively small army—it never exceeded sixty thousand men—kept at bay the hosts of Blücher and Schwartzburg, defeated them in several battles, in a military point of view was not baffled to the last, and, at length, was only overwhelmed because his people and capital abandoned him. It is scarcely indeed probable that his plan for this campaign would have

given him ultimate success against the Allies, and, as we think, it was erroneous in principle; but it showed such skillful combinations, such boldness, energy, and firmness of purpose, and so few faults of detail occur in it, that it will always attract the soldier's admiration. The commencement of the struggle was disastrous, for the allied armies kept together, and, having attacked Napoleon at La Rothiere, with a very great preponderance of force, they defeated him with a considerable loss, and, for a moment, compelled him to sue for terms. But, soon afterwards, from whatever cause, whether mutual jealousy or over-confidence, they separated into two divisions—the army of Silesia, with Blücher in command, pursuing the road to Paris by the Marne, and that of Schwartzburg marching for the same point on the nearly parallel line of the Seine. As these tactics placed Napoleon between them, and prevented them from communicating with each other, this step of the Allies was obviously imprudent: and its peril was increased by the impetuosity of Blücher, who, instead of keeping abreast with Schwartzburg, pressed hurriedly forward in isolated columns, and thus exposed his whole flank to Napoleon. Immediately the Emperor saw the error, and, having left a few troops to observe Schwartzburg, he fell like thunder on the Prussian's line, cut up his scattered divisions in detail, enveloped his lieutenants in a circle of fire, destroyed the corps of Sacken and Olsouvieff, killed many men, and took many prisoners, and hurled backwards the whole army of Silesia, in the battles of Champaubert, Montmirail, and Vauchamps. Having thus disposed of one of his enemies, he made a rapid flank march on Schwartzburg; assails the head of his advancing columns, which also were too distant from each other; wins the two battles of Naengis and Montereau; and, terrifying the Austrian by his rapidity and his renown, compels him to retreat on Troyes, and even to meditate falling back on the Rhine. For an instant the Allies hesitate and treat; the armistice of Lusigny is held; a march to the Rhine is soon talked of, and peace is nearly made at Châtillon. But the French Emperor, flushed with success, refuses to listen to reasonable terms, and even to recall a soldier from Italy: he remains stubborn, isolated, and unsupported; and

at length the conferences are broken off, and Blücher inclines northward to the Aisne, to join the corps of Bulow and Wintzingerode, who are hurrying to his aid by Soissons, while Schwartzburg again moves forward to operate on the Seine towards Paris. Thus the allied armies are separated once more, and Napoleon hurries to crush Blücher, who is losing time in an effort to cut off Marmont. He almost reaches him as he falls back on Soissons; but here fortune abandons Napoleon—the place surrenders, and the army of Silesia, reinforced by those of Bulow and Wintzingerode, now exceeds in strength the force pursuing it. The Emperor hesitates, but only for an instant: he attacks Blücher with the energy of despair; wins the plateau of Craonne, but is defeated at Laon; and now, finding himself overmatched, he falls back on Rheims to rest his army. In the mean time, Schwartzburg, who had advanced slowly, concentrates his columns, and moves against him: the sanguinary battle of Arcis-sur-Aube is fought, and cuts off Napoleon's communications with Paris; and he resolves instantly to march towards the Rhine, to disengage the garrisons of the fortresses on the frontier, to add their strength to that of his army; and, falling on the rear of the allied forces, which he hoped would be kept in check before his capital, to place them thus between two fires, to surround them with a national insurrection, and to crush them in the heart of his dominions. This bold design is, however, discovered; and, while he retreats with his back to Paris, his enemies, now left free to act, march straight upon it in immense force; they overthrow all obstacles in their way, and take the capital after a brief struggle; his throne falls amidst general rejoicing; the Senate decrees his abdication; and the Empire perishes, unwept and dishonored. At this news he hurries back with his army, and meditates fresh combinations for an instant, which still bear the stamp of his genius; but Marmont deserts him, and then his marshals; he is left desolate at Fontainebleau, and the conqueror becomes a prisoner and an exile.

Such, in a word, was the wonderful campaign of 1814, which, as a specimen of strategy in the field, is perhaps the masterpiece of Napoleon. It is impossible to admire too much the daring and vigorous sloop upon Blücher, which

paralyzed the army of Silesia; the flank movement on the army of Bohemia, which drove Schwartzburg to retreat; and the bold thought of a descent on the Rhine, for the purpose of striking the rear of the enemy, and crushing him while in front of Paris. But it seems certain, that, as a general design, in the actual state of Napoleon's affairs, and in reference to the defense of France, the plan from beginning to end was a mistake; that it proceeded on false assumptions and ideas; and that its partial and brief success was due, more to the errors of the Allies, than even to the skill of their antagonist. Supposing that up to December, 1813, Napoleon had still a rational prospect of being able to defend his empire at all points, what chance remained to him in January, 1814, when he found himself in front of Blücher and Schwartzburg, united in the valley of the Seine and Marne? In other words, had he any right to believe that, with sixty thousand men in his hands, he would overthrow two hundred and twenty thousand? Why, then, did he not bring up Eugene from Italy to fall upon the rear of the army of Bohemia, summon Suchet at once from the frontier of Spain, and, according to the advice of Soult, leave a few detachments in the south of France to retard the advance of Wellington for an instant; and, uniting the two armies of Spain with his own, contend with the invaders on the base of Paris? That this would have been the true scheme of defense, that it offered several chances of success, and that, possibly, it might have repelled the Allies, and certainly would have retarded the fall of the Empire, is now admitted by most judges; and, as it is idle to suppose for a moment that Napoleon did not appreciate its advantages, we can only ascribe his rejection of it to his resolution to play for his Empire or nothing, to his overweening confidence in himself, and to an ignorance of his unpopularity in his capital. In these points, however, he was far from the truth; and, accordingly, his design of the campaign of 1814, apart from his conduct in the field, was a mistake as a plan of defense; and, in fact, but for the separation of the Allies upon the lines of the Seine and Marne—an error on which he had no right to speculate—it would probably have ended quickly in his ruin. When actually engaged, his skill was masterly, but the general disposition of his means

of resistance was obviously faulty in the extreme; and it is difficult to doubt that, in this respect, he sacrificed his art to political considerations, or perhaps to his pride as a sovereign. We may also observe, even as regards his strategy in 1814, that while all concur in praising it as a whole, he seems to have erred in accepting battle at La Rothiere, in not striking Schwartzburg in the flank before Montereau, instead of assailing his columns in front, and in venturing on the desperate struggle at Laon, and the still more desperate strife of Arcis sur-Aube, with a force so inferior to that opposed to him. We shall not, however, presume to pronounce on the moves of such a commander as Napoleon, when guided solely by military considerations.

M. Thiers, however, true to his ideal, extols not only the strategy of Napoleon, but even his general scheme of resistance. He will not allow that any mistake was made in fighting the battle of La Rothiere; he struggles to show that Napoleon was infallible in all his movements against Schwartzburg; he throws on Marmont the blame of the defeat at Laon, against conclusive evidence to the contrary; and, like some "vieux moustache" of the Guard, he believes Napoleon an omniscient commander. This is not the way to write history truly; and we should add, not only that his views on military affairs are sometimes marked with much ignorance, but that his accounts of battles are usually so unfair, so full of grandiloquence about the French, and of scorn and indifference towards their enemies, that scarcely one of them is really trustworthy. One of his chief delinquencies in this respect is the falsifying the numbers engaged on either side; and, as to the results of some actions, he graduates them according to a scale in his fancy. Thus he tells us that, on the field of La Rothiere, "thirty-two thousand French" were opposed to "a hundred thousand;" and that the losses of Napoleon were "about five thousand," against "eight or nine thousand" of the enemy. The truth is, that Napoleon had nearly fifty thousand men in his hands, of whom he lost about seven thousand, with more than seventy pieces of cannon, while the Allies were weakened by three thousand only. He states that, in the combats of Champaubert, Montmirail, and Vauchamps, the killed, wounded, and prisoners of the army of Silesia were

at least two-and-twenty thousand; the real numbers were about one half. At Craonne, he declares "that thirty thousand Frenchmen, without a sufficient force in guns, attacked fifty thousand Prussians and Russians, on a formidable plateau, with numerous artillery; the actual proportion was thirty to twenty-one thousand; for, as Marshal Marmont writes expressly, the corps of Sacken did not fire a shot, and was not even in sight of their enemy. So, according to this veracious account, at Laon the losses of Napoleon were twelve thousand against fifteen, instead of sixteen thousand against ten; and, at Arcis sur-Aube, twenty thousand are made to resist, first fifty, and afterwards ninety thousand, the real proportion being sixty to a hundred. No one doubts the excellence of the French army, or the valor it showed in this memorable campaign, not seldom against enormous odds; but is this the way to write its history? Is it fair to describe it like a Jack the Giant-Killer, or some other prodigy of a story-book?

During this desperate struggle in the plains of France, the Allies made several attempts to negotiate, and, but for the obstinate pride of Napoleon, the war would certainly have ended at Châtillon. M. Thiers enlarges on these events; but, as usual, he is unjust, and occasionally ridiculous, considering the actual condition of France: he looks at every thing from a French point of view, and subject to his theory of the "natural limits;" and some of his assertions are very erroneous. He seems to think it a monstrous wrong, that, after the battle of La Rothière, when one third of France was in the hands of the Allies, and the gates of Paris seemed to open to them, they should have abandoned the proffered terms of Frankfort, and have resolved to reduce France to her position of 1790. It is, doubtless, not a little pleasant, that an historian, who has described the treaty of Luneville, which deprived Austria of the Netherlands—the treaty of Presburg, which reft Italy and Illyria from her, and tore from her sovereign the crown of Germany—the treaty of Tilsit, which made Prussia a third-rate power, and all Germany a French dependency—and the treaty of Vienna, which sealed the bondage of Europe—should inform us that the proposals of Châtillon were such as "never had been presented to a

conquered country," and "that though Napoleon *had* abused the rights of a victor, he had never done so to such a degree as this." It is also somewhat bold to assert that Napoleon was right in scorn-ing these terms, because, "however unfortunate France might afterwards become, no greater sacrifice *could* be demanded of her than that actually required; and, even under the Bourbons, she would be allowed the position of 1790;" as if the immediate stoppage of war and desolation were nothing; as if the Allies could never advance in their terms; and as if the events of 1815, when it was seriously proposed to partition France, and when she was ground to the dust by exactions, and by the weight of an army of occupation, did not occur as a contingency on the rejection. We must own, however, that he persists logically that France was justified in running any risks for the sake of his favorite idea, since "we do not hesitate to say that, though even all the splendor of Paris had been destroyed in one bloody day, the Rhine frontier would be a compensation;" and that her sovereign was quite right, for this paramount object, to lure the Allies into negotiations, under cover of which he was treacherously to assail them—"to finish all sword in hand" is the phrase—a project which M. Thiers characterizes as "the equanimity of a great mind superior to circumstances!" But, though all this is exceedingly fine—and M. Thiers is resolved to portray Napoleon as making the "line of the Rhine" the one aim of his arms and diplomacy in 1814, which, "though it should involve the slaughter of thousands of men, was more consonant to his glory and the true interests of France" than peace and the throne of Louis XV., according to the "indecent" proposals of the Allies—it is certain that this is mere misrepresentation, and that the French Emperor had very different ideas at this juncture. Immediately after the battle of La Rothière, he gave Caulaincourt *carte blanche* to treat, even on the terms proposed at Châtillon; not, as M. Thiers tells us, in "self-deception," or in the hope "that great sacrifices would not be agreed to," but, as he wrote distinctly, "in order to save Paris." After the victories which ended at the conferences of Lusigny, he desired his plenipotentiary to "sign nothing but on authority;" and although he added that "he still adhered to the basis of Frank-

fort," it is well known, from the testimony of bystanders, that he was dreaming already of a campaign in Germany. But, when the capitulation of Paris had overthrown the Empire, he again gave Caulaincourt "full powers;" and at this time he knew well that his minister was ready to accept any peace compatible with the continuance of the Empire, though M. Thiers would lead us to believe that this mission was merely a diplomatic stratagem. All this policy had obviously one object only—to shift according to the chances of war; and it requires no little boldness to characterize it as "the heroic termination" of a "reign of wonders."

M. Thiers describes with much clearness the state of Paris at the approach of the Allies—the terror and imbecility of the Administration—the apathy and despair of the inhabitants—the slow fermenting of a Bourbon movement—and the adroitness of Talleyrand in the game of treachery. His narrative of the battle of Paris is also good; though, as usual, he misstates the proportion of the combatants, who were not "twenty-four thousand to a hundred and seventy," but, during the greater part of the day, were nearly equal on the points of attack. As for his account of the wonderful events which followed, it is very full, vivid, and elaborate; but, in some respects, we object to it, for it omits several important particulars; it neglects some very plain considerations; and we doubt the correctness of not a few of its statements. M. Thiers refuses a word of praise to the magnanimity of the Allies, who in the hour of triumph and vengeance, when Paris was prostrate at their feet, forbore to retaliate upon her the conduct of Napoleon to Berlin and Vienna, and treated her with the most merciful courtesy. He also conceals, as well as he can, the exultation which greeted their entry—how that entry was hailed as a national deliverance, and what a pregnant commentary it forms upon the fickleness of the French nation, upon the disloyalty caused by revolution, and upon the abhorrence felt for Napoleon. When such were the sentiments of the Parisians, he is obviously in error in his assertion, that a patriotic resistance on the streets was possible; that it was madness to have fought outside the barriers; and that, had barricades been erected—is he thinking of the days of July?—and arms placed in the hands of the citizens, the Allies could

not have made good their entry. The testimony of Marmont is conclusive on this point: he declares, not only that the people of Paris were indifferent as to the result of the contest, but that even the National Guard did not assist him when he was struggling on the heights of Belleville. We should like, too, to know on what authority M. Thiers denies that Ney and the Marshals were "violent" in resisting Napoleon at Fontainebleau; that Macdonald was wrong in the supposition that the Emperor intended to march on Paris, and even to destroy it, if necessary, for his projects; that Marmont was "at heart a traitor," in dealing with Schwartzburg for the surrender of his post; and that the shameless desertion of Napoleon by Berthier, "was, in some degree, by his master's orders." On these particulars, the statements of M. Thiers are at variance with every account we have read; and it is evident that, as is natural perhaps, he strives to throw a kindly veil over the recklessness and treachery of the fall of the Empire.

The worst part of this volume, however, is the narrative of the Peninsular war from July, 1813, to April, 1814. There is nothing in Livy more reckless and unscrupulous than M. Thiers' treatment of this memorable struggle. In the first place, he depreciates its importance by noticing it only as an insignificant episode in the great epic of Napoleon's downfall. In the next place, while he can not deny the excellence of the army of Wellington, he attempts to damn it with faint praise: he has the audacity to assert that the army it vanquished "was unrivaled in respect of military qualifications;" and he assures us that the "unfortunate issue of the encounter was owing to our generals, and not to our soldiers." Finally, he misrepresents every battle in the campaign; disparages Soult and Wellington alike, for the purpose of screening his favorite Suchet; misstates or conceals the strategy of these great captains, and indulges freely in his pleasant habit of falsifying the numbers of armies and losses according to his ideas or fancies. A few words will be enough to expose his errors in these important particulars. In July, 1813, after the battle of Vittoria, the army of Spain, with Soult in command, which lay on the French side of the Pyrenees, exceeded one hundred and thirty thousand men; and those

of Arragon and Catalonia, which occupied these provinces under Suchet, were somewhat more than seventy thousand. It is true that deductions should be made for the sick, the inefficient, and the troops in garrison; but Sir William Napier has shown conclusively that the two armies at this period could bring one hundred and thirty-eight thousand good soldiers together, not to speak of thirty thousand conscripts. Opposed to these veteran and powerful arrays was the Anglo-Portuguese army of Wellington, just seventy-seven thousand of all arms, which, between Pampeluna and San Sebastian, confronted Soult on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, and the Anglo-Sicilian army of Lord William Bentinck, which perhaps, was seventy thousand on paper, but was so ill-organized and badly provided, that Wellington had written that "Suchet could have tumbled it back to the Xucar." Unquestionably, therefore, at this period, the advantage in strength was with the French, and that in an immense proportion; and, although this ratio was afterwards changed, and during the campaign of 1813-14 the force of Wellington was usually about seventy thousand, and that of the Anglo-Sicilians nominally about the same, while that of Soult fell at length to forty-five thousand, and that of Suchet to about fifty, yet for several months this advantage remained with the marshals. It should be observed, too, that the French armies of Spain were the best troops in Napoleon's service, excepting only the Old Guard; that, even when reduced to their lowest strength, they outnumbered the Emperor's army in 1814; and that at no time, considering the irregulars in them, and their heterogeneous composition, could the Anglo-Portuguese and the Anglo-Sicilian armies be counted as really much stronger than their opponents. It is evident, therefore, that a campaign, in which a force, at first inferior in strength, and afterwards scarcely superior, if at all, defeated the formidable enemy opposed to it, and prevented him from throwing his weight into the scale when the Emperor chiefly needed his support, was of the very greatest importance; and that the events of the Peninsular war in 1813-14 are scarcely less momentous than those in the east of France.

Any fair account of the Peninsular campaign of 1813-14 will explain the causes

of these events, and place them in their proper significance. No blame certainly can be laid upon the strategy of the Duke of Dalmatia, nor upon the valor and stubbornness of his soldiers. His reorganization of the army of Spain, in a few weeks after the desperate shock which it had encountered at Vittoria, and his bold irruption on Wellington through the passes of Roncesvalles, for the purpose of relieving Pampeluna, have justly received the admiration of tacticians. The lines which he drew on the Bidassoa and the Nivelle, and the camp which he intrenched in front of Bayonne, attest his energy and resources in defense; and his sudden attack upon Wellington on the Nive, when that general had extended his line towards the Adour, and in fact had divided it on the former stream, has been characterized as worthy of the genius of Napoleon. His grand scheme of attracting Suchet into France, of combining their armies at the pass of Jaca, and of bursting through it on Wellington's flank, has been justly praised by Sir William Napier; and perhaps it might have changed the fate of the contest. His blows at Orthez were all but successful; his retreat on Toulouse was a masterly move; his struggle outside that town was worthy of a great captain; and the steadiness and tenacity which he showed in resisting and striking his enemy hardly to the last, were fine specimens of a general's energy. Nor, in truth, were his soldiers unworthy of him; for, although they were almost always defeated, and occasionally shrunk from contact with troops whose terrible weight they had learned to dread, they fought with desperate valor at Sauron, distinguished themselves greatly at Orthez, and contended with steady heroism at Toulouse, not to speak of many minor combats. On the other hand, if not always perfect—and no general can be infallible—the strategy of Wellington in this campaign was a model of vigor, rapidity, and caution; and the conduct of his army entitled it to rank as decidedly the best army then in Europe. If disconcerted for a moment at the attack by Roncesvalles, with what vigor he struck the counter-blow, and drove Soult on a line of retreat which well-nigh proved that marshal's ruin! His passage of the Bidassoa, and forcing of its lines, will always be cited as examples of quick, brilliant, and resolute generalship. The same

may be said of the passage of the Nivelle; and if for an instant he was in peril on the Nive, with what prompt energy he recovered himself, and overthrew his nimble antagonist! So it was at Orthez and Toulouse—he invariably baffled the finest combinations, and seized the occasion to retaliate on his antagonist with a weight and force which overbore resistance. Of his army, it is enough to say, with Sir William Napier, “that what Alexander’s Macedonians were at Arbela, Hannibal’s Africans at Cannæ, Cæsar’s Romans at Pharsalia, Napoleon’s guards at Austerlitz, such were Wellington’s British soldiers at this period.” And it was the work of this general and this army that the ablest marshal of France, with a force superior at first, if inferior at last, was chased out of Spain to the interior of France, defeated in every attempt he made, and completely prevented from lending his aid to Napoleon struggling against the Coalition. In fairness, however, it must be said, that probably this great result would not have been gained had Suchet acted with proper zeal, and really seconded the Duke of Dalmatia. In truth, as Sir William Napier more than hints, it was the incapacity or jealousy of this marshal which ruined Napoleon in the south of France, and, indirectly, in the north and east, and which paralyzed Soult when contending against Wellington. For Suchet, with the armies of Arragon and Catalonia, had about seventy thousand men under his orders; and, allowing for those he left in the fortresses, he could have brought fifty thousand good troops to his colleague. Opposed to him was a heterogeneous force, which could scarcely have followed him over the Pyrenees, and which had been greatly weakened in efficiency by the departure of Lord W. Bentinck for Italy. Had he, therefore, in the autumn of 1813 retreated from Spain into France by Toulouse, and effected a junction with Soult at Jaca, from whence the two marshals might have fallen on Wellington, the fate of the war might have been altered; and, even in March, 1814, had he joined Soult on the line of the Garonne, it was the opinion of Sir W. Napier “that the French army would have been numerous enough to bar Lord Wellington’s progress altogether.” From these considerations, therefore, it is evident that the Peninsular campaign of 1813–14 was of the very greatest import-

ance; and that the French lost it not through want of numbers, nor because the Duke of Dalmatia was incompetent, but because Suchet committed great errors, and the genius of Wellington and the heroism of his troops were able to bear down every thing before them.

A few lines will suffice to show how M. Thiers has dealt with this contest. He strives to depreciate its importance; and, though he can not deny that the operations of Wellington effected a strong diversion against Napoleon, he slurs over those operations completely. He informs us that, in July, 1813, the forces of Soult and Suchet together did not exceed one hundred and ten thousand men, against a hundred and seventy thousand; and that, afterwards, their antagonists kept their numbers, while they were reduced to sixty-five thousand. While he extols the excellence of the French troops, and reluctantly calls the British “good,” he carefully conceals the wretched composition of the Anglo-Sicilian force in Catalonia against Suchet. He says not a word about Soult’s reorganization of the army which attacked Wellington at Sauron; but he sneers exceedingly at the Marshal’s dispositions for the attack, and insists that they were entirely erroneous. On the other hand, he withholds the important fact, that Soult, when driven backward by Wellington through the passes of Dona Maria and Echallar, was nearly destroyed, with half his army; and he describes the battles of the Pyrenees “as combats where we had lost about ten or eleven thousand men, against twelve thousand of the enemy”—the true proportion being fifteen to seven thousand, as he might have seen in the Wellington Dispatches. He misrepresents the action of San Marcial, and calls the brilliant passage of the Bidassoa “the surprise of Marshal Soult at Andaya.” He carps at the admirable plan of Soult to effect a junction with Suchet by Jaca; and sustains his case by exaggerating the two armies commanded respectively by Wellington and Lord William Bentinck, and by reducing falsely the numbers of Suchet. He passes over in all but silence the daring passage of the Nivelle, the able defense of Soult at Bayonne, and the interesting actions of the Nive—in attack and defense alike remarkable. He is so absurd as to blame the Duke of Dalmatia for not having thrown himself into Bor-

deaux; that is, engulfed himself in the Landes, and lost all chance of communicating with Suchet; and he describes the glorious victory of Orthez as "a battle where Soult killed or wounded six thousand men, and left three or four thousand on the field"—the real numbers being two thousand five hundred to four! Finally, he absolves Suchet from all censure, and sneers at the "temporizing genius" of Wellington; that is, of the general who had won the battle of Vittoria, and who, in the campaign of 1813-14, with Soult in front and Suchet on his flank, and with mixed armies, certainly scarcely superior to those which might have coalesced against him, not only drove the French out of Spain, but in less than six weeks, in the spring of 1814, had "forced the French from the neighborhood of Bayonne to Toulouse, a distance of two hundred miles, had conquered the whole country between the Pyrenees and the Garonne, had passed six large and several smaller rivers," and had defeated a brave and experienced enemy on every occasion he ever encountered him. It is a fitting close "to this strange eventful history," that M. Thiers suppresses any mention of the battle of Toulouse—we presume because it reflects great credit on Soult, and still greater on his illustrious antagonist!

In taking leave of M. Thiers, we beg

to reiterate our approval of the flow and rapidity of his narrative. He has also thrown some fresh light on several of the events detailed in this volume, especially on the diplomacy of Napoleon, and on the Revolution of 1814. But we are compelled to add, that neither in this nor in any other part of his work is he at the level of his great argument, perhaps the greatest in the history of the world. He is entirely blind to the awful majesty of the drama he has attempted to delineate. He writes as if this momentous scene, in which, amidst the shock of stirring events and the sound of half the world in conflict, we can trace Providence shaping His ends, were a stage to show off one nation and its chieftain. In dealing with political questions, he is indifferent to moral rules; and, in reference to his own country, he steadily adopts the dogma of the Athenian at Melos, rebuked by the solemn irony of Thucydides, "that might is the measure of the rights of nations." Finally, he is reckless in assertion, and careless of truth, whenever it shocks his prejudices or vanity; and although he tells us solemnly, in a part of his work, "that he entertains such a respect for the mission of History, that the fear of alleging what is inaccurate fills him with confusion," we own that this sally strongly reminds us of Lady Blarney's Eulogies on Virtue.

From the London Review.

ENGLAND AT THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III.*

WE hold with Pope, but in a far wider sense, that "the proper study of mankind is man;" and we venture to think that to that study are wedded full as much interest, quite as healthful occupation for the mind, and vastly more practical results, than to the pursuit, dissection, or classification

of birds, beasts, fishes, or plants, ancient or cotemporaneous. Far be it from us to endeavor to deter our patient readers from the favorite occupation of their leisure hours, whether it be the collecting and grouping of the graceful fronds of the fern family, the careful conveying of the curious zoöphite, the unearthing of the secrets of the soil, or the accurate conjointing of the nodes of a Plesiosaurus. Such pursuits, in common with studies of more sterling importance, should raise the

* *A History of England during the Reign of George the Third.* By WILLIAM MASSEY, M.P. Vols. I. to III. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1855-60.

soul in devout adoration to the one great Maker who has studded the earth with varied millions of curious mechanisms—the one wondrous Governor who has adapted with profoundest skill the movements alike of the mightiest nation and of the poorest peasant to the fulfillment of his great design—glory to God, and happiness to man.

But, in the present day especially, it is far more necessary that attention should be devoted to the study of man, public and private—not merely in the fleeting paragraphs of the newspaper, but also in the more permanent records of history and biography—than to the marvels of physical discovery. We have in this country a sufficiently strong force of professional philosophers, who think it incalculably more important to dredge our coasts for some new variety of sea-weed or periwinkle, than to knock a hole in the keel of the first French man-of-war that should steam up the Thames, or dash at our dockyards. We have plenty of those wise men who hold Government to lie under much greater obligation to give handsome grants for watching an eclipse, or calculating the eccentricity of a comet's orbit, than to raise the wretched, protect the helpless, and stay the ferment of discontent by wise laws and benevolent administration. These enthusiasts may safely be left for a few years to the discovery and collation of their imperfect "facts," and to the ventilation and demolition of each other's hasty theories. Now, if ever, the attention of every manly thinker should be directed to politics in their minutest particulars and widest scope.

We have often to regret that our rulers are behind the times: they seem to fancy that the kingdom is still dozing in the religious indifference of the last century, and that to the majority of the nation it is all one whether Popery and infidelity prevail, or not. We know that they are wrong, absurdly wrong: we see vital religion pressing its way on every side—reanimating dead churches, checking the flippant pens of venal journalists, striking out a thousand novel forms of practical benevolence, and giving us in army and navy a host of true and tried defenders. But who is to blame that our legislation changes but from the hands of this jaunty joker to those of that sporting nonchalant, and back again? that, as a general rule, the law-making assembly of the most

thoroughly Christianized people on earth is as slow in the production of any good and needful measure as that of our most irreligious neighbors? Private Christians are much to blame for this. In fact, their religion is too private by half. In their love of a quiet and harmless routine, they too often forget that they are leaving the government of the parish, and, still worse, the care of the poor and friendless, in the hands of publicans and tax-gatherers—the two classes especially unfitted for it—and the government of the nation in the hands of men who will yield any thing to the noisy, but who ignore, as long as they can, the opinions of those whose disciplined minds and thorough knowledge of actual life entitle them to be heard first on every topic of legislation. We do not forget the much-vaunted "force of public opinion;" but, for the expression of this we are too dependent on such abnormal means as special meetings and petitions, which, though they may occasionally, at the eleventh hour, stop a bad measure from passing into law, are powerless to initiate or guide a course of policy.

Why should not a good man, in the middle ranks, who is prospering in business, sacrifice a little money by bringing up a son specially for public life—teaching him to mark God's footsteps in his country's story, and practicing him in the enunciation of those sentiments of patriotism which are harbored in the breast of almost every Englishman, but are seldom allowed fitting utterance? If this were the case, we should not in our House of Commons labor under such a plague of flies—busy, bustling lawyers, who fritter away the time of the nation in battering and tinkering their own vague enactments—dumb millionaires and stolid squires, who can only vote with their party, and from whom a sensible speech would as much astonish the public as that of Balaam's ass did its rider—loose-principled, dandified loungers, who regard the House as their club, the premier as their buffoon, and the nation as their footman. A Buxton or a Kinnaird would not then want a host to support them in free and fair debate; and the people's chamber would not so often submit to be bullied by a few impudent Romanists.

In order, however, to any material improvement of the House of Commons by the infusion of new blood, Christian men must not content themselves with merely

reading the news of the morning, and taking the *dicta* of the "leaders" as indisputable. They must study the history of the country for themselves, and spend some pains, too, in getting at least a general knowledge of the antecedents of neighboring nations. The outlines which were sketched on the memory in boyhood must be re-touched, and their bareness must be covered with much thoughtful reading. And let there be no fear that these revived studies will interfere with more strictly religious pursuits: on the contrary, the former will lend fresh zest to the latter. The enjoyment, for instance, of a missionary meeting, home or foreign, will be heightened by a more accurate knowledge of the present condition and past history of our own and other lands; and prayer for France and Germany and Italy will lose no whit of its power when the intelligent and well-stored mind points and particularizes the desires of the warm and loving heart.

But where are the histories of our own country which deserve such special study? They are but few, and have manifold imperfections. Our greatest historian is just departed, leaving but a few years of his country's story fully told; and as years pass away without furnishing his rightful successor, even his detractors will be forced to admit the merits which they refused to discern while he was yet alive. We look around in vain for a writer who unites Macaulay's completeness of knowledge and fascination of style. Who of living men could, in a few pages, that read with more than the charm of a romance, give us the marrow and fatness of scores of moldy pamphlets on both sides of some ancient controversy? and that, too, with such fairness, that the lineal descendants of the combatants can detect no flaw in the presentation of their ancestral reasoning? However, if, as to more recent portions of our history, we can not command the golden *stylus* of a Macaulay, let us be thankful for the laborious quill of a Stanhope, or the gentlemanly pencil of a Massey.

It is not very easy to realize, with any approach to exactness, the state of England at the accession of George III. We might, it is true, make a coarse sketch of the manners and customs of our great-grandfathers, drawn from the pictures of Hogarth, the satires of Churchill and

Wolcott, and the novels of Fielding and Smollett. We might paint all the squires as boozing fools, all the clergymen as cringing hypocrites, and all the politicians as villains who well deserved hanging. But such a delineation would be about as just and as near the truth as the appreciation of our own times by posterity will be, if they take their notions of us merely from the caricatures in *Punch*, or from those elaborate portraits of blacklegs and flunkies on which Mr. Thackeray unfortunately delights to spend his noble powers. Even the newspapers and magazines of the Georgian era are scarcely a sufficient index of the state of manners and morals: for, though they are blemished with many a crime and impropriety, yet there is not to be found in them any thing which exceeds the horrors and obscenities which have disfigured our daily papers during the last few years, in their minute details of certain *causes célèbres*. Then, as must always be the case, the pure and even course of true English family life found but scant celebration from public journalists; whose profession, indeed, is principally occupied with what is out of joint and requires setting straight. If all went right, and nobody were doing any thing worse than bottling gooseberries, we might almost dispense with the services of our diligent daily chroniclers.

Again: as to the outward appearance of England a hundred years ago. We must not allow ourselves to suppose that it was one wild expanse of furzy heath and tangled brushwood. On the contrary, it is more than probable that — spite of the manifold inclosures and improvements of common land, spite of the laying out of new parks and pleasure-grounds, the extensive planting of noble trees, and the naturalization of a thousand beautiful exotics — our country was ten times more lovely then than it is now. The unbroken stretch of landscape was far greater, the hedges were more gloriously luxuriant, the villages snugger and quainter, and the farm-houses more irregular and picturesque, than in our iron age of economy. London itself, instead of covering whole counties with its wilderness of bricks, was then of modest dimensions, hemmed in with a chain of fields which separated it from such little hamlets as Islington, Hoxton, and Stepney. What are now large manufacturing towns, were as yet little more than overgrown villages, skirt-

ed by sweet pastures and shady lanes, and intersected by pure brook or fish-full river—too soon, alas! to be dyed to a poisonous and unseemly black.

But when every allowance is made, and every caution against exaggeration is duly observed, it still is very evident that—in its moral aspect, at all events—a mighty change for the better has passed over this land of ours. In the large towns, for instance, and preëminently in London, a hundred years ago, no female could walk the streets by herself, even in broad daylight, without great danger of receiving the grossest insults—and that not so much at the hand of some brawny porter or lusty waterman, as from those who enjoyed the title of “gentlemen.” When evening closed in upon the narrow straggling thoroughfares, happy was the man who had no call to go about on foot: for, what with the twinkling uncertainty of the oil-lamps, the ruddy ruggedness of the cobble-stone pavement, and the exceeding drowsiness of the watchmen, he would run a fair risk of tumbling head-long down a flight of unguarded cellar-steps, being knocked on the head by highwaymen, or coming off with cropped ears and slit nose from the delicate attentions of some bright bevy of titled worthies, who were infected with as strong a rage for leaving each his cowardly mark on “the human face divine,” as that which possesses a pair of rustic lovers for “carving” their “passion on the bark” of some old oak, or cutting the full dimensions of their four feet on the leads of some old hall or tower. A curious illustration of a happily extinct freedom of manners may be found in the fact, that even as late as the end of the last century it was a favorite amusement in “well-regulated” families for a party of ladies and gentlemen to seat themselves at the top of a broad staircase, and, amidst uproarious merriment, to shuffle and flounder and roll themselves down the steps, careless alike of dress and decorum.

So marked was the deterioration of public security in 1753, that it was thought necessary to call attention to the matter in the King’s speech at the opening of Parliament, in a passage which declared that “it was with the utmost regret he observed that the crimes of robbery and murder were of late rather increased than diminished.” The state of the prisons was still abominable; for

Howard, at the period we are treating of, had as yet scarcely begun his tour of mercy, having himself but recently been delivered from that sharp taste of bondage which gave him to his life’s end such a blessed fellow-feeling with “all prisoners and captives.” We may form some idea of the barbarous punishments which were still in force, when we find that not only were the ducking-stool and the pillory in frequent request, but in 1765 a servant-girl of eighteen was judicially *burnt to death* for the murder of her mistress.

No feature of the times is more characteristic than the election rows and riots. As a general rule, the middle classes did not and could not choose their so-called representatives. A court nominee, or the aspiring, and sometimes talented, *protégé* of a nobleman, had the best chance of winning the day, and the questionable enjoyment of being carried aloft in a chair on the shoulders of a posse of drunken but “true-blue” electors. The popular part in the exercise of the franchise consisted in killing the tedium of the many days’ polling by fierce skirmishes with the mob of the opposite colors, skillful maneuvers to waylay, kidnap, and intoxicate or imprison obnoxious voters, and promiscuous pelting of all who had the misfortune to appear on the hustings. This, however, was merely an elephantine gambol. The affair became more serious when, for want of the safety-valve provided by subsequent legislation, the body politic burst into riots, and London or Leeds wore for days the ghastly aspect of a city in revolution.

The state of religion was unquestionably low and languishing. Alike in the Establishment and among the Dissenters, Arianism and its natural ally Deism, had abundance of adherents. The Church parson in country parts lived, generally, the life of a farmer and sportsman—stacking his wheat, following the hounds, and taking particular notice of the pigs of his parishioners. In towns the clergyman usually passed a good deal of his time at card-tables, talked scandal at very miscellaneous tea-parties, and acted as lackey at the breakfast-in-bed, of any fashionable lady who chose to patronize him. Should, however, some intinerant Evangelist chance to trespass within the bounds of his parish or “cure of souls,” then, in town or in country, all his priestly ener-

gies were aroused to full muscular vitality, and, to preserve his flock from the contagion of Gospel preaching, he would bribe the mob with pots of beer, to pelt the intruder with stones none of the smallest, or to souse him in the nearest horse-pond. The average Dissenting minister was of a quieter turn—dabbled in scientific experiments, wrote essays in the dull periodicals of the day, and with gentle voice and cautious manner delivered from the pulpit exceedingly watery moral treatises to a very select and sleepy congregation.

There were, however—fortunately for this kingdom and for the world—a few men of another spirit, whose mighty zeal and unrelaxing efforts were already telling powerfully upon the masses of the people. First and foremost was the great Reformer of the eighteenth century—John Wesley, a man of sincerest piety, of undaunted courage, and of such varied talent and active habits as would have insured him signal success in any profession to which he might have devoted himself. His *Journals*—charming in style and rich in matter—show us what place he might have taken in secular literature, if he had cared to leave the pulpit for the pen; his keen eye, plenitude of resource, and undaunted spirit would have fitted him to be the great engineer or sanatory reformer of the age; and his sound judgment and peculiar ability in government might have saved to England her American Colonies, spite of the sturdy stupidity of the monarch, and the sullen stubbornness of the minister. But by devoting himself to that honorable work to which God had specially called him, he was doing more for the England of that day and of our day than if he had beaten a Johnson or a Gray on their own ground, or had eclipsed the fame of a Walpole or a Pitt in the management of public affairs.

But he, though a host in himself, was not alone. Besides his brother Charles, the hymnist of the century and of all future time, there was the fiery Whitefield, whose thrilling eloquence told with lasting effect on many a mighty multitude. True, for want of the system and order of his co-Evangelist, he left behind him but few tangible results in separate and substantial churches and congregations: yet imperishable traces of his ministry may be found in the national life of

England and of America. And let us not forget that "honorable woman," Lady Huntingdon, who, with many faults of temper and much frailty of judgment, was used by Divine Providence as the center and mainspring of much good in high life and low, both within and beyond the boundaries of the Establishment.

So, in counteraction of the pestilence that was fostered in "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane," in stern opposition to the flaunting vice of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and in warm sympathy with whatever was sound and wholesome in the clerical and political worlds, there grew up a mighty influence, which, in its ameliorating effects upon the nation, can not be ignored by the historian, however he may profess to sigh for the rough jollities and loose morality of a hundred years ago. Early in the winter morning, there might then be seen, trudging through the mud of Moorfields or the rugged lanes of Kingswood, many a poor wayfarer who had been rescued from the bull-ring or the cock-pit, or still worse haunts of vice, and who was picking his darksome road to some plain factory-like building, where a preacher in earnest would endeavor to enlighten and cheer his newly awakened soul. At mid-day, on the wild moors of Cornwall might often be found a crowd of anxious faces upturned to the weather-beaten Evangelist, who, perched on some gray rock, was warning his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. And at night, in many an upper room of towns of England, might be discovered goodly companies of holy men and women, gathered together to unite in fervent prayer and the artless relation of Christian experience.

The times of which we are writing have not generally been accounted the very brightest period of English literature. Still they could boast a fair share of poets and prose-writers of more than common ability. At the head of these stands the burly figure of sturdy Samuel Johnson, who, at the death of George II., was advanced in years and had won his laurels in various fields of authorship. Many years before—having demonstrated his industry by undergoing the drudgeries of magazine work, and his strength of imagination by inventing reports of parliamentary debates, which probably, in many instances, surpassed the real ones

in oratoric power—he had stamped himself a sterling poet by his *London* and *Vanity of Human Wishes*. The *Rambler*, and more recently the *Idler*, had proved his talent as an essayist; and his great *Dictionary*—which, notwithstanding the rapid advance of linguistic science since his day, must from its racy explanations and rich illustrations, ever hold prime rank as an English classic—had borne lasting witness to the extent and variety of his reading. Poor Goldsmith had returned from his continental ramblings, and, struggling with debt and difficulty, had enlightened the world with his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe*, but had yet to produce those exquisite pieces, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, with the never-to-be-forgotten *Vicar of Wakefield*. Gray had published his celebrated *Elegy*, and some other poems, a few years before; and having declined the honors of the laureateship, had not as yet been successful in gaining the suitable post of Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Young was still alive; and, though verging on four-score, soon afterwards obtained a tardy piece of preferment, in being made Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales. Cowper, as yet undistinguished, was enjoying the dangerous society of his friends of the Nonsense Club, and contributing occasional papers to the *Connoisseur* and the *St. James's Chronicle*, whilst his little patrimony was fast sinking away, and the deepest depression was about to overwhelm his soul for a season. Churchill—a man of Drydenic strength of utterance—was now busy in his attendance at the theaters, in order to produce the *Rosciad*; a poem in the reception of which we have a gauge of the taste of the reading public of that day; for it at once attained a popularity which had been denied to the finest productions of Gray and Akenside, while poor Collins's choice *Odes* lay buried in dust and neglect in the warehouse of their publisher. Hume had already published the greater part of his history of England; and Robertson had just won wealth and fame by his history of Scotland.

The men of that day seem to have been afraid neither of a large book nor of a long one. Poets published in portly quarto, and in a good bold type, which by contrast appears doubly pleasant to the jaded

eyes of this small-print and many-columned generation. The booksellers, too—worthy men! were not afraid of a work in a score or two of volumes. In fact, as country gentlemen and retiring tradesmen often ordered their libraries by the yard—the genus is not yet quite extinct—it was convenient to have a good series of substantial volumes that would fill a handsome shelf with a regiment of gay uniforms. Of such a class was the *Universal History*, which was completed about the year 1766, and ran through some twenty-one tomes of ancient, and forty-four of modern, history. Its compilers were as curiously assorted as the nations whom they undertook to immortalize: for among them are found the names of George Sale, Archibald Bower, and George Psalmanazar—a notable trio—joined with a few more respectable hacks, and headed by one man of genius—the facile Goldsmith, who received, for his preface to the whole work, the munificent sum of *three guineas*.

It was also an age of magazines and reviews; but though these *passetemps* were then in the very spring of their days, we can not affirm that they are redolent with remarkable sweetness or freshness. Let us take the most ancient of them—the old *Gentleman's Magazine*—and examine the bill of fare for October, 1760. We find its first and leading article to be a jumble of details and opinions as to the murder of a young female in very doubtful company; followed, amongst other things, by remarks on the precariousness of health in old men, on Handel's Memoirs, on the skeleton of an alligator—with a recipe, modestly asserted to be “next to infallible,” for the ague—an account (by Johnson) of “a defense” of Mary Queen of Scots, (Tytler's, we may presume; but our forefathers were fond of a little mystery,) a memorial of the King of Poland—a letter about a wonderful yew-tree—an account of the taking of Montreal—communications on the staple topic of mad dogs—a dialogue respecting Hervey's works—an epitome of the *Philosophical Transactions*, etc. etc.; this curious farrago being completed with some tawdry verses on ladies bathing at Margate, etc., and the usual Historical Chronicle and Lists. The tendency of the whole can scarcely have been to edification; but the Magazine was evidently got up on the principle which actuates so many editors

of our own enlightened times—to try to suit every palate; and palates then were not of the very nicest.

In the scanty enumeration of authors which we have given above, many names of mark are omitted; but it will serve to show that the republic of letters was even then cheered by the splendor of not a few choice luminaries—some just visible above the horizon, some at the zenith of their powers and fame, and some rapidly descending to the darkness of death. The brilliancy of many of these, it is true, has been overpowered and eclipsed to our view by those “bright particular” stars whose rise may be dated from the era of the French Revolution, when the terrible excitement of the times caused our fathers to shake off much of the stagnation from their lives and of the powder from their hair, and roused into mighty expression the genius latent in men who would otherwise have been “mute” and “inglorious.” But, though our forefathers had to put up with newspapers of a very inferior quality—with exceedingly prosy works of fiction, whose dullness was not always compensated by purity of morals—with wretched woodcuts and miserably daubed caricatures—and with maps in which vigor of imagination is more apparent than any near approach to accuracy; yet, then as now, England took high literary rank among the nations. The brightest era of French literature was already past, and poetry was being superseded by treatises on government and political economy; Italy was almost dumb, and Germany was but just finding her tongue; so that a people who could boast of a Johnson and a Goldsmith, a Young and a Gray, needed not to fear comparison with any folk in Europe.

In the fine arts, two thorough masters of their craft were now exercising their highest skill—William Hogarth, the great father of caricature, in its most telling and instructive effects; and Joshua Reynolds, the founder of the English school of portraiture, and the friend and host of Johnson and Burke and many another man of genius. In music, too, England had honored herself by honoring and adopting Handel, and by giving his bones a resting-place in Westminster Abbey; and Arne and Boyce were showing, in friendly rivalry and differing styles of composition, that our own home-born Purcell was not without some worthy successors.

Statesmanship, one hundred years ago, was not of the purest quality. The House of Commons, though it then contained a greater number of able politicians and brilliant speakers than it does now, was a thoroughly venal assembly. Almost every member had his price; and most of them were paid it by that shuffling old jobber, the Duke of Newcastle; in whose hands, and in those of a few congenial peers, lay the principal part of the representation. Indeed, so carefully were all the avenues to Parliament closed against candidates obnoxious to the Duke, that, on Pitt's accession to office in 1757, he, the one true statesman of the day, had great difficulty in getting returned for any place. It was, therefore, a convenient, though strange, conjunction, when the Great Commoner took office in alliance with this notorious paymaster of Parliament. For, while the latter kept the purse and the boroughs, and made up majorities to order, the former had, for a few years, free scope for his daring genius, and, by virtue of his colleague's whipping and coaxing, could lead any where the House which, so long as he sat on the penniless bench of opposition, had remained unmoved by his most impassioned declamation.

Mr. Massey does ample justice to the character and talents of the great minister, to whose undaunted courage and contagious energy England owed as well the renovated activity and glorious successes of her forces by sea and by land, which brightened the latter days of George the Second's reign—as the resumption of her rightful place as a first-rate power, which had been won for her, once and again, by Elizabeth, and Cromwell, and William III., and had been lost by the dissolute race of Stuarts and the blundering House of Hanover.

The following extract, however, will serve to show that, with all his admiration of Pitt, Mr. Massey is fully alive to the defects which preserved this eminent man from any danger of being regarded by his untoward contemporaries as that perfect example of a statesman, of which they stood in so much need.

“Pitt's character had many faults, and one above all, which is hardly consistent with true greatness. A vile affectation prevailed his whole conduct, and marred his real virtues. Contempt of self was one of the traits which distinguished him in a corrupt and venal age. But not content with foregoing official perquisites

which would have made his fortune, and appropriating only the salary which was his due, he must go down to the House of Commons and vaunt in tragic style how 'those hands were clean.' On resigning office after his first great administration, he could not retire with his fame, but must convert a situation full of dignity and interest into a vulgar scene by the ostentatious sale of his state equipages.

"Sometimes, to produce an effect, he would seclude himself from public business, giving rare audience to a colleague, or some dignified emissary of the Court. Then, after due attendance, the doors were thrown open, and the visitor was ushered into a chamber, carefully prepared, where the Great Commoner himself sat with the robe of sickness artfully disposed around him. Occasionally, after a long absence, he would go down to the House in an imposing panoply of gout, make a great speech, and withdraw.

"At a later period, he affected almost regal state. His colleagues in office, including members of the great nobility, were expected to wait upon him; at one time he did not even deign to grant them audience, and went so far as to talk of communicating his policy to the House of Commons through a special agent of his own, unconnected with the responsible Government. The under-secretaries of his department, men of considerable official position, and sometimes proximate ministers, were expected to remain standing in his presence. When he went abroad, he was attended by a great retinue; when he stopped at an inn, he required all the servants of the establishment to wear his livery.

"Yet all this pride tumbled into the dust before royalty. His reverence for the sovereign was Oriental rather than English. After every allowance for the exaggeration of his style, it is still unpleasant to witness the self-abasement of such a spirit before George the Second and his successor. 'The weight of irremovable royal displeasure,' said he, 'is a load too great to move under; it must crush any man; it has sunk and broke me. I succumb, and wish for nothing but a decent and innocent retreat.' At the time when Pitt indited these shameful words, he was the most considerable man in England, and on the eve of an administration that carried the power and glory of England to a height which it had never approached since the days of the Protector."—*Massey's History*, vol. i. pp. 7-9.

The tradition of the wonderful oratory and perfect gesture of this able statesman seems entirely to overshadow the fame of more recent parliamentary speakers. Indeed, it has often been a question in our own day, whether we, as a people, are as susceptible of the influence of eloquence as our predecessors were. Our own conviction is, that we are even more so; and

that a really good orator is listened to with as much delight, and excites as much enthusiasm, as at any former period of our history. Such we believe to be the case even in the present matter-of-fact House of Commons; and we are glad to find ourselves confirmed in this opinion, to a certain extent, by Mr. Massey's long experience in that assembly.

"Many persons, both in and out of Parliament, disgusted at this waste of time in useless oratory, are inclined to regard debate altogether as an obstruction to public business. No man's vote, it is said, was ever affected by a speech, nor is the result of a division ever calculated upon the course of a debate. But even if both of these propositions are admitted, it does not follow that the practice of debating should be dispensed with in the British Parliament. The debates of both Houses are eagerly read throughout the country; and many a speech which nobody listened to but a reporter, is perused by thousands out of doors. The speeches of those members who derive authority from office, or from their general reputation, are sure to be considered and canvassed by the public with the greatest attention and interest. From the consideration of the parliamentary debates by every class of the community, giving rise as they do to innumerable other debates in every haunt of business or pleasure—in every club, at every market-room, at the dinner-table, in the ball-room, in the beer-shop, at the cover side, at the corners of the street, in every family circle—from this manifold discussion, public opinion is to a great extent formed, and re-acts upon Parliament itself. It is not true, however, that debate does not immediately influence the vote. Even on occasions when the fate of a Cabinet is to be decided, and each party musters all its strength, some stragglers there are who address themselves only to the merits of the particular question upon which the battle is fought, and reserve their decision until they have heard the arguments on either side. These uncertain votes frequently turn the scale. The general business of Parliament is materially affected by the course of debate, and frequently by particular speeches. This independent action of the House of Commons, which is of recent growth, is to be attributed mainly to the increased freedom and purity of election. A member who is returned by the nomination of one or more great proprietors follows, as of course, his party or his patron. A man who has purchased his seat has commonly some personal object in view, and can be accounted for accordingly in an estimate of the effective strength of a Government or an Opposition. But the representative who has been chosen by fair and open election is seldom attached to either party; and, except, perhaps, on some cardinal points, is free and willing to act as his own judgment, or any accidental influence, may direct him."—Vol. i. pp. 550-552.

These extracts will serve as samples of Mr. Massey's style. Any examination of his views as to the character of George III., and his narrative of the events of his long reign, must be left for a future opportunity. Our object has been simply to present a slight sketch of the state of England at the accession of that monarch, when Quebec had been taken, Conflans's fleet had been demolished, the great Pitt was in power; when religion was reviving, literature improving, and a more active phase of manufacturing energy and invention was beginning to dawn. We shall therefore content ourselves by saying, that though we differ from Mr. Massey on many points, (as, indeed, he often differs from himself,) he has our hearty thanks for these installments of a work which we trust he will be spared to finish; evincing as they do a statesmanlike

breadth of thought and freedom from party prejudice, which might scarcely have been anticipated in one who has mingled much in the political combats of the day. We commend his volumes to the attention of the student and the politician: but at the same time we advise every young man who has access to a well stored library, or who has the opportunity of forming a collection of books in accordance with his own tastes, to search out the isolated facts of our history from old files of newspapers and batches of magazines, from the lumber of the bookstalls and the superannuated volumes of the topmost shelf—to classify them and reason on them for himself, aided by the illustrative reminiscences of aged friends—and so to gain a more accurate and permanent notion of the growth and vicissitudes of this kingdom than can be acquired in any other way.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COMMANDANT VISITS LARS VONVED.

THE forenoon of Thursday—that is to say, less than twenty-four hours prior to the time fixed for his appearance on the terrible platform in Kongens Nytorv—Lars Vonved was calmly reclined on the broad oaken bench, his back resting against the wall, and his head supported by his right hand, the elbow being raised by the hard leathern pillow. This position was obviously the most easy he could assume, as it enabled him to dispose of the ponderous fetters which clasped his limbs in a way that rendered him as little inconvenience by their weight and pressure as possible. The flesh-wounds he had received on the fatal night of his capture were already quite healed, thanks to his good constitution and the purity of his blood. Several times had he received wounds which would have proved danger-

ous to many men, but they invariably healed kindly, for his temperate manner of living and ceaseless activity kept his iron frame in perfect health.

To look at the countenance of this impenetrable man none would have imagined him to be conscious that he was doomed to shortly suffer a horrible and ignominious death in atonement to the outraged laws of his country. There he was, inclosed by the pitiless walls of a dungeon whence escape was literally impossible, and yet he reclined his fettered limbs on the cold bench as calmly, and to all appearance as carelessly, as though it were a soft couch in the cabin of his own skoner. His fair and gentle features were placid as ever; not a line in them betokened anguish, nor even anxiety; nor could they be said to express any distinct emotion or feeling whatever, unless a furtive smile playing around the lips, and the occasional gleam of his keen blue eyes as they gazed towards the iron-studded door,

indicated curiosity and expectation of some sort. The heavy steps of the sentinels pacing the pavement of the corridor were only very faintly heard by him, even when they approached close to the massive door. When, however, he could hear them, or the clang of their arms, with unusual distinctness, he gazed so earnestly as to prove that he expected a visitor. And who could that visitor be? Not his devoted wife—the only friend permitted to visit him, and probably the only one who would have dared to do so even if permission could have been obtained—for when she bade him adieu on the previous night, it was with the understanding that she would come again for the last time towards midnight on Thursday. It was not Analia, therefore, whose presence he awaited, nor was it a friend, nor a person whom he had ever before seen. Who could it be?

THE HEADSMAN OF COPENHAGEN!

Early that morning Vonved had requested to see General Poulsen, the Commandant of Citadellet Frederikshavn, and when that high functionary promptly visited him, he said he had a particular favor to ask. The General, with unusual good-humor, replied that he would willingly grant it, provided it was within the sphere of his duties. Vonved then demanded that his intended executioner, the Headsman of Copenhagen, should be permitted to visit him in his cell, as he wished, he said, to have a private interview with that personage.

"Ah!" said the General, in an accent of mingled surprise and pity; "believe me, prisoner, you will see the Headsman quite soon enough without a private interview!"

But Vonved still urged his desire, and after a brief deliberation, the General consented. Having obtained thus much, Vonved ventured a further request, which was so extraordinary that it startled the Commandant, and made him shudder, for the condemned actually required that the Headsman should bring with him the hideous instruments of his fearful office, and exhibit them.

The Commandant shook his head, and looked penetratively at Vonved. The latter instinctively guessed the General's secret thoughts, and said with a smile:

"'Tis only a fancy of mine, General Poulsen, and the last I wish to gratify. You will not refuse?"

"A fancy," murmured the General, nervously twitching at his sword-hilt, and staring fixedly at his inexplicable prisoner; "ay! and a somewhat peculiar one, eh?"

"That is according to the view people may take of it, General," blandly responded Vonved.

"If," continued the General, in a musing, retrospective tone, "if such a request, albeit very unusual, had been made by an ordinary prisoner, why, I might have taken it into consideration, but ——"

"You think I am an extraordinary one, eh, General?" and Vonved softly laughed.

Even the grim Commandant smiled at this, and drawing forth his silver snuff-box, he thrice tapped the lid, and as he took a pinch, nodded an eloquent affirmative.

"Well," resumed Vonved, "I'm sure you do me the eminent honor to treat me as such," glancing significantly at his fetters; "but why refuse my *last* friend to visit me?"

"I remember," replied the Commandant, speaking slowly and emphatically, "that when, three years ago, you were awaiting your doom in Kronborg at Elsinore, you induced Baron Leutenberg to permit a priest to visit you, and the result was ——"

"That the priest and I exchanged conditions!" interrupted Lars Vonved, with a slight chuckle and an arch look, as though the reminiscence afforded him particular gratification.

"Precisely so; and very droll, I dare say. Hah! by the Hammer of Thor! but you have not a simple Baron Leutenberg to deal with now!" grimly rejoined the General.

"Alas! no;" demurely cried Vonved, shaking his head with an air of sad acquiescence. Then he briskly added: "Ah! that poor priest was as innocent as a babe, I give you my word, General. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I was reluctantly compelled to deceive him and my very shrewd and watchful guards. I acted by instinct—that was all!"

"Instinct! ay, at the expense of poor Baron Leutenberg, who lost his command of Kronborg, and was disgraced in consequence!" dryly remarked the General. "Well! trust me, my friend, I shall not run any similar risk after such a lesson as that. By the by," continued he, curious-

ly, "did your escape really happen as related in the ballad they sing about you?"

"It did, General. But surely you can not imagine that I am such an idiot as to hope to escape from *your* charge by repeating the scheme with the Headsman instead of a priest for a scape-goat?"

"Tordner og lyner!" ejaculated the General, twirling his huge gray moustaches with an uneasy air; "who can tell what you hope, or what you expect, or what you can or can not do? I don't relish the responsibility of your safe-keeping, I can tell you, and I shall not feel comfortable until — I don't wish to hurt your feelings, Captain Vonved—but really, until you — Ah! you comprehend me, I am sure?"

"Until I am led forth for execution, you would say?" composedly answered Vonved, not a muscle of his features twitching, as he thus spake of his fearful impending doom.

The Commandant gravely and silently bowed.

"Well, General, you will not have to wait long, and, therefore, I once more beg you will-humor my little fancy."

"You are a fearful and a fearless man; ay, and a most desperate and reckless man, Captain Vonved," thoughtfully replied the Commandant; "and how can I conjecture what mad scheme you have projected?"

"None whatever. You surely do not imagine I would bribe the Headsman?"

"You can not, if you would. He is impotent to aid you in any way. He is as much a prisoner as yourself, and as closely watched."

"So much the better; the less objection to my privately seeing him."

"I have already said I am willing for you to see him, and to converse with him as much as you desire, but why wish to see his—his —"

"A particular fancy—an impulse—nothing more. Come, General Poulsen, let us speak frankly and sincerely!" exclaimed Vonved, suddenly changing his nonchalant bantering tone; and drawing himself up to his full height, despite his chains, he spake with plaintive energy: "I perfectly understand your doubts and not unnatural suspicions, but I give you my word of honor — ah! do not smile, ironically, General, for outlaw as I am, and doomed to an ignominious death, I yet defy any

living being to prove that I ever brake my pledge of good faith! I solemnly promise you that I contemplate nothing of the kind you apprehend, for I am not a madman. I do not even wish to touch the instruments—I merely desire to see them. And you can give any private orders to the Headsman you think proper."

"True, I can;" mused the Commandant. "Well, well, Captain Vonved, it is, as you say, one of your last requests, and I seek not to fathom your motive—and motive of some sort you doubtless have—for such a very extraordinary fancy. It shall be gratified, however. I will send the Headsman to you punctually at noon, and —," he paused, and nodded his head emphatically—"if his presence, and what he will show and tell you, does not unman you, nothing will!"

"Thank you, heartily, General Poulsen. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Hammer of Thor! your memory will not long be burthened with that or any other recollection!" hastily replied the General; and ungracious as was this speech, and bitter as was its terrible allusion, the stern, yet not unfeeling, old Commandant uttered it involuntarily, and grew confused and vexed at himself the next instant, when he suddenly reflected that it might imply a cruel taunt. So he hastily nodded, and quitted the cell, muttering: "What a man! Himmel! what a man!"

When the ponderous door had again clanged back, and Lars Vonved was once more in solitude, a singular smile stole very gradually over his features, and he stood for a minute or two immovable, his head bowed, and his eyes fixed on the huge flagstone at his feet.

What were his thoughts? What feeling could it be which suggested that smile of secret self-gratulation? He had gained his point with the Commandant—his request was granted—but what was the *motive* of that request?

The smile faded away, and he raised his head and glanced quickly around. Twice or thrice his lips unclosed, as though an ejaculation was on the point of utterance, and his keen eyes flashed with an inexplicable expression. It did not distinctly betoken gladness, nor triumph, nor pride, nor scorn, nor disgust, nor contempt, nor irony, but a strange admixture, as it were, of all, with a dash of roguish amusement.

Then he glanced at his manacles, and a short, bitter, irrepressible laugh burst from his lips.

"Ha! ha! my good friend, the Commandant," soliloquized he, speaking to himself in a low yet clear whisper, "is a wise man—in his generation. He swears by the Hammer of Thor that I can not deceive him as I erewhile deceived his poor simple friend Baron Leutenberg. Lars Vonved must not dream of escape now he is in charge of the astute General Poulsen! For has not the General immured him in the innermost dungeon of Citadellet Frederikshavn? And are not watchful, incorruptible sentinels posted at every outlet? And is not the doomed man fettered in every limb? Is he not caged like a wild beast, and regarded as such?"

Vonved clanged his manacles together with a fierce, contemptuous ejaculation as he uttered the last sentence: but the next moment he gently resumed:

"The old General only does his duty, and I honor him for it, and bear him no ill-will. I think he pities me, too. Ay, he is not a cruel man; he is only stern, and stolid, and—stupid! Ah! well, I have done with him now—he has served my turn!" And here Vonved commenced swiftly moving to and fro as well as his fetters would permit, and heavy as they were, he seemed almost unconscious of their existence so far as their mere weight was concerned; but he uttered a terrible cry of rage when he happened to take a step too far, and was checked by the chain riveted to the hoop around his body; for it was too short to permit him to walk beyond the middle of the dungeon. He seemed, however, half-ashamed to have been betrayed, even in solitude, to an expression of anger so futile and impotent, for his delicate features flushed, and he uttered a low and scornful ejaculation expressive of self-reproof.

"Ja! ja!" muttered he, "they can dungeon my body, and fetter my limbs, and stint me of air, and exult in my pangs, and doom me to suffer an infamous death, but my soul is beyond their power! They can not for one moment bind my free spirit!"

His eyes flashed as he uttered these passionate sentences, and in an ironical, mocking tone, he then recited a spirited verse from a Danish sea-song, beginning with the lines:

*"Derfor rask ombord!
Seer Fregatten, hvor hun stamper!
Seer Jikke hvor
Hekla med af Loengsel damper?"*

"Ha! ha!" chuckled he, in a low, guarded tone, "Op med Seil og Damp! Op med Røer og op med Master!" Here am I, Lars Vonved, whom men call the Baltic Rover, fettered, and dungeoned, and doomed; closely watched by day, and trebly guarded by night, lest I may haply once more bask their vengeance—or justice, as they call it. Fools! ye reckon to consummate my doom on the morrow, but—Op med Seil og Damp!"

He soliloquized no further. Abruptly checking himself, he glanced from wall to wall, from flooring to ceiling, and then threw his frame down full length on the bench, so recklessly, that every link of his fetters crashed and rattled. And thus it was that he reposed in expectation of his dread visitor.

Precisely at noon the sentinel stationed outside the dungeon-door loudly challenged some approaching party, received the countersign, and the next minute the thick iron bars which stretched athwart the door at top and bottom, were unshipped from their sockets, and a huge key grated in the monstrous lock. With a harsh rasping, and a hoarse, dull jar, the ponderous bolts slowly shot back, and the loosened door was cautiously thrust inward just sufficiently to admit the head and shoulders of the chief jailer, who gazed anxiously and nervously into the dungeon with much the same doubtful air as though he were surveying the den of a captive tiger, to observe the mood of the animal ere venturing within his reach. Perceiving that Lars Vonved reclined in the position described, and gazed steadily and very calmly at himself, the jailer took courage and advanced a step.

"Well?" said Vonved, in a quiet tone, yet expressive of undisguised contempt.

"By the order of the Commandant, Herr Vonved, the Captain of the Guard and —"

But here he was thrust aside by the officer whom he had just named, who stalked in, with his left hand clutching the hilt of his long sword, the scabbard of which clanged sharply against the pavement. He advanced to the middle of the dun-

* "Up with sail and steam! Up with yards and up with masts!"

geon, and there paused in some embarrassment, for Vonved made no movement, nor uttered a syllable, but gazed at him with an air of consummate ease and nonchalance.

"Prisoner," said the officer, hesitatingly, "by order of General Poulsen, I have brought the Headsman to your dungeon."

"Very good, Captain of the Guard," replied Vonved in a tone of cool superiority; "you may introduce him."

The officer stared at the terrible and inscrutable prisoner, and at the jailer, alternately, but Vonved was in no mood to waste time with him.

"Captain of the Guard!" exclaimed he, in a sharp, stern tone, "you have your orders from General Poulsen; obey them!"

The officer started, and gazed in bewildered astonishment at the doomed captive who thus addressed him.

"You were ordered to introduce to me the Headsman of Copenhagen for a private interview. Do so, and retire!"

The captain flushed, partly with anger, and partly with undefinable awe and an instinctive feeling of personal inferiority to the manacled prisoner, and muttering, "I wish you joy of your private interview!" he beckoned to the jailer, and they quitted the dungeon together, giving place to an ominous figure, who stalked slowly and noiselessly forward, until he stood in the center of the floor. The door suddenly clanged, and its outer bars and bolts grated in their sockets, and then Lars Vonved had his strange wish realized, for he was in his dungeon, alone with the Headsman.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HEADSMAN OF COPENHAGEN.

THE personal history of the Headsman was extraordinary. He was by birth a gipsy—the only son, it was said, of the "king" of the vagrant tribes who roam through the immense wilds, and moors, and heaths of Jutland, the northern peninsula of Denmark Proper. When quite a youth he committed some serious crime for which he was sentenced to a lengthened imprisonment in the Tugthuns, (House of Correction,) at Aalborg. He speedily escaped thence, and resumed his vagrant, semi-savage life, but being in danger of reapprehension he roamed

southward into Slesvig, and shortly afterwards became a soldier. His regiment was sent to the Danish West-India Islands, where he served a few years with any thing but a good character, until, for repeated breaches of military discipline, he and other kindred spirits were drafted to a sort of "condemned regiment" stationed at one of the Danish "factories," or settlements, on the coast of Africa. From this place he managed to desert, and forthwith found congenial employment aboard a Spanish slaver.

He spent several years in "black-bird-catching," and it was currently reported he even engaged in a darker and yet more iniquitous calling at sea as one of the crew of the Morning Star, a pirate brig of terrible notoriety. However this might be, certain it is that he returned to Denmark after an absence of ten years in all, considerably enriched with booty; which, however, he was not destined to enjoy long, for he was recognized and seized as a deserter, and condemned as a "slave" (or convict) for a term of years. His former good-fortune did not desert him. He once more escaped—by bribing his guards it was supposed—and thenceforth led a desperate life as the chief of a gang of miscreants who generally infested the wild districts of Jutland, but who occasionally sojourned in Slesvig and Holstein, and in the adjacent Danish isles. Many robberies and even murders were committed by the gang, until the government being thoroughly aroused, a vigorous crusade was set on foot against them, and they were dispersed, pursued in every direction, and dragged by twos and threes from their dens and lurking-places. The very last man captured was the redoubtable captain of the band, Ole Hustru. This accomplished gentleman, gipsy by birth, and pirate and bandit by profession, proved himself to be a superb villain now that he and his followers were firmly gripped by the iron hand of justice. He offered not only to give such evidence as would effectually convict every one of his captive associates, but also to render valuable information concerning the organization and rendezvous of certain other predatory bands. Moreover, he pledged himself to discover secret stores where the bulk of property plundered by his own banditti was hidden, so that it might be restored to its rightful owners. In return for these services Herr Ole Hustru

meekly stipulated that he himself should receive a free pardon. Now, so far, there was nothing very extraordinary in the affair, for, time out of mind, the greatest villain of a gang of marauders has invariably been the first to betray his companions that he may save his neck at their expense; but in the present instance the antecedents of Herr Hustru were of such a nature that the authorities naturally hesitated to accept his secondarily offer, for they could not but feel conscious that if the arch-villain himself was thus permitted to escape the punishment he so richly merited, at the expense of those who had been mere subordinates and tools in his hand, the public would inevitably indulge in reflections any thing but complimentary to the assumed impartiality of Madam Justice.

The result of investigations and deliberations, however, so clearly evidenced the value of Ole Hustru's offer, that, on the score of expediency, it was reluctantly accepted. One trifling condition was nevertheless peremptorily insisted upon. "We know what your past career has been, and we can predicate what your future career would be were we to set you once more at liberty," said the authorities, "and, consequently, we are unwilling that such a sublime evil doer as yourself should be permitted to walk abroad unfettered or unguarded. Fulfill your promises, and we will grant you the boon of life, but more than that we will not yield." He cheerfully assented to the hard condition. By his unscrupulous evidence every one of his band was convicted, some being sentenced to death, and the others to slavery.

It happened that the Headsman of Copenhagen—to which city the robbers had been conveyed for trial—was then a man in years, and required the aid of an assistant to perform the dread duties of his office. Herr Ole heard of this, and immediately proffered himself as a candidate. He was permitted to "try his hand," and he actually officiated at the execution of seven wretched men who had recently been members of his gang, and who were brought to the scaffold chiefly by his own traitorous evidence! This was a promising beginning, and well did the incomparable villain subsequently realize the augury. During five years he performed the duties of assistant Headsman, or executioner, (continuing all the

while a prisoner himself;) and then, the old Headsman dying, he was appointed to the vacant office, and was permitted to receive the fixed salary, and all the perquisites thereunto appertaining; and he could expend these earnings in any manner he pleased, although he was personally confined within the grim walls of Citadellet Frederikshavn. He was never permitted to pass beyond the outer gates of this fortress except under close escort, when his services at Headsman were required. No sooner had he performed his terrible duty than he was conducted back to the citadel, there to remain a "prisoner at large." When Ole Hustru volunteered to become assistant to his predecessor, he was thirty-five years of age; he served five years as a subordinate; and he had now been fifteen years Headsman of Copenhagen. Thus his present age was fifty-five.

The aspect of this illustrious miscreant accorded well with the nature of his hideous office. He was a very tall, muscular man, and, strange to say, his carriage still evidenced that he had been a soldier, for he bore himself gracefully erect, and all his motions were mechanically prompt and precise, the result of martial training and discipline. Although two-score and fifteen, his joints were as supple as those of a young man, and he had a peculiar lithe, springing gait. Nothing betokened his idiosyncrasy—nothing in his personal aspect revealed his character or indicated the monstrous career he had run except his head. Ah! what a head, and what a countenance! The intelligent observer first gazed at it with startled surprise; then with excited curiosity; next with shuddering fascination; and finally with horror, fear, abhorrence. His gipsy origin was strikingly evidenced by the general contour of his features; by his long coal-black hair, wiry and coarse as a horse's mane; and by his peculiar complexion, which was a deep rich olive, dusky around the eyes and verging to a dark purplish hue on the neck and throat. His jaw was remarkably massive and angular, a shape indicative alike of stubborn resolution and remorseless cruelty; his chin was long, narrow, and peaked; his lips broad, and exceedingly thin and wrinkled; his nose large, hooked, sharply ridged, and the nostrils closely compressed. His countenance was furrowed and indescribably

repulsive, for every tortuous line seemed a physical record of some past evil deed, and the whole countenance was expressive of wildest cunning, vile passions, animal courage and ferocity, criminal daring, and consummate audacity and villainy.

Such was the Headsman of Copenhagen—the being who now stood in the dungeon of the doomed Rover.

As the dungeon-door closed heavily behind him, the Headsman advanced to the wooden block fixed in the center of the floor, and upon its top deposited a long black leathern bag. He then doffed his great uncouth wolf-skin cap, and raised his right hand to his brow in military salute.

"I am here, at your service, Captain Vonved!" exclaimed he in a deliberate yet hoarse and hollow voice.

Lars Vonved made no immediate reply, nor did he stir from his reclining posture on the stone bench, but glanced keenly at the ominous visitor.

The Headsman wore his official dress: trousers and a tunic, both of blood-red cloth, with broad black stripes down the seams of the former, and three black horizontal bars encircling the tunic, which fell down to the calf of the leg. When he officiated in public he also wore a mask of black velvet.

For a full minute the Rover and the Headsman gazed searchingly at each other, like two gladiators who meet for the first time, each anxious to estimate the powers of his antagonist.

A quiet smile played around the lips of Lars Vonved, as he broke the silence by saying in a soft low voice, frank and even cordial in its tone:

"I am glad to see you, Headsman! I welcome you to my dungeon!"

"You are the first who ever said as much to me, under similar circumstances!" replied the Headsman, with a furtive glance of mingled incredulity, suspicion, sarcasm, and extorted respect and admiration.

"Yet I say it sincerely."

"I do not doubt your word, Captain Vonved, for I well know you are no common man."

"Ah! you have heard of me? You know what my character is, and what my career has been?" said Vonved briskly; and he turned over on his side, and sup-

ported his head on the palm of his left hand.

"Yes, Captain Vonved, I know—what all Denmark knows of you!"

"What may that be?"

"That you are a man of a million—a Rover to whom fear is unknown."

"And Denmark believes this?"

"Yes, Captain Vonved."

"And you believe it?"

"I have surely present reasons so to do."

"Then," said Vonved, with calm emphasis, "I must assure you that you give me credit for a faculty which I do not possess. I may be comparatively a fearless man, but whoever imagines that fear is unknown to me is deceived. I have oft felt afraid, and sometimes I have been almost paralyzed with fear. I should be more than a mortal were it otherwise. He who boasts that he never felt fear, and never was afraid, is either an insensate idiot or consummate liar. But I did not request General Poulsen to send you here to tell you this. Your name is Ole Hustru?"

"It is."

"You are by birth a Jutlander—one of a tribe of gipsies?"

"Ay, Captain Vonved, and one of the royal blood!" chuckled the Headsman, displaying a row of exquisitely even and dazzling white teeth. "My father was king of the tribes who roam through Jutland from Lemvig, Viborg, and Randers, northward to the Skaw, and I was his only son."

"That is true," remarked Vonved very quietly, "for one of your tribe has long been of my crew, and he once told me much of your own early history."

The Headsman started, and uttered an involuntary ejaculation of surprise.

"Who is he, Captain Vonved?"

"A brave and faithful follower of mine, and his name is Lods Stav."

"Lods Stav!" muttered the Headsman, nervously clutching his wolf-skin cap between his huge bony paws, and glaring in an angry startled manner at the imperturbable Rover.

"Ay, perhaps you recollect him?"

"There are several of that name," evasively replied the Headsman.

"Possibly: but this man knew you intimately, and related to me an interesting little anecdote about his sister Johanne

Stav, who was your first sweetheart; and whom you, in a fit of jealousy—doubtless very pardonable—stabbed to the heart, and ——”

“Hold, Captain Vonved! you have said enough, and more than enough. I did not expect this!”

The Headsman quailed and trembled, and big drops of perspiration suddenly streamed from his villainous sloping forehead.

“Pugh!” laughed Lars Vonved, carelessly dangling his fettered limbs over the oak bench, and staring with merciless composure at the writhing, conscience-stricken wretch, “you are too sensitive! You ought not to be troubled by such a trifling reminiscence! It happened long ago—thirty-seven years since, if Lods Stav reckons truly.”

“And he yet lives?”

“Ay.”

“I hoped he was dead.”

“Doubtless: but he lives—he is one of my crew—and he lives to avenge his sister, to wipe away her dishonor, and to repay her death by sheathing his two-edged blade in the heart of her murderer.”

“The curse of Odin rest upon him day and night! Yet I fear him not. I am beyond his reach!” hoarsely growled the Headsman. “He can never approach me, except as a fettered captive!”

“Who can tell? He is a gipsy, like yourself, and you well know that one of your race never forgives an injury, and values not his own life, so that he may be avenged on his enemy.”

The Headsman brushed his clammy brow with the sleeve of his tunic, and was silent for a space. Then he swore a terrible oath, and through his clenched teeth, he murmured:

“Did you send for me to tell me this?”

“Oh! no, my good friend,” replied Vonved, with an imperceptible sneer, “far otherwise. I have merely alluded to the fact to inform you that I happen to know more of the peculiarly entertaining adventures of your early life than the world in general. What interest can I have in your youthful peccadilloes? What care I for the death-feud betwixt you and Lods Stav?”

“Ay, what indeed! For this hour to-morrow you will be under my hands—in

Kongens Nytorv!” brutally exclaimed the Headsman with a hideous laugh.

“Just so: there—or elsewhere!”

“Elsewhere!” echoed the Headsman, with a cunning leer. “These walls are very thick, Captain Vonved, and your fetters are of the toughest wrought-iron, from the mines of Dannemora, and your guards will not sleep at their posts, and I do not think that General Poulsen will permit a priest to visit you to-night, for he remembers how deftly you availed yourself of such a privilege when in charge of Baron Leutenberg, at Kronborg!”

“And so you believe that ere this time to-morrow I shall be on the scaffold in Kongens Nytorv?”

“Where else should you be?”

“Where, indeed! And now let us talk of that scaffold, and your own duties and experiences, for one in my situation naturally takes an interest in such things.”

“At your service, Captain Vonved,” promptly responded the Headsman, who had already resumed his usual callous air.

“You have been a long while an inmate of this citadel?”

“Twenty years. Five as assistant, and fifteen as headsman.”

“And will they not some day set you free in reward for your long and faithful services?”

“I do not expect it, and I do not desire it. I have long outlived all relish for liberty.”

“What! do you not wish you could once more resume your old profession?”

“No: I prefer ease and safety within these walls.”

“Then you are happy here?”

“I have plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and nine days out of ten nothing to do but amuse myself. I drink brændevin, I smoke, I dice with the warders and soldiers, I tell them stories of my adventures, I laugh, I joke, I snap my fingers at care and at time, and I sleep like a dormouse. Thus I live like a prince.”

“Of gipsies—yes! Ah! my friend, you are better than a prince—you are a profound philosopher. And so you sleep like a dormouse? Do you ever dream?”

“Not I!”

“See, now,” exclaimed Vonved, “what a blessed thing it is to possess a peaceful spirit, an innocent mind, and a conscience void of offense! It enables a man to en-

joy dreamless sleep. How I envy you, Ole Hustru!"

The Headsman did not much relish this irony, and he doggedly retorted:

"You will very soon sleep more soundly than ever I have done, Captain Vonved!"

"You think death is a perpetual sleep?"

"Ay."

"And dreamless?"

"Ay."

"'Tis the Atheist's miserable creed: and now I know why you can sleep so soundly in this life, and why visions of the past never haunt your midnight pillow, I cease to envy you."

"I care not. All's one to me."

Lars Vonved's eyes flashed.

"What have you there?"

"The tools I use."

"So: a good workman is known by the condition in which he keeps his tools. Are yours in order for service?"

"You shall see."

The Headsman untied the leathern thongs which secured the mouth of the bag, and first drew forth an immense broadsword in a wooden scabbard, painted red. This he unsheathed, and displayed a blade fully five feet in length, dazzlingly bright, and its single edge sharp as a razor. It was fitted to a steel hilt, having a cross-guard of twisted wrought-iron, and the round hand-hold, covered with brass wire, was nearly a foot long, so that ample space was afforded to grasp it with both hands. Near the hilt the blade was little more than two inches broad, but it gradually widened to the extremity, where its breadth was six inches. The back was an inch thick, and in it a large quantity of quicksilver was impermeably inclosed in a groove, so that when the sword descended the heavy subtle fluid coursed swiftly downward, and materially increased the momentum of the stroke. Along the middle of the blade was inscribed in Gothic characters: "*Vim vi repellere licet.*"

This ponderous and frightful instrument the Headsman whirled around his head, its polished blade flashing like a broad gleam of silvery moonshine in the somber dungeon.

"Ha! ha!" grinned he, "what think you of this charming tool, Captain Vonved?"

"A sword," replied the Rover, with curling lip and an irrepressible glance of

proud disdain, "is the only tool fit for the hand of a gentleman; but *that!*"

"Ay, what of this?"

"'Tis not a sword—'tis a butcher's cleaver."

"Nay, Captain Vonved, it is a sword—the goodly sword of Justice."

"Then all I have to say, Ole Hustru, is, that such a Sword of Justice is only fit to be wielded by—yourself!"

"And no man can wield it better!" cried the Headsman fiercely, as he dexterously swung it around and plunged it to-and-fro with as much ease as though it were a light rapier. "Think what you please, Captain Vonved, but with this same good blade I have eternally divorced trunk and head, body and soul, of many a brave and stalwart fellow, and never did one complain that I did my duty in an unworkmanlike fashion!"

"Does one stroke suffice?"

"With me it does—a bungler might have to strike thrice. Only once in my life have I failed to decapitate with a single blow."

"The solitary failure evinces your skill, even as an exception proves a rule. Still it would be annoying. To what did you attribute it?"

"The fellow was properly bound down, but he drew back his stupid head at the very instant my sword descended, so that it struck the back of his skull instead of the neck."

"Probably the poor man was slightly nervous?"

"Nervous! ay, he was a wretched creature. He murdered his wife's grandmother; and idiot-like, he voluntarily gave himself up and confessed the deed!" contemptuously exclaimed the Headsman.

"It must require strength, skill, and practice to wield that weapon," remarked the Rover.

"That it does, Captain Vonved. See."

As he uttered the last word the Headsman firmly grasped the hilt of the sword with both hands, rapidly whirled the blade in a perfect circle thrice round his head from left to right, and then caused it to descend like a flash of light sheer down on the oaken block, in which it buried itself to the very back, and when he released his hold the projecting portion of the blade quivered tremulously.

The Headsman turned and looked at Lars Vonved, as if to bespeak his admiration.

The latter fully appreciated the singular example of skill and strength he had witnessed, and nodded complacently and approvingly.

"Who taught you that stroke?"

"Ha! is it not fine? is it not beautiful?" enthusiastically responded the Headsman. "Who taught it me? Why, my old predecessor gave me some hints, and I improved on them myself; but I don't mind confessing to you, Captain Vonved, that I chiefly learnt it from a John Chinaman."

"A Chinaman? That was droll, i' faith."

"Yes. You doubtless have heard that I, when a young fellow, was sent as a soldier to the West-Indies, and for some insignificant acts of insubordination, and a few venial errors not worth mentioning, they thence drafted me to the condemned regiment on the African coast. There was a Chinaman at the settlement who, in his own country, had been a headsman, and he had enjoyed more practice in seven days than I ever have had in as many years. He taught me the secret tricks of the craft, though little did I then imagine I should ever have occasion to exercise it. But this does not immediately concern you, Captain Vonved, for you are not adjudged to the sword like an ordinary manslayer, but honored with condemnation to the wheel."

Vonved did not reply to this dubious compliment, and the Headsman, by a powerful effort, extricated his deadly sword from the block. He critically ran his eye along the keen edge, and smiled with satisfaction when he noted that it was perfectly uninjured by the severe trial which it had undergone.

"After all, that is nothing astonishing," remarked Lars Vonved, "for the block is only oak. I have a straight two-edged Spanish blade, with which I have divided a piece of *lignum vitæ*, six inches square, at a single blow; and I have an Afghan yataghan which will sever a small bar of wrought-iron without having its edge turned or injured."

"Kling-klang! this is only a simple Danish blade, but I would wager it against your Spanish cut-and-thrust and your Afghan yataghan. *Lignum vitæ* and wrought-iron! Shoo-hoo!" growled Ole Hustru, shaking his head and leering incredulously, whilst he carefully resheathed his "Sword of Justice," and replaced it in the bag.

He next drew forth and displayed to Vonved a variety of the terrible mechanical appliances of his ghastly office. There were flat ropes composed of cords platted together, and used to bind the limbs of criminals on the scaffold; curiously shapen iron manacles for similar purposes; a sharp-pointed knife with a curved blade, used to rip out the heart of any hapless creature condemned to undergo the extreme and barbarous punishment for high treason; and various other instruments, each of which owing to the special use to which it was dedicated, would have excited a visible shudder of horror in any man less stoical than Lars Vonved. He, however, regarded these successive objects with intelligent curiosity, but without the slightest manifestation of disgust or dread, and he calmly listened to the professional elucidations of the Headsman without betraying a shadow of dismay or apprehension at their obvious personal application.

At last Ole Hustru, with a diabolical grin, drew forth a round bar of polished wrought iron, about three feet in length, and full two inches in diameter. A piece of leather was tightly stitched around eight inches of one extremity to serve as a hand-hold. A person unsuspecting of the use of this bar might very naturally have imagined it to be a lever detached from some piece of machinery, but the Rover recognized it at once as the abhorrent medium of that fiend-like punishment called "breaking alive upon the wheel," the doom which he himself was condemned so shortly to undergo. To assert that he gazed at it with unshrinking eyes, an unmoved countenance, and with unquailing spirit is the truth, and yet he was secretly conscious that only by the sternest exertion of his proud, defiant *will* was he enabled to repress the instinctive feeling of nameless horror and hate which crept round the fibers of his heart, and tingled at its very core. But he succeeded in maintaining his usual outward impassibility, and neither by look, nor word, nor gesture did he betray to the observant Headsman the hidden feeling.

"What do you call that, Herr Headsman?"

"Jernkys!"

"Iron kiss! Iron devil, you mean!"

"As you please, Captain Vonved, but every thing has a name—and a use."

Ole Hustru nodded significantly as he

uttered this, and gently rubbed the jernkys on the sleeve of his tunic.

"When did you use it last?" abruptly asked Vonved.

"Three years ago come Juul-tide," (Christmas.)

"Upon whom?"

"One Jobel, a peasant."

"What had he done?"

"Waylaid Baron Rensvold of Kiøge, and murdered him within sight of his own castle. A peasant who kills his lord is invariably honored with the wheel."

"Did revenge prompt him to commit the deed?"

"Why, yes, Captain Vonved, there was little doubt of that. The Baron had wronged him in a manner you can easily imagine."

"And that jernkys—is it the one always used?"

"It is. My predecessor, like myself, never used any other."

"Tell me, now, Ole Hustru," said Vonved, with a slightly perceptible degree of huskiness in his tone, and with a peculiar utterance, like one who forces himself to seek information on a topic at once personally painful and fascinating, "how many times have you stood by the wheel with that jernkys in your hand?"

"I hardly remember, but from first to last, I have used it a score of times at least. They don't often send a man to the wheel nowadays: it is reserved for first-rate outlaws who have distinguished themselves from the common herd, and to them it is assigned as a peculiar honor and privilege!"

"How many blows do you give?"

"Eight."

"In what manner?"

"The condemned is bound on the wheel with this rope, which is passed through eye-bolts in the planks, so that his limbs are kept apart and immovably secured. The wheel is mounted so as to revolve some feet clear of the platform of the scaffold. I take my position thus"—(the Headsman drew himself up, with his right foot a little in advance, and the jernkys grasped by both hands and uplifted straight above his head)—"and when a signal is given, my assistant at the other edge of the wheel causes it to slowly turn round, and I successively break the legs, the thighs, and the arms—the latter in two places. The affair is very simple, and is accomplished in three minutes."

"Have you never to strike twice on the same part?"

"Never; one blow always suffices."

"And nothing more is done?"

"No; after that he remains on the wheel until he dies."

"Does not loss of blood speedily end his sufferings?"

"There is rarely any blood shed—sometimes not a drop."

"The torture undergone must be fearful?"

"Some men suffer much more than others. I have known several who never uttered cry nor groan after the first few strokes; others shriek until their tongues stiffen in death."

"How long does a man usually linger?"

"Some men die in a single hour, others linger from twenty to thirty hours. There is no certainty. All depends on their strength and on the weather."

"The weather! What can the weather matter?"

"Very much. All men on the wheel scream for water to assuage their burning thirst, but the law forbids a single drop to be given them. Doctors say that if they were allowed to drink a copious draught of water they would forthwith die. In very cold or very hot weather the strongest man soon expires, but in mild, rainy weather he survives many hours. No one in my experience lived so long on the wheel as Andreas Wigdahl, the parricide. I heard him moan forty-four hours after he had been broken."

"Is man justified in condemning even the vilest monster to a death like this?" murmured Lars Vonved, rather speaking to himself than addressing the Headsman. "Life for life may be right and justifiable, but to kill by forty-four hours of slow torture is inhuman."

"Courage, Captain Vonved! All Copenhagen will await you in Kongens Nytorv to-morrow, and you will die like a hero!"

"There is no heroism in the act of dying," coldly responded the Rover; "'tis the life a man lives that renders him a hero, and not the death he dies."

"Well, some people call you a hero—that's all I know."

"I am not a hero, Ole Hustru, but a very miserable man, for I shall never more enjoy a dreamless sleep—like you."

"Kling-klang! you will yet sleep as sound as a rock."

"In this life?"

"Ay, to-night, I'll warrant you. All men sleep soundly the night before their execution."

"Is that true, Ole Hustru?"

"So true that I never knew more than a single exception to the rule."

"'Tis marvelous. What is the reason?"

"Shoo-hoo! I never gave a thought about it, but I know 'tis so."

"And at what hour to-morrow will they lead me forth?"

"At the usual hour, I suppose."

"When is that?"

"Nine o'clock, or ten, at latest."

Vonved mused awhile, and then resumed his queries.

"You say you give eight blows with the jernkys; but is not a ninth sometimes ordered?"

"It is."

"By way of a death-blow?"

"Yes. We call it the 'mercy-stroke.'"

"How is it given?"

"Across the breast, directly over the heart. It kills instantly."

"Who gives you the order?"

"The Captain of the Guard round the scaffold; but he dare not give it on his own authority. Sometimes, and especially of late years, it has been ordered to follow immediately after the eighth blow, so in that case all is quickly over."

"Do you think the 'mercy-stroke' will be accorded me?"

"I have heard that it will not. They say the King will not grant an atom of mercy to you."

Vonved's hands clenched and his eyes flashed at this cruel announcement, and the Headsman silently chuckled, anticipating an outburst of passion on the part of the condemned; but Vonved simply said:

"May King Frederick meet with more mercy in his hour of need than he wills to grant unto me in mine!"

A long silence ensued. Vonved appeared to grow abstracted and oblivious of the presence of the Headsman, for he fixed his gaze steadily on the dungeon floor, and stirred neither hand nor foot.

Ole Hustru carefully replaced every article in the leathern bag, and secured its mouth. Then he folded his arms, and looked curiously at the inert figure of the Rover. The Headsman was puzzled. He was perfectly aware that Lars Vonved

had some secret motive in obtaining the interview, and that all their previous conversation was, so to speak, mere skillful skirmishing preliminary to the real assault of arms. "What does he want? What subtle scheme is he brooding over? Does he imagine he can dupe or foil me?" thought the Headsman.

Still Vonved remained motionless.

"Captain Vonved," remarked the Headsman, at length, "if it pleases you, I will now retire."

Vonved slowly raised his head, and without noticing the question, said:

"Herr Headsman, what salary do they pay you?"

"Twenty-five specie dalers (£5 12s. 6d.) the year."

"That is very little for services such as yours."

"Truly it is, Captain Vonved; but I also receive the same daily rations as a private soldier, and then I have my perquisites and fees."

"Ah! I forgot them. What do they allow you for an execution?"

"Five specie-dalers per man."

"So, so," muttered Vonved, and again he lowered his eyes.

"He is coming to the point," thought the Headsman, now all keen attention, and vigilantly observant.

Suddenly Vonved looked up, and in a low significant tone remarked:

"I warrant you find no difficulty in spending your salary and your fees within these walls?"

The Headsman shrugged his shoulders, and grinned a decided negative.

"How does the money chiefly go, eh?"

"Thor's Hammer! you need not ask that, Captain Vonved. The dice-box and the brandy-flask, and a few little luxuries besides, swallow up all I can get before it burns a hole in my pouch."

"Then you could pleasantly spend more if you had it?"

"Tordner! yes, a hundred times more. When business is slack, and no fees nor perquisites drop in, I often have not a mark in my pouch for weeks at a spell; and as the canteen won't fill my flask, on credit, and no body will throw dice with me for love, I am e'en compelled to growl over my dry rations, and coil myself up to sleep away the time."

"That is excessively trying to your temper. Even a headsman's life has its

drawbacks, I perceive. Come now, Ole Hustru," added Vonved, in a frank confidential way, "suppose I could show you a way how to replenish your pouch with money enough to enable you to jovially rattle the dice, and drain the flask for a twelvemonth to come—what would you say?"

The Headsman's eyes flashed and glittered, and he drew a deep inspiration.

"I'll do any thing for gold—any thing I can do safely."

"Just so: I see we shall soon understand one another."

"I said safely, Captain Vonved," reiterated the Headsman, with emphasis, "whatever you require must be within my power to perform safely and—honorably."

"My excellent friend," blandly replied Vonved, with a courteous smile, "how can you for a moment imagine I would desire you to do aught for me which could possibly endanger your safety, disturb your peace of mind, burthen your tender conscience with remorse, or be derogatory to your stainless honor?"

"By Odin and Wodin! speak your mind, Captain Vonved, for we may be interrupted ere long. What am I to do?"

"A simple and easily performed service, for which you shall receive this as earnest-money," and Vonved drew forth a purse from his bosom, and clinked its captive coins. His wife had amply supplied him with gold.

The Headsman listened with a gloating visage to the metallic sounds, and involuntarily, as it were, he cried: "Hvorm-get?"

"Ten Frederik d'ors fresh from the royal mint. See!" and he rolled them out in the palm of his hand and made them ring on the bench. Their soft yet clear auriferous tinkle discoursed delicious music to the greedy ears of the Headsman.

"You say that will be earnest-money only?"

Vonved nodded, and carefully replaced the glittering coins in the purse.

"And how much after the service is rendered?"

"Thrice this sum."

"Will that be after your death?"

"Ay."

"I suspected as much," cried the Headsman, with a disappointed air. "In that case who is to pay me?"

"It would not be prudent to name the party."

"Then what security have I for the payment?"

"My word of honor."

Ole Hustru shook his head, and gravely intimated that in his private opinion words of honor were mere breath.

"What!" laughed Vonved, "is not the honor of a Rover as good as that of a headsman? By paying you earnest money I trust to your honor, and it is only reasonable you should trust to mine in return. The security is all on your side."

"What am I to do?" reiterated the Headsman.

"Give me the mercy-stroke to-morrow," answered Vonved, speaking slowly and emphatically.

"Impossible, Captain Vonved."

"Why so? Where there's a will there's a way."

"I dare not do it without a special order."

"But can not you do it—by accident?"

"Such an accident never happens."

"Bah! there must be a precedent. Thus it will come to pass; your assistant turns the wheel too rapidly, and causes you to miscalculate your stroke, so that the very first blow of the jernkys falls across my heart, and I am thus spared all the torture of being broken alive. You comprehend, my friend?"

The Headsman mused ere he replied:

"It could only be done by the connivance of my assistant."

"Well?"

"He must be bribed."

"Just so. Every man has his price, it is said. What would buy him, do you think?"

"He would require the half of what that purse contains, and he would then have me in his power, and might betray me."

"Not so, Ole Hustru; your fears are chimerical. The gentleman in question dare not betray you for his own sake, besides which he is doubtless a man of honor—like his master."

The Headsman indulged in a harsh grating laugh, and rubbed his hands across his breast. Their palms were visibly itching to clutch the gold.

Vonved produced a small rouleau, which he unwrapped, and displayed five more Frederik d'ors, which he had kept in reserve.

"Here," said he, "is the *douceur* for

your assistant. See! I add it to your ten pieces in the purse. And now, do you agree to my proposal?"

"Do you pledge your honor, Captain Vonved, that I shall be paid the other thirty Frederiks promised?"

"I do; provided it comes to pass that the *first* time your jernkys descends it gives the mercy-stroke effectually. In that case a sure hand will convey to you the thirty Frederiks within twenty-four hours from this time."

"Then I swear to do it, Captain Vonved!"

The Rover at once tossed the purse to the outstretched hand of the Headsman, who greedily clutched it, and then balanced it a moment in his palm, as though the weight of so small a bulk gave him peculiar satisfaction, ere he carefully deposited it in a leathern pouch within the bosom of his tunic.

"Remember, Ole Hustru, five of those pieces are the retaining fee of your worthy assistant."

"Trust me, Captain Vonved, he shall have his drikke-penge," (drink-money.)

"And one word more. Beware," cried Vonved, menacingly, "that you do not deceive me, nor betray my confidence, for if you do, I have friends who will take your life as surely as you stand there."

The Headsman's lurid eyes glared savagely at this threat, but it obviously startled him.

"What would you have?" sullenly retorted he. "I have sworn to faithfully earn your red gold, and the treble curse of Odin rest upon my head if I break my oath to you."

"So be it, Ole Hustru. And now you can go."

Without another word the Headsman seized his bag, lifted his hand to his forehead in military salute, and strode to the dungeon-door, at which he hammered with his fist. The bolts were promptly withdrawn, the grim Headsman passed into the vaulted corridor, the ponderous door was reclosed and secured, and Lars Vonved was once more alone.

On to his feet sprang the fettered cap-

tive, and his countenance underwent an instantaneous change.

"Pah!" ejaculated he, "I now can breathe freely. The revolting presence of that arch-miscreant polluted even the air of this dungeon. I've played my cards and he has played his, and I am the winner. I could read every thought of that monstrous wretch in the changes and flashes of his serpent's eyes and ape's features. Ah! Ole Hustru, thou art intensely cunning, but wisdom was denied thee from thy birth. Thou art now gone in hot haste to General Poulsen, to whom thou wilt reveal all that has passed within these four walls during our interview. Be it so. I care not. My end is served."

It was even so. Lars Vonved's sole object throughout the mysterious interview was to bribe the Headsman, and to affect to believe that the wily villain would really earn his reward, present and prospective, in the manner stipulated. But Vonved knew well that the Headsman would not run the risk of severe punishment by giving the mercy-stroke unauthorized, and he also knew that when Ole Hustru appeared to believe that he would receive thirty pieces of gold after the service undertaken, that the cunning hypocrite secretly thought otherwise. In brief, the Headsman had no faith in Vonved's promise of a further reward after the service required was performed, and he moreover never intended to redeem his own pledge. Still the Headsman firmly believed that Vonved trusted him and relied on his pledge. This was precisely the impression that Vonved desired to convey — his end therein was gained. That end was simply to impress the Commandant of the citadel, and the authorities generally, with a profound conviction that he, Lars Vonved, finally hopeless of escape, was naturally desirous to avoid a lingering death of horrible torture on the wheel, by bribing the Headsman to give him the coup-de-grace, or mercy-stroke, by the first blow of the jernkys.

At ten o'clock that night Amalia Vonved was admitted to visit her husband for the last time, and precisely at midnight she bade him farewell.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THERE is something very pleasant in the appearance of a new house. The walls are so clean, the roof so perfect, the windows so cheerful-looking, and the very doors seeming so ready to open without any noise or difficulty on their hospitable hinge. And yet we are forced to confess that, though a new house gives one very agreeable ideas of comfort and convenience, it is not so picturesque as an old one. The scenery of England would lose very much of its beauty if its fields and parks were not dotted over with quaint, gable-ended mansions, ornamented with tall chimneys, and steep red-tiled roofs, grown gray with the rains and sunshine of two or three hundred years. Castles, also, perched like a robber on some eminence to command a view of the public road at its foot, lifting their towers and turrets up into the sky, form a beautiful feature in the landscape, and add a new sort of interest to the tract of country we are journeying through. But does it ever strike one traveler out of ten, what is the cause of the interest we take in these old dwellings? It can't be their mere shape and position, for it is possible to devise more regular plans, and to discover more fitting situations. No; it is the history of human feelings, of which these places have been the theater, that involuntarily rises to our minds; it is the cares, the loves, the joys and sorrows of which those old walls have been the witnesses, that invest them, to the thoughtful heart, with a far deeper and more enduring interest than ever can attach themselves to stone and lime. Not a house in all England that has stood for two hundred years, that has not a tale to tell that would astonish the writers of romance; not a room that has not its memory of death or marriage—of the bride coming into it in the splendor of her beauty—of the same, when fifty years have past, being carried out of it, mourned by her descendants of the third generation; or, perhaps, neglected and for-

gotten as one who has lived too long. But who is there that can chronicle all the deeds of cruelty or kindness, the vicissitudes of misery or happiness, that have occurred in those old houses? It must be sufficient for the traveler to know, that wherever men and women have resided these incidents must have occurred—children must have been born, must have died—in their youth, in their manhood, in their old age—and sights and sounds, hopes and disappointments and sorrows, must have been as profusely scattered along the devious paths that conducted them from the cradle to the grave, as we ourselves find them in our daily progress from the same starting-point to the same end. It is the recollections, then (if we may call them so, since they are not of any particular incident, but only of the inevitable events that we may venture to take on trust)—it is the memory of the past, and not the architectural style of the building, that gives such a charm to the queer corners and innumerable windows of a mansion of the days of old. In themselves, many people have maintained that those broken lines and fantastic ornaments are not half so beautiful as the plain solidity of the Grecian architecture and the massive solemnity of the palaces of Italy; but to us English they assume a higher character than any mere beauty of collocation can bestow, for they are treasuries of English feelings—English history—English life. Elizabeth rises before us as she stood when the Armada was defeated. Charles I., with his ceremonious stateliness—the Cavaliers and the Roundheads—the burly figure and unconquerable will of Oliver Cromwell—the resolute independence of Hampden—the chivalrous courage of Walter Raleigh, and the sweet feminine grace of Lucy Hutchinson, or Lady Russell. These are the thoughts and associations that make an old house so charming; but first—for one doesn't like even to be pleased on false pretenses—is the

house old? Has it stood in cloud and sunshine all those years? Is it cotemporary with the historic men whose time its style of architecture recalls? If so, all hail, old farm and manor! walled castle and moated grange! for humanity has breathed its spirit into your stones, and you grow half-human yourselves from having sheltered so many generations of men. But if it is not in reality an old house—if it was built yesterday, and pretends to have stood, as we now see it, gray with artificial mosses, crumbling even, in some parts with artificial ruin—what are we to say?

If the builder's receipt is not yet dry, and it pretends notwithstanding to whisper to us about Henry VIII. and bloody Mary, and James I., what shall we think of it? Why, that is an impostor—that it is like a London beggar of thirty or forty years old, who turns up the whites of his eyes, and totters as he walks, leaning heavily on a stick, with a placard on his bosom, bearing in large letters: "Thomas Tudor, an old man of a hundred and five, past work and totally blind." It ought to be looked on as extorting admiration from us under false pretenses, and not a bit more respectable than any other deceiver. A house of the Nineteenth century should be a house for the Nineteenth century to live in. The Fifteenth century was a blustering, quarrelsome fellow, and lived in a house with strong barricades all round it, his walls pierced with narrow holes, through which he could shoot his visitors, if he did not think they were approaching him in a friendly manner. The Sixteenth century improved a little on this, but still flanked his house with turrets that commanded the entrance-door, and had an immense gate studded with iron nails, and insurmountable walls round his courtyard. The Seventeenth grew still more civilized. He turned the ramparts of his house into a shrubbery, and the dried-up bed of the moat into a bowling-green. But the house was still on the look-out for dangers, and had a tower where a sentinel took note of what was passing within his range. The Eighteenth was a remarkably peaceful individual, and took down his turrets, and made his guard-room into the dairy, and the dungeons into wine and beer-cellars. He also introduced straight walks into his garden, turned the moat into a fish-pond, and cut

all his trees into the shapes of men, and peacocks, and elephants, and other objects of natural history. He also discharged his warder, and paid for protection by a subscription to the county police. He was a smug, careful, pushing fellow, and laid out more money on his warehouses than on his private dwelling, for he began to smell from afar the spices of India, and the cotton-fields of America, and the commerce of the world, and the empire of the seas. And then came in the Nineteenth century, such a being as has never been seen before. He upset all the thrones of Europe in his youth, and kicked them about as if they were really nothing but old chairs. He put a little water into a pot, and put some coals under it, and by the aid of a few wheels and axles, he careers up rivers where civilized man never penetrated before; he crosses the Atlantic at fifteen miles an hour against wind and tide; he beats the farthest waters of the Pacific into a white foam around his paddles. But he does more. He makes the sun himself draw his landscapes. He makes the lightning itself carry his messages, and he pauses at this moment on the top of the elevation he has reached, not to rest contented with the contemplation of the valleys at his feet, but to take a wider survey of the lands still to be discovered—the powers yet to be evoked from the cells in which they have been hidden from every eye but his. And now this Nineteenth century—this "Heir of all the Ages in the foremost files of time"—can't find out a style of architecture stamped with his own image and character, to be transmitted to his descendants as a sample of his genius and disposition; but is forced to go back and hide his poverty of invention in a large, high-turreted, square-towered, moated, draw-bridged, narrow-windowed, winding-staired, long-passaged, windy, gusty, out-and-in, up-and-down, old Gothic castle, exactly the same as would have been built for his great-great-grandfather, while Warwick the king-maker and other turbulent barons were fighting with Henry VI.

Now what do we of these peaceful days, when two policemen dressed in blue keep a whole district in order—what do we want with drawbridges, and portcullises, and donjon towers, and bartisans, and turrets? There was a fitness for all these things in the days of old. The

lord of the mansion dined in his hall with all his friends and retainers. When the meals were over, the serving-men, the men-at-arms, the dependents of the household lay down upon the straw with which the floor was covered, and the hall became the dormitory of the family. No wonder, therefore, the hall was the largest apartment in the house, with the handsomest and widest fireplace, the greatest appearance of comfort, and the most habitable look. It is a fit subject for laughter to see a new house rising with a prodigious hall. It is a great waste of space—it is a reproduction of a fashion when the significance of it is worn out. Things ought always to be in keeping with each other, and when a worthy citizen retires from trade, and builds him a feudal fortalice instead of a cottage ornée, he ought certainly to exchange his tagliioni or comfortable great-coat for a cuirass of steel, or at least for a buff jerkin. His black hat, or if he is a wise man, his wide-awake, must give place to helm and visor. He must dine in the great hall on a boar roasted whole, and never take a quiet ride on his shooting pony without an immense sword by his side, and a spear in his hand, wherewith to hack to pieces and transfix any of his tenants with whom he is not altogether pleased. These observations, however, are meant to apply only to houses of recent date. The old should by all means be continued in the enjoyment of every original feature; repairs must be conducted in the taste and spirit of the primitive building. If it be of Henry the Eighth's time, let not one alteration be made so as to confound it with the cognate style of Elizabeth and James. If it is still earlier, keep to it in all its external design. Show us the complete mansion of the heroes of the Crusades—of the men who fought at Crecy and Poitiers—of the conquerors at Agincourt, of the adherents of the rival Roses, and they will be pictorial representations to us of great historic periods, landmarks to guide us in our inquiries into the state of architecture, and thence of manners, at different times. Now we have seen that preceding ages have built up monuments for themselves in stone and lime, from which, without any inscription, we can read their epitaphs with the utmost ease. Is this to be the only age that is to die and make no sign? Having done every thing else,

can't we built a Nineteenth century house?

Our earliest ancestors in this island lived in beehives; that is, on three crossed sticks was put a little thatch, which reached to the ground, leaving only an opening on the surface for the inhabitant to creep in by. What stone and lime, polished deals and smooth slates, were to them, let some new and hitherto unused material be to us. Let us take the glazed and hollow bricks in the mean time, as an advance on our previous ways; but let us persevere in availing ourselves of any thing that ingenuity suggests, and a moderate experience warrants, and not many years will elapse before we talk of the period of poor, tasteless, shapeless stone cottages and tile roofs, as we now talk of the period of the Ichthyosaurus and the Megatherion, and other extinct monsters of frightful ugliness and very little use. Nobody denies that in every district there are many comfortable-looking and pretty dwellings—houses of a pleasant, habitable appearance, that tell you the occupiers are very well off in the world—people with pleasant balances at their bankers, regular appetites at five o'clock, and the bed-room candles brought in punctually at half-past ten. This is a style of house that fulfills one of the purposes for which we contend—namely, that the outside of a mansion should give you some idea of what sort of being the inhabitant of it is; and what may be called the middle-class dwelling-house, being adapted for a middle class such as never existed before, does certainly bear the impress of the middle class for whom it is designed. There would be no mistaking its comfortable boiled beef and turnip sort of expression, for the “foray or starve” look of a Scotch tower; but a modern antiquity is like a false date, it is apt to mislead, and has the same amount of fitness as if a sane man were to raise a house for himself according to the plan and elevation of a lunatic asylum; or a gentleman at large were to build an exact imitation of a model prison.

But there is one style of building which it is to be hoped will never change, and that is the Ecclesiastical. The church that is built to-day should always have the same distinctive features as the churches that first arose in this island in the light of Christianity. There is no false date here, no assumption of antiquity, nothing

that misleads the observer. And the reason is this. There is a sameness in the purpose to which it is devoted. The worship now carried on within it, though of a purer form, is addressed to the same unchangeable and Almighty Being who heard the first prayers of the converted heathen in this land. There is no change of manners here, as has occurred in the inhabitant of the modern feudal castle, and therefore there is no impropriety in preserving the same style of building, which has become consecrated in our minds by the one unvarying use to which it has been applied. To show how completely this is the case, we have only to imagine how absurd the appearance would be of a dwelling-house built on this model—a little library in the bell-tower, or a bedroom in the steeple. Churches and chapels were equally deficient some years ago, in the application of the Ecclesiastical style. You rode through a village, and you saw a barn at one end of it, with a belfry, and a barn at the other without a belfry. One was the church and the other the chapel; both applied to the one holy purpose of teaching and prayer, and both utterly destitute of the outward appearance of a place of worship at all. In both a great improvement has taken place. The poorest of dissenting bodies endeavor to bestow some adornment on the outside of their temple—a lance-window or a peaked gable-end; the most outlying parishes are ambitious also of showing some outward sign of their Christian profession in the repairing and amending of their churches. In all, you will see an approach to the old Ecclesiastical style—a divergence, as far as possible, from the appearance of an inhabited house—of a town-hall—of a shop—or of a feudal tower. People need not worship with less devotion that their meetings are held in a chapel which can no longer be mistaken for a cow-shed, nor that their parish-church is no longer allowed to have one of the transepts walled off and used as a pig-stye.

But we will now put an end to this disquisition on architecture, and ask the reader's attention to the short and simple annals of a real old building—the best known, and perhaps the most characteristic in England—with more tales of terror and interest about it than ever clustered, like ill-omened ravens, round a building before—a building that, in all the changes

of our history, has still borne its bad pre-eminence as the home of despair and sorrow. The groans that have resounded through those dismal chambers, the screams that have startled the sentinel on guard, proceeding from tortured prisoners—the broken hearts that beat their last in those dungeons—the agonies, the fears that have thrilled human bosoms in that awful dwelling—invest it with a gloomy horror that was never equaled in the pages of fiction. The Castle of Otranto, and the mysterious Undolpho, are mere commonplace habitations compared to it. For eight centuries it has shown its haggard and grim face to the world; and we are now going to recall some particulars of its history, which will perhaps make us not quite so much in love, as some people are, or pretend to be, with the chivalrous grandeur of our ancestors, and the superiority of the "good old times."

On the left bank of the river Thames, just below where the Custom-House is, in convenient juxtaposition with the magnificent docks which, with their crowded tiers of shipping, their innumerable flags, and vast variety of languages, place modern trade and universality of interest at once face to face with ancient isolation and power—is seen, as we go down in a steamboat for a day's holiday to Greenwich, a square-built, low and dingy pile, which has no feature of attraction either from grandeur or beauty of design, but which all turn to look at when they are told it is the Tower of London. Who originally built it is not known. Some, of course, say Julius Cæsar; others are more modest, and say it was built in the time of Constantine the Great; and there are certainly some very strong proofs that on this site stood a fortress, a mint, or other building, of the Romans in the time of Honorius, or three hundred and ninety-five years after Christ. But however this may be, the first historic record of its erection is in the reign of William the Conqueror, who built the White Tower to curb the rebellious Saxons, under the superintendence of his architect Gundulf, who, besides handling the measuring-line, found time to exercise the duties, or at least to spend the emoluments, of the Bishopric of Rochester.

In the course of time it offered such security against attack, that it became an object of great importance to the factions into which this kingdom was divided. It

was strengthened by walls and bastions. Kings fled to it for safety, or intrusted it to the favored of their vassals. Armed men were ready to be let loose with fire and sword on the disobedient or discontented citizens of London; dungeons were added to the other chambers of the castle; prisoners of consequence were committed to its impenetrable walls; Jews were tortured till they surrendered the last farthing of their hard-earned gains. Patriots like the Scottish Wallace, or the Welsh Llewellyn, expiated their hatred of oppression with their blood in these miserable dens; and by the time it had arrived at its greatest strength, and very nearly at its present form and extent, in the reign of Edward III., it was a name which created an involuntary shudder in the stoutest hearts. From it went in procession on their coronation days, all the kings of England, from Richard II. till James II., a period of three hundred years. The Tower throughout the life of the first of these potentates, played a very conspicuous part. It was the scene of the grandeur and magnificence of his youthful days. Festivals and assemblies were held in it, that eclipsed the magnificence of the Court of France. The flood of splendor was indeed so great, that it overflowed into a place, which is certainly not connected in our minds either with floods or splendor. Where thousands of cattle were lately penned up, for the weekly sustenance of two millions and a half of hungry Cockneys; where the bellowing of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the grunting of pigs, and the baaing of calves, were the only sounds that disturbed the serenity of Smithfield, knightly trumpets uttered their inspiring notes, summoning the great and gay to tournament and revel, and ladies whispered words of encouragement in the ears of their favorite champions. The first day of these ostentatious rejoicings, in the year 1390, was termed the Feast of Challenge; and "about three o'clock in the afternoon," says the old Chronicler of their doings, "there issued out of the Tower of London, first three-score of coursers appareled for the juites, and on every one an esquier of honor ridyng a soft pace, and then issued out threescore ladies of honor, mounted on fayre palfreys, riding on the one side, richly appareled; and every lady ledde a knight with a cheyne of sylver, which knights were appareled

to juite; and thus they came riding alonge the streetes of London with great number of trumpettes and other mynstrelles, and so came to Smithfield, where the King and Queen and many ladies and demoiselles were ready in chambers richly adorned to see the juites." But the Tower was spectator of a very different scene, in which the same king was a performer. The same streets that were witnesses of the glories of his Smithfield shows, were witnesses also of his fall. He was taken as a prisoner to the Tower, by his successful rival, Henry of Bolingbroke, and there made resignation of his crown. Here is Shakspeare's description of his miserable ride in the train of his triumphant conqueror:

"As, in a theater, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him."

It was perhaps right that the Tower, which was first converted by this king into the place of execution of state offenders, should have been the scene of his own unhappiness and degradation. From that time, for several hundred years, the ax was seldom still—the favorites of one year became the victims of the next. Tower Hill streamed with blood—the Tower dungeons echoed with groans. Tyranny, ambition, cruelty, ignorance, and superstition, all by turns opened those dismal portals, which were only once again to turn on their hinges, when the murderer slipped in to do his dreadful work in secret, or the prisoner was openly conducted to death upon the scaffold. Nobles, warriors, heroes, statesmen, judges and scholars—even the beauty of women and the dignity of queens—could not escape the dreadful doom; and very frightful is it to read, in the records of that awful prison-house, the names of pa-

trials and martyrs of which our country is now so proud; and still more dreadful to reflect, that those great and illustrious names, which still survive are but the scattered mountain-tops, as it were, on which the light of history has rested. But what are we to think of the valleys where the sunshine has never shone—the unnumbered, unnamed, unregarded prisoners who pined in those gloomy vaults, and counted the hours in vain, shut out forever from the upper world, condemned without trial, and executed without justice! We can talk now with some patience of these things, because they have ceased to be enacted for so long—because the light of the Reformation and the law of the constitution have made their way into that unhallowed building as into our private houses, and modern civilization has converted it into an arsenal for arms, and a pleasant quarter for a few soldiers—a sight for the Cockneys on their holidays, and a comfortable command for a time-honored General.

But in 1417 the state of feeling was very different, and any expression of sympathy with human suffering would not have been understood. The Tower stood black and solid as the representative of the spirit of the time. Even the best and noblest were as deeply stained as the base and cruel with the curse of unforgiveness and the heart of stone. Harry the Fifth, whom we still call the most heroic of our kings, seems not to have been capable of any feeling of generosity or pity. His enemies, the princes of France, taken in open battle, defending their country from his ambition, were here imprisoned for dreary years, till a ransom was exacted that left them impoverished for life. Here languished warriors and chiefs as brave as himself; and here for several years was confined the young and gallant James I. of Scotland, who had been seized by the piratical vessels of Henry IV., when there was no war between the kingdoms, and when there was, therefore, no pretense for an attack. These were the ideas of justice and honor that were paramount in the feudal times; the same justice and honor would infallibly conduct the possessors of them, at the present day, first to their county jail, secondly to Norfolk Island. James, the young king, grew used to his imprisonment, cultivated letters and music, and finally, as idleness often leads to foolish actions, he fell in

love with a beautiful young lady whom he saw from the turret-window of his tower at Windsor. He by some means got a messenger persuaded to carry her his verses. They were filled with praises of her loveliness; and as she understood he was very handsome, and a king, she thought the verses particularly fine; and as she was a member of the royal family, and had interest with the King of England, the end of the story is happier than most stories of love at first sight, for, after the death of the iron-hearted Henry, James was released from his prison, and married the Lady Jane, the daughter of the Earl of Somerset.

But it was not for the custody only of kidnapped kings, or captive princes, that the Tower was used by the possessors of arbitrary power. Religion in those uncultivated ages is sure to have its victims as well as Tyranny. The first martyr of freedom of inquiry was the brave and virtuous Lord Cobham. To strike terror into lesser offenders, it seemed good to the ecclesiastical authorities, armed with full powers from Rome, to let the weight of their anger fall upon the coronet of a noble. If the dignity of the peerage did not set a Reformer above their power, what chance had humbler men to resist their lightest claim? It was proved against the noble offender that he had maintained that "whoso it be that doth the worship to dead images, which is due to God, or putteth such trust or hope in the help of them as he should do to God, or hath affection in one more than in another, doth in that the great sin of masometry," (or idolatry.) He had also maintained, that "he that knoweth the holy commandments of God, and keepeth them to the end, shall be saved, though he never in his life go on pilgrimage, as men use now, to Canterbury or to Rome, or to any other place." He had denied that every man living here bodily on earth ought to confess to a priest ordained by the Church; and worst of all, he denied that as Christ ordained St. Peter to be his vicar here on earth, the same power which he granted to that apostle was vested in his successors the popes, whom all Christians are bound to obey according to the laws of the Church of Rome. For these most dreadful and heretical opinions, Lord Cobham was condemned to die; and to mark the atrocity of his sin, he was executed in a manner the most pain-

ful and degrading that malignity and cruelty could invent. He was drawn from the Tower to St. Giles's Field, where he was suspended by the middle from a chain; a fire was kindled under him, and he was thus burnt to death. The dust of such martyrs is indeed the seed of a true church; and from this glorious execution we are never without voices rising in all parts of England—and of the world—against the crimes and iniquities of the old, and, as we had hoped, exploded superstition. Lollards, as they were then called—that is, rebels against the pope's authority and believers in the plain words of Scripture—were imprisoned by hundreds in the dungeons of the Tower; and when we reflect on the helplessness of those sufferers, and the cruelty of the treatment they experienced for such a crime, it is a sort of relief to turn to the upper rooms of the same prison, which we find tenanted by mere rebels against the Crown, or foreign enemies, who would have done the same to their conquerors if the issue of the battle had been different. Throughout the troubles and civil wars of the fifteenth century we find an endless succession of captives consigned to these impenetrable walls. Twice Henry VI. was immured within them—kindly treated, they say, in consequence of the feebleness and meekness of his character—and finally found dead, whether by violence or not is not certainly known, in the chamber he had occupied so long.

"Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed;
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's name,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head."

The person accused of this "meek usurper's murder," if such did really take place, was Richard, Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III. Enough of crimes he has to answer for, without this unproved accusation being cast upon his memory. By treachery and violence he succeeded to the throne of his brother, the handsome and prodigal Edward, and soon the Tower began to feel the effects of the new tyranny which had established itself by so much blood. The powerful and dangerous were, of course, the first victims; but there is an episode connected with the hard-heartedness of this usurper, which lets us get a view of humbler people, and shows to what meannesses the rancor of a base nature like Richard's can

descend. The following account has all the freshness of reality, and brings the scene completely before our eyes.

In a Council held after the death of Edward, when Richard assumed to be Protector of the Kingdom, he asked Lord Hastings "what they deserved that compassed his destruction, who was so near of blood to the King, and Protector of his royal person. 'Surely, my Lord,' replied Lord Hastings, 'they were worthy to be punished as traitors whosoever they be.' 'Then,' quoth the Protector, 'that is yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her,' meaning the Queen. 'Ye shall see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch of her counsel—Shore's wife—with their affinity, have by their witchcraft wasted my body;' and herewith turned up his doublet-sleeve to the elbow of his left arm, where he showed a wearish, withered arm and small, as it was never other, (that is, as it always was,) and thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but quarrel, for they wist that the Queen was too wise to go about such folly. But Lord Hastings answered: 'Certainly, my Lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy of heinous punishment.' 'What!' cried the Protector, 'thou servest me, I ween, with ifs and ands. I tell thee they have done so, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor.' And thereupon, striking his hand upon the table, a cry of treason was raised in the adjoining chamber, and Gloster, hastily rising, and going to the door, a body of armed men rushed in. A violent scuffle ensued; one of them with a pole-ax gave Lord Stanley a serious wound on the head. Hastings was seized. 'I arrest thee, traitor,' said the Duke of Gloster. 'Me, my Lord?' 'Yea, thee,' replied the Duke; 'and I would have thee shrive, for, by St. Paul, I will not dine till I have seen thy head off.' And so was the Lord Hastings brought forth into the Green beside the Chapel within the Tower, and there, without time for confession or repentance, his head was stricken off upon a log of timber."

Here are queens and dukes and lords, but among them all, the noticeable name is that of Shore's wife. This was the famous Jane Shore, who had been the favorite of the late King, and had used the power her influence gave her in so kind and judi-

cious a manner, that people were inclined to forgive her for the means by which she had obtained it. "Proper she was and fair," says Sir Thomas More, the historian of those troubled times; "nothing in her body you would have changed, unless you would have wished her somewhat higher. Yet delighted not men so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behavior; for a proper wit she had; and could both read well and write; merry in company; ready and quick in answer; neither mute nor full of babble; sometimes taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. When the King took displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind; where men were out of favor, she would bring them to his Grace; for many that had highly offended she obtained pardon; of great forfeitures she got remission; and, finally, in many weighty suits, she stood men in great stead, either for none, or very small rewards, and those rather gay than rich; either for that she was content with the deed's self well done, or because she delighted to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do with the King."

But to the Tower this unfortunate favorite was sent — obloquy was heaped upon her name, and accusations of crimes, such as witchcraft, brought against her in addition to the sins of which she was really guilty. And the servile clergy were very glad of an opportunity of gaining favor with the tyrant, by degrading as much as possible the now powerless woman, whose good qualities and generosity he naturally abhorred. She was sentenced to do penance by the Bishop of London. She was taken in procession, barefooted and enveloped in a white sheet, through the streets, to St. Paul's Cross, where she made open confession of her only great crime. She bore her disgrace with much becoming fortitude; and the gracefulness of her manner, with the deep sense of shame manifested in her downcast looks, gained her the pity of every feeling heart.

"Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her had she bore,
And on her shoulders carelessly confused,
In loose neglect her lovely tresses hung.
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some sudden pang of sorrow,
To heaven she seemed in fervent zeal to raise
them,
And beg that mercy man denied her here."

It is not to be forgotten that another of her punishments — and the one probably that was the most agreeable to her oppressors — was the forfeiture of all her goods. When they had got all her money she was no longer worth keeping in the Tower, and they turned her out into the world, where she had now neither wealth nor friends. This account of the outcast Jane Shore,

"Who died deserted at her utmost need,
By those her former bounty fed,"

may serve as a companion-picture to the sufferings of kings and princes, and show that when despotism is once established in a land, it strikes at all alike; and despotism, in its heaviest form, was close at hand.

When Henry VII. — after the fluctuating reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III. — had fully established himself on the throne, there were no alternations of victory and defeat to call the apartments of the fortress into use; and yet an increasing tide set onward towards those gloomy vaults, and carried with it indifferently Yorkist and Lancastrian, the nobles that had assisted him in his distress, or those who resisted him in his strength. One grim dark figure, moving noiselessly, but watchful every where, pointed with his fingers, or nodded with his head, and the baron was seized in his hall, the citizen in his parlor, the lady in her oratory; the dismal key was turned, and the only prospect was a scaffold on Tower Hill. There is something awful in the solemn obedience paid to that silent, blood-thirsty tyrant by the greatest and the least. No man knew who sat at meat with him. It might be a spy of the court, though perhaps a kinsman of his own. A whisper in the ear of Empson and Dudley, the infamous informers, took away the squire's estate, the nobleman's castle, and the heads of both. Who could offer any resistance? The gentry had been destroyed, or nearly so, by fifty years of civil war; the citizen had not yet risen into consideration by commerce; there was no public opinion to unite and guide great masses of men; and there sat at Windsor or Westminster, a deep, sagacious, imperturbable statesman, with crown on head and sword in hand, wielding all the authorities of the State; no law to check him, no power to oppose him, no generosity within to soften him, and the gates of

the Tower ready to open on their noiseless hinges the moment he gave the sign. For long successions, from father to son, no bearer of a lofty title had died in his bed. Many died in battle, many by the ax; and as spaniels like their master the better the more he applies the whip, it actually seemed to deepen men's reverence for the King, that his mere word had sent their ancestors to the block, where it would also probably send themselves. The system that Henry VII. began was, of course, continued by Henry VIII.; and the thing that seems to have astonished Charles I. and James II. the most, in the resistance which at length the reviving national spirit enabled Englishmen to make, was the positive disinclination that people showed to being sent to prison. "Where will this end?" said Charles I., when all London rose up in indignation at his sending some Opposition Members of Parliament into the safe keeping of the Tower. "If I can't imprison my subjects, I am no longer a king!" "What a fuss about a trifle!" said James II., when the now awakened people expressed their indignation at his sending the Seven Bishops into confinement for petitioning him to govern according to right; "but I will show them a greater stretch of prerogative than this!"

The power of imprisonment had in fact existed so long, and the Tower stood so invitingly open, that it must have come upon kings and people by surprise when they found that the keys of that dreadful fortress were now intrusted to a power more potent than kings or people, called the Law; that the sword of governance would never again be placed in one hand of our rulers without the scales of justice in the other. But in Henry VIII.'s time such ideas had not yet got out of Latin and Greek books and been translated into the vulgar tongue, and so the Tower carried on a thriving trade in suffering and death. Among the first who tasted the bitterness of the cup they had so often prepared for others, were Empson and Dudley, the degraded ministers of the late King, "who being lawyers in science," as their historian says, "and Privy Councilors in authority, had turned law and justice into wormwood and rapine." Nothing, indeed, is more strange in those years than the regularity with which punishment overtakes the wrong-doer; no sooner, in reading the list of prisoners in

the Tower, do we see the name of some innocent man condemned by the cruelty of his adversary, for some imaginary offense, than, on turning over the page, we encounter the name of the adversary himself. We read of Bainham and Frith tormented and racked by the zeal of the Roman Catholic Chancellor, Sir Thomas More; and before we have time to pity the poor sufferers, we read of the imprisonment and death of the same Sir Thomas More, who had fallen out of favor with the brutal and capricious King. None of the murders committed at the dictation of Henry cast such a stain upon his name as the sacrifice of this the greatest lawyer, the brightest scholar, and the most polished wit of his time. There was a perfect agreement between the tyrant and his Chancellor as long as the Reformers were to be repressed. Henry's quarrel with Rome was not about the extent of the Papal power, but about who was to wield it. "Let heretics be burnt," he said—"let those who deny the efficacy of absolution, and the power of saints, be tortured, as much as you like. Let all who dissent from the Church be punished with the utmost rigor; only, let every body confess that of that Church I am supreme and only governor." In all his other sentiments and beliefs, Sir Thomas More most fervently joined; but, on the last claim of the King, the partnership was dissolved. The Pope had so long been acknowledged the chief of the Church; the laws which Sir Thomas had studied had so firmly established this principle, that he was now too old to give up an opinion he had been brought up in; and, accordingly, as he had persecuted heretics for differences as unimportant as this, he at once made up his mind to undergo the same fate he had inflicted on them. The royal supremacy here claimed by Henry was not any power that interfered with the doctrines of the Church, but meant that the clergy should be subjects of the King, and not of the Pope. On this point Sir Thomas More was firm. He was tried, not for heresy, as his victims had been for denying the transubstantiation of bread into flesh, but for treason in denying an authority which Parliament had expressly acknowledged as inherent in the King. He was convicted of resistance to an Act of Parliament; and early on the morning of the sixth of July, 1535, it was announced to

him that he was to die before nine o'clock. His good humor and liveliness never left him. Indeed, there is something not altogether satisfactory in the frivolous mirth with which his last scene was accompanied. We should have been better pleased if the closing hour had brought more melancholy thoughts. On the contrary he seemed to grow funnier the nearer the ax approached. When he was conveyed to the Tower, the turnkey who had the strange privilege of pillaging his prisoner, asked him for his uppermost garment as a perquisite of his office. Sir Thomas merrily presented him with his cap, and told him that was his *uppermost* garment, and he heartily wished it was of more worth. As he was being led out of the Tower to his execution, a woman reproached him for detaining some deeds, when he was in office. "Good woman," said he, "have patience a little, for the King is so generous unto me, that within this half-hour, he will discharge me of all my business, and help thee himself." As he ascended the scaffold, he asked one of the officers to help him up, adding: "And when I come down again, let me shift for myself." And this scoffing manner accompanied him to the moment of his death. After he had prayed, and had laid his head upon the block, the executioner begged his forgiveness. "I forgive thee," said he, "but prithee, let me put my beard aside, for that hath never committed treason"—adding: "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short; take heed therefore, that thou strike not wrong for the saving of thine honesty." The wit of these speeches scarcely seems bright enough to carry off the gloominess of the period he chose for their utterance; but they show, perhaps, that his conscience was at rest, and that he was satisfied with the cause for which he died.

After a victim so noble had been sacrificed for so slender a cause, people were on the watch for the next stretch of the King's hand, and shuddered as the monster roused himself for a new display of his power. In his own house—in his own bed-chamber—the blow fell; and the fate of his young and beautiful wife, the hapless Anne Boleyn, was sealed. Till the age of seven, or as others say, of thirteen, she was brought up by her father's fireside in the county of Kent—a lively, playful, pretty child.

"Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laughed,
A rosebud set in little willful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her,
she."

It was an old English family this of the Boleyns, descended originally from a lord mayor of London, but by many ambitious marriages now allied with the chief nobility; and its present representative, Sir Thomas Boleyn, the father of Anne, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. While yet extremely young Anne was appointed maid of honor to the Princess Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., when she went over to Paris and married the French king. At this court, the gayest at that time, and long after, of all the courts in Christendom, Anne played the part that loveliness, youth, and vanity are generally desirous of performing. She attracted great observation by her beauty—won many hearts by her engaging manners, and delighted all listeners with her cleverness and wit. Enemies she had who spread rumors against her character, but with no convincing proof; and on her return to England, she was advanced to the post of lady of honor to the formal and religious Queen Catherine, who would certainly not have admitted into her service and companionship a person against whom these accusations were well founded. The appearance of a young and lively girl, so beautiful and so amusing, in the hitherto dull apartments of the Spanish zealot, must have been like sunshine in a shady place; and it was not long before the ill-omened eyes of Henry fell upon the new attendant of his wife. The enemies of Anne Boleyn—who are also the enemies of the Reformation—try to persuade us, that in order to gain her object and ascend the throne as Henry's wife, she laid down the following plan. First, to get the King to fall in love with her, which might not be difficult. Secondly, to hold him at a distance and keep him constant by virtue alone. Thirdly, to upset the religion of England, overthrow the authority of the Pope, and introduce a new ecclesiastical system, from the archbishops in Lambeth and York down to the curates in country parishes, and even clerks and bell-ringers. Fourthly, to get the Queen divorced. And, finally, to procure the execution of the Lord Chancellor, a change in the whole policy of Europe, and war with the Emperor of Germany. Why don't we see the causes that produced

her advancement? She was young enough not to take a very desponding, or perhaps a very sensible view of life; and ambitious enough to allow the splendor of a throne to blind her eyes to the bad qualities of the King who filled it. But even with regard to his bad qualities, in the year 1527, we must talk with many grains of allowance. He had not yet had an opportunity of showing many of them to any observable extent. If Nero had died at twenty-two, he would have had the reputation of the best of men; at thirty-seven Henry was known as a man of bluff manners, high notions of his own abilities, and having what is commonly called a will of his own; but nobody gave him credit at that time for being little more than a sort of amateur executioner with a crown on.

All difficulties, though apparently insuperable, were at last overcome, and Anne became Queen of England, and mother of Elizabeth, and might have expected a long life of happiness and popularity. But it was now 1537, and the hinges of the Tower began to grate. Among her maids of honor was a young and high-born damsel of the name of Jane Seymour, with the two great requisites in Henry's eyes of novelty and youth. How was Anne to be got rid of? He accused her of unguarded words—of improper conduct—of a previous contract of marriage with a young Lord Percy—and on one or other of these accusations he was determined to destroy the Queen—the mother of his child. The servile courts found her guilty on every plea. She was condemned to the Tower, to be burnt or beheaded according to the good pleasure of the King. It was very great pleasure, indeed, to that affectionate husband, to order her only to have her head cut off. On the nineteenth of May she was brought out on a scaffold erected on the green within the Tower. "She approached," the historian says, "with a firm and graceful step; her beauty shone in all its wonted brightness, and every one seemed disarmed by the sweet benignity that beamed in her looks; even the executioner had not for a while the heart to do his office. Anne alone on this trying moment seemed to retain her self-possession;" and, after a few words, in which she commended her soul to Christ, she laid her fair head upon the block, and the small and graceful neck was severed

at a blow. Without even a coffin, her body lay stiff and cold on the blood-stained Green in the Tower; and as her head fell to the ground, a gun was fired from the walls. With anxious ear the King had been watching for the signal on an elevation in the Park at Richmond. When the sound reached him, he knew that all was over; but no compunction seized his heart. He carried the triumphant news to the object of his passion, and on the following day was married to Jane Seymour.

A more melancholy record than this is not in the annals of crime and baseness. The person who presided at the court which condemned her was her uncle—the victim with whom she was falsely accused of guilt was her brother—the villain who gave the word for her murder, and actually furnished the orders for the scaffold and block, was her husband! The last subject of her thoughts was her helpless child. Her remains were hurried into a common chest, and buried in the chapel of the Tower.

After this display of the King's disposition, it is not to be supposed that any rank or services were a security against imprisonment and death. Queen Jane escaped the family fate by dying in childhood. Anne of Cleves avoided it also by consenting to a dissolution of the marriage; but the tide flowed on its usual channel, when he gave his hand to a daughter of the house of Norfolk, the Lady Catherine Howard. Scarcely had he time to get tired of her, when rumors reached his ear that her character was very bad—that she was worse, a thousand times, than he had endeavored to make Anne Boleyn appear—a monster of profligacy and vice; and, in short, as sensual, wicked, and degraded as himself. The Tower gates opened once more for a Queen. No sympathy this time was felt for the sufferer, for her guilt was manifest, and could not be denied. Some few, who cared for the justice of the case, thought it hard that a woman should be put to death by her husband for actions committed before she was married; but with Henry it was all the same. He even condemned the relations of the guilty woman for having concealed her guilt, and a blow of the headsman's ax stained once more the soil of this dreadful prison-house with royal blood, and enabled him to look out for another wife.

There are now, fortunately, but a few months left of the reign of this Bluebeard on a throne; and we begin to look well pleased on the dismal Tower, which soon will have a holiday when a gentler reign succeeds. But Henry had two friends—the most faithful in the kingdom, the highest in rank, the brightest in virtue—and therefore they must die. These were the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Surrey his son. We will follow the fortunes of the young man first, and end this catalogue of Henry's victims with the father's fate. The Earl of Surrey was the most accomplished man of his age; not only in the knightly arts of riding in a tournament, or even commanding in a battle, but he is beyond all doubt the most polished author and best poet of his time. All his studies were devoted to peaceful ends. He translated part of Virgil, part of Ecclesiastes, and some of the Psalms, into very elegant verse, and his original sonnets are still quoted for their gracefulness and sweetness. His crime, however, was so heinous in the eyes of Henry, that it would have outweighed the merits of all the muses. He had quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor—that is, had had his shield ornamented with Edward the Confessor's arms; and though he showed from the Herald's College that his ancestors had always done so, the King considered it treason, as implying a claim to the throne. On this plea, the gallant young nobleman and gentle poet was put into the Tower. His father was there already. They were not allowed to meet; but as if to add bitterness to the father's cup, the son was tried before him, and again the blood of the Howards was spilt upon the grass of Tower Hill, and the illustrious Surrey left the poor old Duke to battle with his enemies alone. The trial of the Duke came on. Thirty years before this he had been the great soldier of England. He had always conquered, by land or by sea—for the services were not at that time divided—and especially had served under his father at the great battle of Flodden, which so weakened the power of Scotland that she could never more cope on equal terms with her more powerful sister.

But all these services were forgotten; forgotten also was the obedience—we may almost call it servility—displayed by this chief of the Howards to the wishes and caprices of the King. We wish we

could forget them too, for they are the only blots upon his character. Out of an overstrained feeling of the duty of submission, he had acquiesced in the execution of his two nieces, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, the wives of the tyrant who now was intent on his own destruction. With a clinging to life, which was, perhaps, natural at his years, he begged for pardon—confessed guilt, where no guilt existed, in hopes of softening the obdurate heart of his destroyer—and found services, submission, confession, supplication, all in vain. On the twenty-eighth of January an order was sent to the Lieutenant of the Tower for his execution on the following morning. What gloom was in the Duke's chamber that night we need not say; what grief to find his white hairs dishonored, his petition disregarded, his son murdered almost before his eyes, and the hour approaching that was to carry him to the fatal block.—But there was another chamber that night that was as full of gloom as the prisoner's dungeon in the Tower. On a stately bed lay a sufferer groaning with pain, and tormented, as we may suppose, with the upbraidings of an uneasy conscience. Fretful, irritable, and unsubdued, it was the King who was now at wrestlings with death. With trembling hands his wife administered the opiates recommended to soothe his pain; the page at the door counted the cries of anguish without a sigh of compassion; and silently the physician went through the ceremony of feeling the pulse, and could give no prospect of recovery. Here were two men, the Tyrant and the Victim, both struggling with the terrible hour. Gray dawn began to light up the turret-tops of the Tower; it also rested on the roof of the Palace at Westminster. The early morn was to see the Duke of Norfolk fall before the stroke of the executioner; but before that time a surer blow fell upon the exhausted Tyrant. A hurried noise of feet sounded at the prisoner's door—the key is turned—a voice gives him the news—the King is dead, and the Duke was saved. It shows how completely these cruelties were the work of the individual King, that his decease was the signal for the abrogation of a law; the sentence was never carried into execution, and in peace and quiet the remainder of the emancipated prisoner's days were passed.

It would be easy to follow the gloomy history through the persecuting years of Mary, and the firm administration of Elizabeth. Herself a visitor to its darkened portals in her sister's days, she might have been less ready to open them for the reception of her foes. But the Tower was one of the institutions of the State, and asserted its importance under Tudors, and Stuarts, and Hanoverians; closing its grim jaws upon the victims of the hatred of James and Charles, and then in 1715 and 1745 enacting the same part towards the gallant loyalists who adhered to their descendant's cause. But enough has been said to identify this ancient edifice with the worst and most indefensible incidents in our history. As time went on, however, its character began to improve. With the same grim features outside, it has gradually got softened and civilized within—like a man we sometimes meet who has a very harsh countenance but a very warm heart. It opened its doors—on the usual payment—to crowds of gaping Cockneys and country visitors, and displayed all its curiosities, its racks, now rusty and out of use—its muskets, which looked like fossil remains of some extinct species of small cannon—its suits of armor and trophies of all kinds. A tremendous fire in the year 1837 reduced some of those strange but useless collections to cinders; and from that time it has assumed the appearance of a very peaceful dwelling indeed. Its moat is filled up and planted with choice shrubs; its frowning loopholes are covered with climbing wall-fruit; and it is difficult to believe that these stones and bricks are the same which echoed long ago to such appalling sounds, or were such words of fear to whole generations of men.

Last advancement of all, it was connected with the name and fortunes of the Great Duke. The Duke was constable of the Tower. There is surely a striking similarity in fate and character between

that great warrior and the fortress which he commanded so long. The youth of both was passed amid wars and rumors of wars. Stern, cold, and unimpassioned, both did their duty, maintained their posts, and were bulwarks of the state and nation. If some harshness mingled with the earlier characteristics of our Duke, it is to be attributed to the manners of the time. A soldier in those days was considered to have reached perfection when he had expelled the softer feelings of the heart. But a change came over Wellington, as it has done over his gallant companions in arms, and their successors in the defense of the land. With every advancing year the great heart of the unrivaled Captain softened into human sympathy—his care fell with more tenderness on the comforts and advancement of the common soldier. The noble principle of justice, which had always been the regulator of his conduct, became mixed and mellowed with the feelings of charity and mercy, and ennobled by the sentiments of faith and hope; and these between them make up the perfect man. The gray old Tower, venerable with age, and stripped of all its pomp and circumstance of war, with its placid walks and fruit-covered walls, is not so cheering a sight, nor so characteristic of the happy change from the gloomy periods of our annals, as the sight of the time-honored Wellington—the hero of a hundred fights—the arbiter of the fate of nations, and the wielder of the irresistible thunderbolts of England—living among us, a kind, humane, affectionate, peace-loving old man; and sinking at last to death amid the regrets of a whole nation, which loved and honored him, and amid the fears of more secret and perhaps more sincere mourners, who looked to him for succor in their distress, and were relieved and comforted with the true sympathy of a Christian man, and the generosity of a hand “open as day to melting charity.”

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CHRISTIAN RACES UNDER TURKISH RULERS.*

THE massacres that have lately occurred in Syria have virtually reopened the Turkish question in its widest scope. Foreign diplomacy, indeed, has at present recognized no more than what it chooses to term a Syrian question; or, in other words, a question relating merely to the Syrian provinces of Turkey. But the difference between the diplomatists and the public is, as Talleyrand would have said, simply that the watches of the former go somewhat slower than those of the latter. It is undeniable that similar events to those which have just taken place in the districts around Mount Lebanon are apparently in preparation, and are actually threatened, in most of the Christian provinces of the Turkish Empire, both in Europe and Asia. That they will really happen, no man of course can venture to predict. But there is, nevertheless, hardly any quarter inhabited by Christians of that empire, with the exception of Asia Minor, from which increasing agitation is not almost always daily reported; and we are therefore at once brought into the general question of the securities which exist for the maintenance of the privileges which the Turkish Government has conceded in law to all its Christian subjects.

The origin of these events is still wrapped in considerable uncertainty. This observation applies both to the massacres which have already taken place in Syria, and to the insurrectionary movements which are threatened on the Lower Danube. It appears, however, clearly impossible to throw the whole of the blame upon the Porte. The government at Constantinople has been slothful and inefficient; it has evinced the worst adminis-

trative weakness; it has failed to redeem the pledges which it made to Europe in 1856; and the local governors of Beyrout and Damascus have been executed for complicity in the murder of the Christians. But there is no longer any doubt that Christian governments have fomented, even if they have not originated, these disorders. France has for several years been suspected of an alliance with Russia; and Russia, having put to the proof her own inability to make any considerable inroad upon Turkey single-handed, has been seeking an ally with whom to realize her ambition. So long ago as the year 1785, the Empresses Catharine and Maria Theresa entered upon a confederacy for the partition of Turkey; but their policy was thwarted by the counteracting alliance of this country under Mr. Pitt, with Prussia under Frederic the Great. From this epoch the "partition of Turkey" has been a phrase in every man's mouth. But in course of time the ambition of Russia on the Danube assumed a form of settled hostility to the interests of Austria. Prince Metternich, with all his deplorable incapacity for domestic government, was the first to perceive this change. The treaty of Adrianople, concluded between Russia and Turkey in 1829, consigned the mouth of the Danube to the former power; and the use which that power made of its acquisition was to destroy the maritime commerce of Austria through the Black Sea, in order to promote the trade of Odessa. These events have gradually rendered Austria as firm, though not so active, a supporter of the Turkish empire as the British Government itself. Russia, as we have said, next tried to conquer Turkey without an ally, and failed. The treaty of 1856, ostensibly the termination of war, was really the signal for fresh jealousies among the contracting powers. Different views began to predominate in the councils of Paris. It even believed that the original adhesion of the Emperor

* *Narrative of a Journey in Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852.* By C. W. M. VAN DE VELDE, etc. 2 vols. Blackwood: Edinburgh. 1854.

Syria and the Syrians. By GREGORY M. WORTABET, of Beyrout. Madden: London. 1856.

Travels in European Turkey in 1850. By EDMUND SPENCER. 2 vols. Colburn: London. 1851.

Napoleon III. to the alliance with England against Russia arose from the fact that the Emperor Nicholas had refused him the hand of a princess of the house of Romanoff. The Crimean war, also, was precipitately and prematurely concluded before its objects were completely attained, through the resolution of the French Emperor to humble Russia no further. The statesman who, meanwhile, was Prime Minister of France, from June, 1855, to January, 1860, despised the English, and coveted the Russian alliance. A Pole, under obligations to the Russian Court, a son of the great Napoleon, and married to a Tuscan lady from the Grand Ducal Court, his bias was almost inevitably anti-English. Under his administration France even countenanced an intrigue with Russia, at the close of 1856, to defeat the full execution of the Treaty of Peace. And in the spring of 1859 the formation of a general understanding between France and Russia became notorious.

Let the applicability of these facts be judged what they may, it certainly happens that, in the spring and summer of the present year, while Russian emissaries were actively fomenting disorder in European Turkey, French emissaries were found to be engaged in the same task in Syria. A propagandism, half political and half religious, has been encouraged by both the French and Russian Governments. With the aid of a common religion, Russia worked upon the Greek Christians of the Danube, and France worked upon the Latin Christians of Syria. Both the sword and the cowl were invoked. It is undeniable that muskets were sent to the Maronites in the Lebanon from France before the struggle between them and the Druses began; neither can it be imagined that, under a government so despotic, so centralized, and so vigilant as the French, arms and ammunition could be dispatched from its shores without its own knowledge and complicity. At the same moment the bishops and clergy of the Maronites preached a crusade among their populations for the conversion of the Druses, and incessantly sent members of their body to proselytize that sect. The Druses, of whom we shall speak hereafter, had long possessed the character of resenting the slightest interference in their religious belief, touching which they maintained a profound secrecy.

Meanwhile, the Turkish force in the Lebanon had been reduced to four hundred men; and it may be questioned whether this number were sufficient to prevent the outbreak which took place, even if it had been commanded with faith and honor. The threatened insurrection on the Danube had compelled the Porte to withdraw the bulk of its troops from Syria a few months previously; and the Government of Constantinople complains that this measure was forced upon them by the representations of certain European powers. When the massacres took place, the Turkish Governors of Beyrout and Damascus were found to be won over to the side of the Druses. No explanation of their defection has yet been offered; but if we were to ascribe their conduct to their own spontaneous treachery and brutality, we should be at a loss to understand how such instincts could be strong enough to prevail over the certainty of their official disgrace. If, however, these governors were prompted to this complicity by the counsels of any foreign power, they have certainly been left most miserably and deservedly in the lurch.

To resume our narrative—a struggle between the Maronites and the Druses arose; the former, though more numerous, were less skilled in war; and both, we believe, were in possession of European arms. The recent publication of a letter from Sephronius, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon, urging the Maronites to rise against the Druses, gives color to the supposition that the former nation took the initiative. But we well know the horrors that followed. The Druses gained the ascendant; and the treachery of the Pashas completed their hideous triumph. All that revolting brutality of a barbarous race, intoxicated with triumph and lawless impunity, that has so often been committed on Asiatic soil, was enacted once more. Men were murdered by hundreds, and with every circumstance of atrocity; women subjected to the worst brutality of their conquerors; and a cry of sympathy spread instantaneously over Christian Europe for its co-religionists in Asia.

Foreign intervention of some kind was imperative, and was, moreover, justified, so long as it was a collective intervention, under the treaty of 1856. But the cry of the French government for an exclusive military occupation by themselves nevertheless followed with a suspicious alac-

city. Their diplomatists bore down all opposition at Constantinople by the vehemence of their language; and the French expedition of 6000 men accordingly sailed. The Turkish Government, however, with a vigor and fidelity which it would be an injustice to pass over without a comment, dispatched to Damascus a force of 25,000 troops, under their Minister of Foreign Affairs in person, with such rapidity as to anticipate the arrival of the French.

In what degree the French Government is really implicated in the provocation of this protest for intervention we can not at present ascertain. But while we can not do that government the injustice to suppose that it ever contemplated the atrocities that have sprung from its apparent connivance, we ought to be careful that our instinctive hostility as Christians to a Mohammedan administration shall not result in our playing into the hands of France and Russia. Christian governments that will stimulate the insurrection of one subject tribe against another, in order to prepare the way for their own ascendancy, are obviously no better than the Mohammedan Government which they wish to displace.

We understand, however, that the courts of France and Russia have, during the last few weeks, seriously disagreed with regard to their Turkish programme; and that, though they may each pursue their separate aims in different portions of the Turkish empire, their alliance has expired. We learn also, that so completely is this cessation of the Russo-French alliance a *fait accompli*, that the recent overtures of Russia, both to Austria and Prussia, have already taken the shape of a treaty about to be concluded between these three governments. It provides for their combined action in any events tending to augment the power of France in the west of Europe.

It has been necessary to explain the causes which have led to these events, and to sketch the attitude which the leading governments of Europe have assumed on this question; since we can thus only trace the connection between the sufferings of the Christians in one part of the Turkish Empire and their peril in another, and thus only arrive at a right conclusion as to the actual character of the Ottoman government. It obviously involves a great difference, in our estimate

of Turkish rule, whether the massacres in Syria, and the agitation on the Danube, have sprung from the inherent weakness of that government alone, or from the connivance of powers interested in its fall. It may be alleged, perhaps, that a good government ought to be strong enough to withstand such adverse influences. That the Turkish, however, is such a government, no one for a moment imagines; but on the causes of these events the solution of the problem materially depends, whether the continued existence of that government is really possible.

These considerations lead us to the two great objects involved in the Treaty of 1856, which constitutes the international charter on which the Turkish Government now depends. The first, no doubt, was the external independence of the empire, or rather its freedom from any but the collective intervention of the Five Great Powers, who were thereby constituted its joint protectors. But the second object, hardly less important, was the internal security of the Christian races, and their absolute equality of privilege with the members of the dominant or Mohammedan religion. We will do Lord Palmerston the justice to acknowledge that, so far as the former object is concerned, the Treaty of 1856, which was chiefly the work of his hands, has been successful. But in its guarantees for the domestic peace of the Turkish populations, it is obvious that it has failed deplorably, let the causes of the recent outbreaks have been what they may.

We have, therefore, to address ourselves distinctly to the question of Christian races under Turkish rulers.

We are well aware that a great variety of opinion exists as to the maintenance of the Turkish rule. No two statesmen of European reputation ever differed more widely on this question than Lord Palmerston and the late Prince Metternich. The former statesman has always maintained the paradox that Turkey is an improving country; that, whatever may be its inferiority to other European countries, the ratio of its inferiority to those countries is less now than it was thirty years ago; in other words, that Turkey has advanced more rapidly than they. This view is certainly supported by facts and figures which make such a view plausible. Prince Metternich, on the other

hand, used to maintain the opposite extreme, that the Turkish empire was declining with a sort of accelerating rapidity. We believe that both these views were to be defended by partial observation. But, without attempting to decide which is the accurate one, or how far either is erroneous, the practical question which concerns us relates to the means of replacing the Turkish Government by a better government formed out of subject races. If the Mohammedan state were to be suppressed, could a Christian state, capable of asserting its own independence, be created in its place? We very much fear that the effeminate character of most of the Christian races would preclude them from thus assuming the sovereignty of the Turks, and that some nominally Christian despotism, either of Russia, France, or Austria, would prove the successor of the Crescent. If no independent Christian government could at present be formed in European Turkey, assuredly no such government could be formed out of the Christian populations of Asia Minor, Syria, and Mesopotamia. Those tribes are by much more scattered, less warlike, and incomparably less populous than the Slavonian Christians who dwell by the Lower Danube.

In these circumstances, it appears necessary to accept the Turkish rule as a political necessity of our own day; although we trust that the time may arrive when these populations, passing now, as it were, through a chrysalis state, shall unfold themselves to complete independence. We do not see that any advantage could be gained by overthrowing the Ottoman empire: let us consider, therefore, how we may amend it; how we may realize that equality which the Porte has theoretically conceded to all its subjects alike. We must clear the way by a few words on the composition of the Turkish dominions, in respect successively of geography, of race, and of religion.

The total population of this empire, according to the latest compilations, has been estimated at 35,350,000, though no writer can attempt to compute it with more than approximate accuracy. The Ottoman dominions titularly extend over three continents, recognizing different degrees of subjection to the Sultan, according to their distance from the Porte, or according to special stipulations of partial independence. The imperial authority,

which is complete throughout the greater part of European Turkey and Asia Minor, diminishes in Syria and Mesopotamia, while in Egypt it subsides into little more than a protectorate, and at Tripoli and Tunis is acknowledged as a mere constitutional theory. The territory thus varying in point of centralization is thus marked out in point of population. There are 15,500,000 inhabitants in Europe, there are 16,050,000 in Asia, and 3,800,000 in Africa. In exclusion of the latter continent, where the rights of the Porte are merely nominal, the population of the Turkish empire is 31,550,000.

Whether we glance at European and Asiatic Turkey in respect of race or of religion, we shall find that both the Ottoman and Mohammedan elements are in an insignificant minority in Europe, while they are in a great ascendant in Asia. To deal first with the question of race, we shall see that, of the 15,500,000 inhabitants of European Turkey, there are only 1,100,000 Turks or Ottomans—or just one *fourteenth*. One half of the vast remainder is formed of Slavonians, who number 7,200,000. The next element is the Rouman, consisting chiefly of the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia. These are not of the all-pervading tribe of Slavonians, and are held by Paget to be Daco-Roman. The Roumans number 4,000,000. We thus at once account for the great majority of European Turkey. The remainder is composed of 1,500,000 Arnauts, 1,000,000 Greeks, 400,000 Armenians, and 250,000 Jews.

The composition of Asiatic Turkey is as much the reverse of this as is possible. Of its 16,000,000 of inhabitants, there are not less than 10,700,000 who are held to be Ottomans in extraction as well as Mohammedans in creed. None of the other races are very numerous. The largest is the Armenian, which numbers 2,000,000. There are also 1,000,000 Greeks, 1,000,000 Kurds, 900,000 Turcomans, 900,000 Arabs, 200,000 Syrians and Chaldeans, with the small tribes of Druses, Maronites, etc. The nearly four million inhabitants of what is nominally Turkey in Africa, are, of course, almost entirely Arabs.

If we contemplate these populations according to religion, we find that there are in European Turkey 3,800,000 Mohammedans, or 2,790,000 which are not of Ottoman extraction. These are chiefly

perverted Slavonians, or rather Slavonians who have inherited the perversion of their ancestors. There remain, therefore, on this continent, about 11,500,000 Christians, or a proportion of about *three to one*. In Asiatic Turkey the precise number of Mohammedans is not easy to ascertain, in consequence of the anomalous religions which pervade that continent, and which, though many of them originally arising out of the doctrines of the Koran, have lost all communion with, and indeed nearly all resemblance to what we suppose historical dignity demands that we should term the orthodox faith of Islam. We have seen, however, that the Ottomans alone form two thirds of Asiatic Turkey, and a majority of Kurds, Turcomans, and Arabs may be added to them as unexceptionable followers of the Prophet.

The result of this analysis is, that the Ottomans alone form nearly *two fifths* of the combined population of European and Asiatic Turkey, and that the Mohammedans of all classes form about *three fifths*. In the former continent the Turkish power is naturally weak, and the numerical inferiority of Turks, or even of Mohammedans, has perhaps originated their description as being merely encamped in Europe. But Asia is obviously the natural stronghold of the Turk; and, granting the possibility of the recreation of an independent Byzantine empire in Europe, what Christian race, it may be asked, is to govern eleven million Asiatic Ottomans, together with some four millions of tributary Moslem races? Until this question shall be answered, the scheme of emancipating small bodies of Syrian and Mesopotamian Christians, by restoring the independence of the Cross on the Danube and at Constantinople, must be regarded as idle and visionary.

But it is with Syria that we are chiefly concerned, and it is of Syria that we shall first speak. That country has long been the hot-bed of sectarianism, both Mohammedan and Christian. Viewing the former as the dominant religion, we will first deal with the offshoots of that faith. The two great parties of the Mohammedan world in Western Asia—the only ones which each arrogate pretensions to orthodoxy in prejudice of the other—are the Sunnites and the Shiites. The Sunnite is the religion of the Turk, the Shiite that of the Persian; and much of the difference of the two

creeds seems to turn upon the headship of it by the Sultan or the Shah. Nearly all Asiatics, even in the ages of Nineveh and Babylon, appear to have interwoven their government and their religion; and it ceases therefore to be surprising that the right of the head of the government to the headship of the religion should be a vital element of the faith. It naturally follows from this distinction that a Shiite is a monster of heresy in the Turkish dominions; much as a Sunnite would be in the Persian. But both these branches of the Moslem body agree in the spirituality which characterizes their respective faiths, in contradistinction to such worship as that practised by the Druses, of

"Wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human."

The Druse religion is historically no doubt a development of Mohammedanism, but with hardly any greater resemblance to it than the worship of the Golden Calf in Horeb had to the Commandments of Moses. The whole spirit of the Druse religion stands out in the strongest antagonism to the doctrines of the Koran. It appears to date from about the year 1000, and to have been founded by Hakem, Caliph of Egypt at that time. As the Mohammedans profess that Moses and others were prophets, but that Mohammed was the greatest of all, so the early Druses appear to have held that Moses and Mohammed were prophets, but that Hakem was greater than either. Thus far their religion was marked by some Oriental decency. Cairo was then the chief seat of the Druse or Hakem faith, which was apparently little more at that time than a superstructure to Mohammedanism. Gibbon, in treating of the fanaticism of that period, gives us a sketch of the early followers of Hakem. It appears that, before their lapse into open idolatry, a broad distinction had grown up between the Druse religion and Mohammedanism, on the question of religious persecution. It had long been a traditionary maxim of Mahommedanism, inscribed indeed in the Koran, that "the bent head should not be struck off;" and, though Mohammedan conquerors have not always observed it, there is no doubt that it has been more frequently maintained than violated by the house of Othman. But the Hakemites, or Druses, are detailed by Gibbon as religious persecutors in the first age of their history; and this

distinction is singularly perpetuated to our own day. Among the horrors committed a few months ago by the Druses on the Christians, we read of forced proselytism, and of distinctively religious persecution.

It must be acknowledged that great obscurity rests upon the present religion of the Druses; and it appears that that people, like many Asiatic tribes, are divided into an initiated few and an uninitiated many; the former alone being depositaries of the Druse religion, such as it is, and the latter being absolutely ignorant of it. Modern travelers, however, tell us that the Druses worship either an ox or a calf; and on the ground that the soul of Hakem, under that belief in metempsychosis which seems to be the refuge of those who have no distinct theory for the future of the soul, transmigrated into a calf. Mr. Wortabet, whose work on Syria may be in some respects out of date, but who writes with the authority of a Syriote Englishman, divides the Druses into the Akkals or wise, and into the Djehals or ignorant; and he describes the former as the absolute spiritual leaders of the community. It would seem that the mass of the Druses are by much too stupid and ignorant to have any appreciable religion whatever.

Apart from these vague theological characteristics, there are certain incidents in the moral and religious character of the Druses which tend to offer some explanation of their conduct. Their religion is a sealed book against strangers; and they hold it to be no murder to take the life of any one who has gained acquaintance with their religious belief. Perhaps no more complete illustration of what is termed on this side of the Adriatic "reserve in religious communication" was ever recorded of any community. But, beyond this religious jealousy, the Druses possess a social jealousy in an equal degree. Travelers in the Lebanon assure us that instances have occurred in which a Druse has murdered his female family on the ground of a stranger having inquired for them. It is also a canon of law among them that the fact of a Druse addressing his wife, "Go to your father's house," without adding the saving words, "and come back again," is equivalent to a divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*. What would become of Sir Cresswell Cresswell in such a land as this? It seems also that the Druses enter into

incestuous marriages. In spite, however, of all this doctrinal bathos, there appears to be some conception of the difference between good and evil even in their views of the transmigration of the soul. A virtuous man, they assure us, reënters into his own species: a good old man becomes the soul of a new-born child; but a wicked man degenerates into a dog. Probably, according to the Druses, this is the first step in the declining scale of intellectual demoralization; for the Turk regards the dog much as the ancient Egyptian regarded the cat, or at any rate as the Roman regarded the goose: he literally feeds the dogs publicly in the capital, and this honor is conferred on no other animal.

Here is a hasty portraiture of the Druses, and it may be assumed that such a nation requires the strict coercion of the dominant government. Though only 150,000 in point of population, they are at once warlike and astute, and therefore formidable to their Christian neighbors, in comparison of their numbers. The deference which they habitually exhibit to Europeans is perhaps but an evidence of their discernment between the martial character of European and the effeminacy of Asiatic Christians.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter at length into the characteristics of the other non-Christian sects in Syria. But several may be mentioned. There are, for example, the Metawileh, the Nusairiyeh, and the Yezidis, or Devil Worshipers. None of these sects pretend to the importance of the Druses in Syrian politics; but they are so many contingent enemies, so many standing menaces, to those Christian races whom it is at once our right and our duty to defend, in spite of their errors.

Such is the antagonism presented to Christianity by the Mohammedan and other anomalous religions of Syria. We now turn to the Christians themselves: we believe that the various churches scattered over Syria and Palestine do not exceed 600,000 in the aggregate number of their devotees. There are, nevertheless, ten different churches in this region, exclusively both of the Nestorian Christians of Mesopotamia and of the different Protestant communities in Syria itself, which have been of recent foundation. But the Greeks and the Maronites form the staple of the Christians comprehended under

these different religious denominations, and are fully three fourths of them. The former number about 250,000, the latter 200,000. The Maronites, for whom so much sympathy has deservedly been entertained, are held to be descendants of the ancient Syrians; their name being now taken, not from their origin, but from the founder of their branch of the Church, who was their first bishop in the seventh century.

The Maronites nearly adopt the ritual of the Greek Church, while they accept the supremacy of the Pope; and this characteristic essentially assimilates them to the Greek Catholic Church; a distinct body, however, and a distinct race—one also much less numerous, and comprehending less than 40,000 devotees. Probably no other Christian body are equally devoted to the interests of the Pope with the Maronites, unless it be the Jesuits themselves. The result of their character in this respect is to be found in the reciprocal support which they derive from the Vatican, and in that which they have long received from the French Government, as the chief defender of the Latin Church. In some respects they assimilate themselves even in ritual to the Roman Catholics, and discard the ceremonies of the Greek Church. They are, however, described by all travelers as inexorable propagandists, jealous of interference, while actively interfering with the customs of their neighbors, asserting rigid claims to orthodoxy, and disdainful of the pretensions of other churches. Our own Protestant missionaries concur with lay travelers in giving them this reputation. It may be well conceived that such characteristics would provoke the hostility of a neighboring tribe, especially of such a tribe as the Druses, marked by the same jealousies and the same rival passions with their own.

The Maronites, in point of locality, are divided between the mountaineers and the people of the towns and the plain. They extend from Aleppo on the north to Nazareth on the south, and from beyond Damascus on the west nearly to the shore of the Mediterranean; and they are also scattered over the whole district of Mount Lebanon. Their living language is Arabic, but the language of their ecclesiastical records is Syriac; and they are apt to use the two languages in ordinary corre-

spondence, so far as to write the Syriac in Arabic characters.

The chief branch of Christianity in Syria—the Greek—is in reality a communion of Christian Arabs, designating themselves the Catholic and Apostolic Oriental Church. The upper clergy are, however, commonly Greeks by birth, while the secular or parochial clergy are Arabs. This church is *par excellence* the established church of Turkey in Asia, if such a term may be applied where there is, in respect, at any rate, of endowment, no establishment whatever for the inferior and secular clergy. The four famous patriarchates—of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem—belong to this church. The Greek Catholic Church is also formed of an Arabic body; the contradistinction of its adoption of Eastern ritual and Latin polity being sharper and more precise than in the case of the Maronites, who, as we have said, are Syrians and not Arabs. The Greek Catholics are probably the best instructed of the Christians of Syria, the higher class of their priesthood being sent to Rome for their education.

The other branches of the Syrian Christians will hardly attract much attention. There are the Latins, a small body, found chiefly in Jerusalem and the neighboring towns—the Syrian Catholics, the Jacobites, the Armenian Catholics, the Armenians, (distinct from the former,) the Abyssinians, and the Copts. The Protestants of Syria have, however, a special claim on our support, as distinctively our co-religionists; but, numerically insignificant as they are, they consist at once of the Congregational, the Dutch Reformed, the three branches of the Presbyterian, the Campbellite Baptist Churches of the United States, Episcopalians and Baptists from England, Presbyterians of the Established and Free Churches in Scotland and Ireland, and Lutherans from North Germany.

Considering the numerical insignificance of all our fellow-Christians in Syria, in comparison with the Mohammedans and other infidels around them, and also the isolation and the mutual jealousy of these churches, it is obviously impossible to concoct any scheme for their future safety independently of the *suzeraineté* of a Mohammedan government. Our object must be to render the Ottoman Porte more and more directly responsible to Europe for

the welfare of its Christian subjects; and, if all other measures shall be found insufficient, a European force, composed equally of the troops of all the powers guaranteeing the Turkish empire, must be permanently quartered in Syria at the expense of the Turkish Government. It may be objected that such a measure would be nearly equivalent to a partitioning of Syria; and no doubt it would provoke grave difficulties. But no humane governments will allow the sense of their own difficulties to intercept the accomplishment of such a measure, if it can be shown to be really necessary to the peace of the country.

It is not, perhaps, a singular distinction that in Asia Minor, where the Christians are much more numerous, and also less divided into rival churches than in Syria, they are scarcely ever visited by persecution. We have said that the total number of Christians in Syria does not exceed 600,000. But in Asia Minor there are nearly 2,500,000, and they belong almost exclusively to the Greek and Armenian churches. Powerful from numbers, and powerful also from comparative union, they are much less assailable by those fanatical and anomalous sects which in these ages have been more annoying than the orthodox Mohammedans. One can hardly suppose that the Greeks and Armenians of Asia Minor are much less quarrelsome by nature than the Greeks and Maronites of Syria. We must therefore look for one explanation of the scenes which we have just witnessed around Mount Lebanon, in the insignificant numbers, the religious divisions, and the geographical isolation peculiar to the Syrian Christians. If the Christians of Asia Minor were to be attacked, it is quite possible that they would overpower the same class of oppressors. Those Greeks by religious profession who are also Greeks by physical origin, are intellectually the dominant race of Asia Minor. They are rarely, however, to be found inland. Upon the eastern coast of the *Ægean*, at Smyrna, at Ephesus, and other Levantine cities, they are settled in vast numbers, and among them are the leading mercantile capitalists of Asia Minor. The same may be said, also, of the Armenians, the bankers of that race being the richest in Turkey. The Greeks, too, are a much more energetic people than the Turks, and we entertain but little ap-

prehension for their ability to hold their own against all despoilers. Nevertheless, it would be not impossible that in the far interior of Asia Minor—where the Christians are somewhat more scattered, and are less endowed with European energy and intelligence—a similar triumph might be wreaked upon them by some other barbarous tribes in the region of the Euphrates, if the disconnection of those countries from European intrigue did not reassure us for their continued tranquillity. *Partant pour la Syrie* is the ambition of the whole French nation, and a descent on the Danube as the highway to Constantinople is equally the ambition of the Muscovite. But neither French nor Russians care to establish their authority in the remoter districts of Asia Minor.

In dealing, therefore, with the subject of the Christian races under Turkish rulers, it is necessary to make three distinctions in the situation of these Christians. There are, first, those of Syria, now, in spite of all their errors of conduct, the objects of our preëminent solicitude; defenseless by numbers, by isolation, and by their own internal differences. There are, next, the Christians of Asia Minor, too powerful, as we hope, and too united to be successfully assailed by the infidel tribes around them; yet neither powerful enough nor ambitious enough to disturb the Turkish sovereignty. For even in Asia Minor, as well as in Syria, the Christians in point of numbers form but a small minority, there being 8,000,000 Turks and other infidel races in Asia Minor alone. There are, thirdly, the Christians of European Turkey, who, as we have seen, are there as greatly in the numerical ascendant, and who cherish their traditions of Byzantine sovereignty. The object of France is, accordingly, to occupy Syria in the name of protection; the object of Russia to incite the European Christians to an active insurrection against the Porte.

The advantage possessed by Russia in this unceasing labor is that nearly the whole of the Christians are more or less her co-religionists. There are only 260,000 Roman Catholics. The immense remainder of European Christians are either Greek or Armenian; and the Armenians are probably almost as amenable to her religious influence as the Greeks. In European Turkey it is the great difficulty of the Porte to maintain its own author-

ity; in Syria it is equally its difficulty to procure the recognition of the rights which it has conceded to the Christians.

Let us see then, for a moment, what are the actual laws of the Turkish empire, defining the civil position and legal advantages of the Christians. For this purpose we must glance at the constitutional history of Turkey during the last twenty years. It will be remembered that Sultan Mahmoud, after the defeats which resulted in the peace of Adrianople, set to work to reform his government. What government does not "shut its stable-door when its steed is stolen?" Austria, since Villafranca, is now doing the same thing, well knowing that, if she had begun to reform five years ago, there would have been no Villafranca to blot her history. Sultan Mahmoud reigned for eleven years after Adrianople; that is, from 1829 to 1840. But his reforms, important as they were, were in a great degree military and civil; at any rate the constitutional changes which he introduced are but the groundwork, and that, too, a very narrow one, of the superstructure which his successor reared. He did much, however, to transform Turkish administration from an Asiatic to a European character. But four months after his death the *Tanzimat* was published by Abdul Medjid. To avoid confusion it may be observed that this charter is substantially the same with the *Hatti-Scheriff* of Gülhané, into which it was afterwards embodied. It is believed that this change in Turkish laws was for a considerable period in contemplation of the ministers of the late Sultan. The edict itself traces its own threefold object in these words:

"1. The guarantees which will insure our subjects perfect security for their lives, their honor, and their property.

"2. A regular method of collecting and establishing the taxes.

"3. An equally regular method of levying and recruiting the army, and fixing the period of service."

No one can peruse this celebrated document and resist the conclusion that it is the faithful expression of an administrative liberality which must have excited the strongest hopes at the period of its publication. It is to be apprehended, however, that the influence of the great Powers procured the concession of the *Tanzimat*. We shall not dilate upon the terms of this capitulation, because it has

been greatly enlarged by the *Firman* of the twenty-first of February, 1856, which is the present charter of the Christians. This wider concession was obtained with the view of reconciling the support of the Western Powers to an Oriental despotism, with the regard due to the co-religionists of those supporting Powers. In fact, the regeneration of Turkey, which the Allies, on laying down their arms, desired to effect, was reposed by them on this document, jointly with the Treaty of Paris, signed by the seven Powers in the following month. The treaty aimed to guarantee the Turkish empire from aggression from without; the *firman* aimed to guarantee the Christians the enjoyment of an equality with the Mohammedans under the municipal law of Turkey.

With respect to the religious exercises of the Christians and to the "establishment" of their faith, as we apply the term in this country, the provisions are ample. Thus, there is one clause in this *firman* to the following effect:

"As all religions can be exercised freely, no one will be molested on account of his religion, and no one forced to change his religion."

This is fair in theory, but failing in practice.

Again, it is laid down that the chiefs of the Christian and Jewish communities shall take an oath of allegiance to the Porte, and this extends to the "patriarchs, archbishops, vicars, bishops, and rabbis." In return for such a recognition of the civil supremacy of the Porte, the Porte undertakes to provide revenues for the Christian clergy, and to place their churches and schools in repair. "Fixed revenues" are promised to all Christian ministers, in lieu of the "contributions and casual profits," which the *firman* designates as constituting their former gains, and which, indeed, unless the clergy followed, as occasionally happened with the Greek priests, some secular avocation, formed their only means of living. In a word, the Turkish Government assumed very much the responsibility of that system of ecclesiastical centralization which, since the Concordat of the Pope with the first Napoleon, has prevailed in France.

It will be perceived, without adducing other declarations of the *Firman* of 1856, that the Porte here undertook much more than it could achieve, either in respect of its administrative vigor or of its financial

solvency. To carry out a mighty social revolution, assailing the innate notions of every Mohammedan who had a grain of orthodoxy about him, required equal vigilance and power. To encounter the pecuniary responsibility which this new system involved, required an opulence not at all to be expected of a government which borrows money at six per cent, and whose stock is down at sixty; in other words, of a government which is paying ten per cent on the market price of its loans. The Firman has broken down; and every man acquainted with the internal condition of Turkey must have seen that it would break down for want of means to carry out its resolutions.

We might refer to several other changes of corresponding importance in this charter. One, however, shall suffice. It is known that the capitation tax was, until 1856, a law of the Turkish empire, which at once illustrates the traditional theoretic tolerance of the Turk, and marks his sense of the inferiority of the Christian. The Christian was not deemed worthy to bear arms—partly, perhaps, because a fanatical race of Mohammedans thought it imprudent to trust him with them—and he paid a tax per head in place of contributing personally to the service of the state. This tax was collected in an invidious manner, and was associated with several circumstances of degradation. The fact of its existence affords, nevertheless, a plea for the tolerance of the Turk. But when the Firman of 1856 declared that all religions should be equal before the law, it was necessary to abolish a degrading distinction affecting one of them. At the same time, it would have been no boon to the Christians to have passed from the ignominious refuge of the capitation tax to a subjection to conscription into the ranks of the Turkish army. Accordingly, while the Christians came under the law of military service, they were permitted to pay a pecuniary equivalent.

There can be no doubt that if laws such as these could but be carried into actual working, the Turkish Government would afford a much better security for the freedom of the Christians than the despotisms of Russia and Austria. On the other hand, the priests of the Eastern Church, who are held in monetary thralldom by Russia, and who hold their own congregations in spiritual thralldom to

themselves in turn, incessantly preach the restoration of Christian rule at Constantinople as the only means of the liberty of those congregations, until the realization of that object has now grown into a species of fanaticism, originating in prospects of temporal advantage. The simple Bulgarians, Servians, or Bosnians can form no judgment of the tyranny which a cognate religion would impose upon them, if the Russian authority extended to the Bosphorus. Neither Tanzimat, Hattis-Scheriff, nor Firman is of value, in their eyes, in comparison with the glorious expectation of a reestablishment of Christian power at Constantinople. Let the enjoyment of the privileges conceded in these charters be as great as it may, there will still be an ulterior ambition in the mind of the Christian of European Turkey. We can therefore but anticipate, in that part of the empire, an incessant warring on the established government by the subject races. This result may be disappointing to statesmen who desire to maintain the Ottoman rule, in order to save European complications, and who may deem the Christians along the Danube eminently ungrateful. Certainly, it is the interest of the Porte to carry out, in their full extent, the reforms it declared four years ago, if only because it will thereby diminish—though, we apprehend, it can never destroy—this adverse pressure. If, on the other hand, these advantages can be fully obtained by the Christian in European Turkey, it is equally his interest—though he is unable to appreciate it—not to precipitate the fall of the Mohammedan state; both because the replacing of the Turkish dominion by the Russian, which would now be the infallible result, would transfer him from one harsh despotism to a harsher one; and because the prolongation of Turkish rule until the Christian states shall have developed themselves, is likely to result in their final emancipation from every foreign authority, whether Turk or Russian. The Turkish dominion in Europe is evidently doomed; but, although the time may arrive when it shall please Providence to restore the supremacy of the Christian faith in Syria and Palestine, Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, we must acknowledge that we can at present discern no evidence of the approach of that epoch.

Looking, however, to the Turkish em-

pire in all its provinces as a dominion presumptively immovable in our own age, we have to consider simply how we can realize those concessions which have been declared to the Christians of all communions, how we can render tolerable an evil which we can not eradicate. Half the difficulty of this problem lies in the mingled imbecility and venality of the Turkish administration. The Turks, even in the ages of their martial glory, were so ill qualified to conduct public business, that they were compelled to call in the aid of the Phanariot Greeks. The Greeks were then, were always, and still remain, clever but venal; the Turks, indolent, though commonly honest. Indeed, it requires a very accurate knowledge of Turkish administration to appreciate the due share of the Turkish race in the official misdeeds which have been committed in the name of the Sultan. One half of the Pashas, for example, it is probable, are Greek perverts. The historical alternative, in the diffusion of patronage, has lain between the two races; neither does there appear to be any other race of men from whom public officers can be chosen. Accordingly, the future of Turkish administration appears to lie between a

slovenly honesty and venal craft. Until this is changed, new edicts, requiring all the authority of government for their enforcement, must remain little better than obsolete laws. Our personal experience of Turkey before the Crimean war led us to the conclusion that the great difficulty of that state then lay in its administrative weakness. We now find that, four years after the conclusion of hostilities which at first threatened the extinction of its European dominion, Turkish administration is apparently irreclaimable. We say therefore, at once, that we apprehend there is here an evil without a cure. We may apply palliatives, no doubt. We may rouse the government periodically; in Syria, we may interpose an army of occupation, and we may endeavor to increase the capacity of the Christians in that country to defend themselves. And we believe that this is all we can do. We fear that Turkish history will be a weary one for Europe; and we have little hope for the future of a government which, whether in Europe or Asia, we can not at present attempt to displace without encountering the probability of instituting a worse.

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RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES. *

BY PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

PART II.

THE Cardinal Legate had withdrawn to Monte-Fiascone, and, in the name of the Pope, concluded a close alliance with the Colonnas, the Orsini, and all the nobles who were the most bitterly hostile to Rienzi. They all prepared to attack Rome, or reduce the city by famine, in investing it. The danger was imminent. The Tribune made an appeal to all classes

of citizens, and to the peasantry. A few barons responded to his appeal, and among them John of Vico, who entered the city with one hundred horsemen, and a supply of corn. But rumors of treason were circulating about his intentions. Vico, on his arrival, did not go at once to the Capitol. Rienzi invited him with his son and principal companions to a banquet, kept them all prisoners, disarmed their soldiers, whose arms and horses he distributed to his own followers. He had made hasty preparations, when he learnt that the

* Continued from page 107.

enemy, with about five thousand men, had encamped within about three miles of Rome. He had not neglected his usual mode of rousing the enthusiasm of the Romans. He related to the assembled people that his patron, Saint Martin, had promised him victory; that Pope Boniface had appeared to him during the night, and announced to him a battle in which he would be avenged of the insults of the Colonnas; after which he divided his army into three corps, and at their head, marched towards one of the gates of Rome. The army of the barons was advancing during the dead of night, with old Colonna and his son at their head. Their intention was to surprise the city, having bribed some of the guards, who having been changed, baffled the whole plan. When Stephen Colonna beheld the failure of the attack, he resolved, with his colleagues, to defile in battle array before the city, in order to brave the enemy. They were thus passing close to the gate of the city, near Rienzi and his bands, with trumpets sounding tauntingly, exasperating the Romans within, who were foaming with fury, when the city gate was suddenly flung open. The younger Colonna, thinking that his companions had entered, darted in, and the Romans receding, somewhat taken by surprise, he boldly dashed on the Tribune, who, being overthrown, exclaimed, "Great God, will you betray me?" In the meantime the Romans, having recovered from their momentary stupor, overpowered and slaughtered the younger Colonna; and the old man and nobles hastening to the rescue, they were received with fury, and all cut down or obliged to take to flight.

This was a great victory. Seven Colonnas had fallen. Old Stephen was almost broken-hearted. The nobles were panic-struck. Rienzi did not know his advantage. His febrile accessions of delirious excitement were always followed by a state of prostration. It must have been with him the result of his physical constitution. His fainting fits were more frequent than formerly. Moreover, success led him to great display, and to festivals instead of to the completion of an enterprise. The next day he went to the field of battle with his son, accompanied by one hundred knights; he made inhuman difficulties about granting the permission for burying the illustrious dead. He

picked up some earth, moist with blood, and shed it on the head of his son, in proclaiming him "Knight of Victory." The whole of this scene created great disgust among many of his adherents. The massacre of the Colonnas had estranged also many of his partisans. But he had promised the Roman militia a pay which he could not grant without levying a new tax. The people, in many groups, were murmuring loudly at his pride, profuse display, and banquets, and protesting indignantly against the chance of fresh taxation. In the meantime, Rienzi was inactive, no longer assembling the people on the Forum, remaining surrounded by the lowest populace. The Legate of the Pontiff, on the other hand, displayed a surpassing activity, watching the general discontent. He skillfully launched among the Romans a terrible manifesto, addressed by the Pope to the people, in which the usurpations of Rienzi, his cruelties and follies, were enumerated and stigmatized, closing by the announcement of a decree of excommunication on both the Tribune and the city, which would soon follow. He had, moreover, received from Avignon a large sum to assist the barons, who now surrounded the city again and threatened it with famine. The menace of a famine, and the excommunication, were more than enough to cool the enthusiasm of the Romans. Rienzi himself was discouraged. He thought he felt the palace of the Capitol tremble under him every night. An owl that came on the battlements of the Capitol frightened him during his sleep by its shriek; it was driven away, but returned again and again. He thus allowed days and sleepless nights to pass without forming any resolution.

During this state of superstitious weakness and irresolution, the Legate published the decree of excommunication. Rienzi roused himself, and resolved not to fall without resistance. His council had refused him the authority to increase the tax upon salt, and to appoint a captain of war; he now endeavored to change the majority in the council hostile to him, and convoked new elections in the districts of Rome. The majority of the ballot went against him. He tried one last effort, which could not but prove a failure. In the presence of the crowd assembled at the Capitol he annulled all his former decrees, so characterized by their arrogance, pretensions, and usurpations;

he promised to submit to the instructions of the Pontiff, and cancelled the superior authority he had awarded to the Roman people. This crest-fallen, unmanly profession of faith of the Tribune was received with loud murmurs by both his partisans and his enemies. In the meantime the Legate was forming a secret plot for the ruin of the Tribune, with the Colonnas, the Savelli, and a Condottiere, Pepino, Count of Minarmino, who was commissioned by the King of Hungary to collect soldiers to march against the Queen of Naples. Rienzi, hoping for some assistance from that king, did not anticipate the hostility of Pepino, although he had shortly before banished him from Rome for having committed some act of plunder at Terracina. On the fifteenth of December, a bill was placarded at the gate of the castle of St. Angelo, exciting the people to free themselves from the excommunicated Tribune. Rienzi ordered it to be torn down, and summoned its author to his Tribunal. But in the evening of that day the cries of "Death to the Tribune" were heard clamored in several parts of the city. Early the next morning the belfry of the Capitol called the people to arms. No one answered it. Every party sought its safety in its district. Rienzi sallied out, followed by a few remaining soldiers; the people at last, gradually, slowly, collected. He tried once more the magic power of his eloquence, but his faith in himself was gone; he spoke with a feminine nervousness, of all he had done, of the injustice and ingratitude he was subjected to. He wept abundantly; many wept with him, and when he begged to be released from the authority that had been intrusted to him seven months before, not one dissenting voice was heard. Probably, as a last mark of respect, a silent crowd accompanied him and his wife, who was concealed under a monkish robe and hood, to the Castle of Angelo. All the gates of the city were immediately thrown open. The barons returned; the Legate installed himself at the Capitol. The Tribune was declared solemnly a heretic, sacrilegious, and hung in effigy. Two senators were appointed, and his government abolished. Again Rienzi made one last attempt; he had one of his symbolical pictures affixed to the gate of the Church of Santa Maddalena; but the Romans had latterly suffered from famine; they paid no attention

to the allegory, which fell, destroyed, and soiled by a rabble of boys, whilst Rienzi, beholding his powerlessness, disappeared from Rome. But in the interval between his fall and this last attempt Rienzi had gone to Civita Vecchia, where his nephew commanded the fort, leaving his wife, sons, and relations in Rome, where, through the generosity of old Stephen Colonna, they lived secure and tranquil. When the nephew was obliged to surrender the fort, Rienzi, skillfully disguised, returned to Rome, to the Castle of St. Angelo, where, it appears by the published documents, that two of the Orsini were plotting to have him taken in order to give him up to the Legate, or have him hanged or murdered. Their death alone saved him. It is well established that he left Rome and fled in the direction of Naples, towards the end of January, 1348.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his brilliant romance, attributes this first fall of his hero to the excommunication and its blighting results. But the excommunication alone could not have worked such a change among the Romans. The history of the fourteenth century, and of Florence especially, abounds with instances when this pontifical ultimatum was powerless and often braved. Rienzi had committed gross political errors, among which the most fatal to him were his folly of summoning the Emperor to his tribunal and his insulting and expelling the pontifical vicar, who was disposed to favor and support him. He certainly evinced flashes of genius and energy, but proved himself a mystical, literary Utopian, devoid of many of the leading characteristics of a statesman. His heedlessness, puerile ostentation, and extravagance, disgusted the people. Many of his acts of despotism destroyed also the public confidence, and when at the last moment he abandoned his pompous titles, annulled his former ordinances, these sudden changes and exaggerated concessions were received as a testimony of his weakness, and as a proof that self-interest alone had actuated him in all his proceedings—hence a mass of the people abandoned him and joined his enemies.

Rienzi was now a wandering outcast, but far from being discouraged. Being abandoned by all parties, he turned to one of those Condottieri, the scourge of Italy—men who for a certain sum of

money undertook every thing. The German, Werner, one of the boldest adventurers, who called himself "the enemy of God and of mercy," was then not far from Rome with his lawless band. He had, a few years previously, plundered twelve large cities of Northern Italy, and braved the united forces of the Visconti and the Scala. The fallen Tribune proposed to this brigand to join him and attempt a surprise of Rome. They came near the city. Had they suddenly attacked it, they might have succeeded, for a part of the people, suffering from the cruelty of the nobles, were already regretting Rienzi. But they hesitated, and gave time to the Legate to assemble troops and take measures of defense. Moreover, Rienzi had collected, through his friends, an indispensable sum of money, and one of his agents, Papeneordt says his own brother, fled with it. The Condottiere, unwilling to act without subsidies, and seeing Rome well guarded, turned away towards Naples, leaving, in his way, Rienzi safe in one of the wildest solitudes of the Apennines, in a convent of some poor mystical monks, dissenters of the Order of St. Francis, who, in the mountains of the Majella, spent their lives in contemplation, prayer, and in the expectation of purer times, of a general reform in the Church, and of a universal fraternal poverty. This year, (1348,) during which the memorable black plague transformed Europe into a huge charnel-house, the fearful earthquake that followed, which shook Rome to its very foundations, was well calculated to confirm the poor monks in their forebodings and visions, and lead all warm imaginations to share them. Rienzi joined the monks in all their ecstatic reveries and in their abstinence; he inflamed them with his mystical eloquence and ambitious projects. The mutual febrile exaltations, the yearnings for days of purity and spiritual greatness, continued. Rienzi was beheld as a prophet by the poor monks. He has himself afterwards related his residence in the Majella, and it seems that he has exaggerated the austerity, poverty, and humility of these solitaries.

At the commencement of 1350, the most revered hermit in the country, Fra Angelo, came to Rienzi, knelt before him, urged him to action in a pathetic address, observing that he had long enough been

in penitence and retreat, that the day of salvation of all had come, for the accomplishment of which two men had been elected, the Emperor Charles IV. and Cola, the Knight of the Holy Ghost, who must hasten to the Emperor, who will aid him to crush the bad passions and regenerate Rome and the Church. However flattering such a proposition could be to the ambition and mysticism of the Tribune, his former conduct to the Emperor made him hesitate as to its being practicable; but the mystical remonstrances and prophetic visions of the friar could not fail to captivate and persuade an imaginative and enterprising nature. It was the year of the Jubilee, the celebration of which had been obtained by the Tribune. Twelve hundred thousand Christian pilgrims had fallen upon Rome. Rienzi could not resist the temptation. He came also. Moreover, he was no longer safe in the Majella. The Archbishop of Naples was preparing snares to have him taken and given up to the Pope. Cola, lost among the masses of people, now at Rome, found many of his old associates and friends, excited their discontent against the Legate, and spoke fervently of his new projects. As the Cardinal was, according to custom, visiting the churches, two arrows pierced his hat: no one was found in the house whence they came. The prelate suspected Rienzi of being at least an accomplice in the attempt, and he requested earnestly the Pope to accept his resignation. Still, it was not by any means a propitious time to attempt a revolutionary movement in Rome, as the whole population was absorbed by the Jubilee, which they more especially considered as a most advantageous speculation to themselves, and from which their attention could not be drawn away by any political consideration, nor by any Tribune however beloved.

The month of July, 1350, Prague, where resided the Emperor Charles IV., beheld the arrival of Rienzi, who went straightway to the Court, and threw himself at the feet of his Imperial Majesty, whom he addressed in a mystical language, expressive of the purity of his intentions when he governed Rome, confessing the pride that had blinded him, how power had intoxicated him, and how much he had subsequently suffered when God had cast him down in the abyss.

He concluded by imploring the imperial protection, and proclaiming that the sword of the Emperor must cut down all tyrants, adding that crows take to flight before the eagle. The Emperor, astonished, listened to him favorably, promised his pardon for the past, and consented to listen to his projects. The allusions of the enthusiastic outcast referred to nothing less than the universal monarchy of the empire, and the supremacy of the State over the Church after the long triumph and ascendancy of the Pontifical See: they were all accompanied by prophetic assurances of the protection of the Holy Ghost, of ultimate success in all reforms, till the day when the world would offer a perfect unity in government and creed, when the Emperor, Cola di Rienzi, and the Pope would offer in this world the image of the Holy Trinity. Charles IV. was a practical man, hostile to chimerical ideas, and attached to the Pope and the Church. Nevertheless, he requested the Tribune to give him in writing all he had heard him express; and entertaining some doubt about his orthodoxy, he requested the Archbishop of Prague to watch over him, to keep him a prisoner, but with kind treatment.

Now Rienzi became subjected to endless conversations and argumentations with the Archbishop and many German doctors and scholars who visited him. In all he evinced dashes of heresy. In his memoir to the Emperor, he alludes for the first time to the report which supposed him to be the son of Henry VII., an indelicate disgrace on the honor of his mother; he asserts the prophecy which selected him as a precursor—a St. John—of a new Christ, depicting vividly the corruption of the Avignon Court and the wretchedness of Rome. The Emperor, who had great pretensions to theological learning, condescended to answer the infatuated exile in conversations, and especially in writing; he did so as a faithful son of the Church, defending the orthodoxy, upbraiding Cola for his pride and vanity, pitying Rome and Italy, but protesting that the imperial power could not regenerate them, and announcing to the prisoner that as he nourished doctrines very dangerous for the salvation of his soul, he must remain in confinement to reflect and return to the Christian tenets. Rienzi replied by an incoherent ecstatic apology. Solitude, the *ennui* of captivity,

resentment, had excited his feverish imagination in the extreme. He most vehemently defended himself from the accusation of heresy, refuted all the other accusations, and expressed his lassitude of all human greatness. These documents have been collected and published by Papen-cordt; they form one of the most curious collections of mediæval history, and certainly prove that the Emperor as well as the Archbishop held in great estimation the eloquence of the fallen Tribune. The Emperor now abandoned the exiled heretic to the hands of the Archbishop of Prague, with the charge of informing regularly and legally against him. Happily for Rienzi, the generous and benevolent prelate evinced a paternal sympathy; he saw to the comfort and well-being of his prisoner, and as the fainting or epileptic fits of Cola had become more frequent, the kindest attendants were placed near him. The skillful and good old Archbishop, now obliged to carry on by correspondence the trial of his prisoner, took every means to attenuate his errors and soothe the resentment of the Pontiff. His persuasive benevolence obtained from the ardent but feeble imagination of Rienzi a series of doctrinal concessions which justified his defense of the poor outcast. The latter addressed incessantly to him letters and memoirs repudiating many of his former acts, explaining others, accusing himself of the sin of pride, and dwelling on his boundless contrition and penitence. The prelate discussed also, with a tender benevolence, his mystical ideas, and led him from concession to concession to an almost complete submission to the Church, and to a declaration that, protected by the Emperor, his sins being remitted, his faith pure—being devoted to the evangelical and apostolical doctrine—he was ready to appear before the Pontiff's tribunal, suspecting that the Pope might want his blood, but ready, nevertheless, to meet his justice.

The good Archbishop took Rienzi at his word, and announced to him that he would be sent immediately to Avignon, at the request of the Pope, but warmly recommended to the pontifical favor. A deep gloom assailed the poor prisoner when he found that he was going to be given up. A great sadness prevails in his letters written at this moment. The two letters especially which he wrote before his departure for Avignon—one to his son

and the other to Fra Angelo, the hermit of the mountains of Majella—are characterized by a tone of sadness and discouragement, blended with a presentiment of his approaching end, not to be met with in any of his compositions. In the first, to his son, he dwells on the everlasting belief in the future renovation of the world; he urges the youth to be patient and humble—to forget his father, who will soon be with God, and to obey his other father, Fra Angelo, to whom he leaves him, and who will show him the ways of the Lord. In the other, to Fra Angelo, he dwells on his sufferings—he considers them as the fulfillment of a prophecy—he blesses his prison—speaks of his flood of tears, and of his soul that does not despair in sorrow, because after this deluge the dove will return to the ark with the branch of olive tree; and affecting closes the epistle with these words: “No longer think of me; I am to be given up to the Pope, who longs for my blood as I am yearning for the celestial Jerusalem; think of yourselves only, brothers; remain concealed and pray for my sins. My wife, the star of my house, has already taken the veil in the order of Santa Clara, with her two dear daughters. Fra Angelo! I intrust my son to you, to lead him away from the world, towards the true light. It is the only legacy I leave to you. As to the few arms, jewels, and other things which are deposited in a concealed spot, in the Abruzzi, and of which my son has no need, pray have them sold, and if a pilgrim brother goes to the Holy Land, let him, with the value, raise a chapel in which my soul may rest in peace; and if the infidels prevent him from doing so, let him divide the money among the poor priests or Christians of Jerusalem.” This touching epistle reveals, more especially, the singular dualism of Rienzi’s nature. His soul could not exist bereft of his holy mother, the Church, nor cling too warmly to his beloved ideal, modern liberty. He was the victim of that period of transition during which he lived—torn by the two elements, a mystical faith, and a mind enriched with the treasures of antiquity, in advance of his time. His mind and heart were indulging in the hope and dream of a union between the past and future. The Holy Ghost, refuge of all the fervent men of that age, was to be the great link of unity. His dream assumed gigantic proportions;

it shattered his naturally feeble intellect—he fell; but, in falling, his dying eyes and imploring hands were directed towards the cross of his Saviour.

Rienzi was brought to Avignon in the month of August, (1351.) The people crowded to gaze silently on the man who had been the idol of the Romans, and the object of so many splendid festivities. Petrarch says that he arrived between two common soldiers, looking sad and cast down. Thanks to the benevolent efforts of the Archbishop of Pragne, he was not to appear before his judges charged with the crime of heresy, but simply of disobedience to the Holy See. The three Cardinals appointed to judge him did not manifest a kindly disposition towards him. He was thrown into a dungeon, with one foot fastened to a chain riveted to the wall. His prison at Avignon, the old tower in the suburb of Villeneuve, is still shown. Although the imprisonment was harsh, yet he may not have suffered otherwise; for, if we are to believe the cotemporary biographer, Rienzi was fat and ruddy in the Avignon prison, and commenced to give way to habits of intemperance, which subsequently brutalized him considerably. The trial was secret and rapidly terminated. Nothing remains of it—not a note, not a word. The accused outcast was not even allowed a human being for the defense. Petrarch wrote secretly in his favor, without daring to sign his letters. The fallen Tribune, abandoned by all, was found guilty and condemned to death. But Provence, the land of the Troubadours, was then the part of Europe where intellectual culture and poetry were the most honored and beloved. Although Rienzi was not a poet, his erudition was celebrated; it had been the basis of his power and fortune; and let it be an eternal honor to the humanizing influence of letters, that the inhabitants of Avignon felt indignant that a scholar—a literary character—should be condemned to bring his head on the block; they interceded warmly in his favor, made use even of menacing language, and prepared to revolt rather than to suffer such an execution. The Pontiff, who valued the fidelity of Avignon, yielded to their demand. Rienzi was only kept a prisoner, but not severely; his books were returned to him—among them the Bible and Livy—and his food was even sent him from the pontifical kitchen,

Hence, no doubt, the change in his appearance and habits, mentioned by the biographer.

A new Pontiff, Innocent VI., was elected on the eighteenth of December, 1352. From the very day of his election he manifested a deep anxiety about the state of Italy, and the conviction that the restoration of the pontifical authority was the only remedy that could heal the evil with any efficacy. But the application of that remedy was the most difficult question. The division of power between the nobles and the people of Rome seemed to his experienced comprehension an unattainable object. He felt that no reliance could be placed on the Colonnas or the Orsini, and a representation of the Roman populace appeared impossible.

Since the fall of Rienzi the anarchy had been worse than ever; the authority of the pontifical vicars was a dead letter; sanguinary contests between the nobles with each other, and between the nobles and the people, were of constant recurrence. A citizen had been proclaimed Senator by the people, but he was soon tracked by the nobles and obliged to fly. One Orsini and one Colonna assumed in 1352 the title and functions of Lieutenants of the Roman people, and they were, not long after, assailed in a popular riot; one was stoned to death, and the other only saved himself by flight. Subsequently, the greatest nobles fought with each other at the head of their bands, and the people, in the meantime, stabbed them right and left. Finally, a citizen, a *popolare*, called Baroncelli, a former warm partisan of the Tribune, took possession of the Capitol, where he planted a white flag, and called on the support of the people for the sake of their liberty. He took the title of Second Tribune and Roman Consul—revived a great number of the laws of the first Tribune—received the oath of the captains of districts, but, notwithstanding a certain practical ability, there was every appearance that his reign would not be of long duration.

The Pope had long fixed his eyes on Cardinal Alborno as the only man who could subdue the Roman nobility. The Cardinal was a stern, dark man, who, in Spain, had warred against the Moors, intrigued at the court of Castille, and finally offered his services to the Holy See. His experience and fearless charac-

ter were well calculated to crush all the petty tyrants, crafty despots, and brigands who spread desolation in the patrimony of St. Peter. But somebody was indispensable to conciliate the Roman people and hurl down Baroncelli. Innocent VI. thought of Rienzi; he had him brought before him, and secretly gave him his instructions. Poor Cola evidently did not comprehend their drift; delirious with joy and confidence on being drawn from a dungeon, to appear again in Italy and behold Rome at his feet, he did not perceive the cruelty and policy that led to his being associated with a man like Cardinal Alborno. They took their departure, escorted by a small but excellent troop of mercenary soldiers; they crossed the Apennines, bending their way towards Rome. The Cardinal was bearer of a bull empowering him to exterminate heresy—restore the dignity and rights of the Church—annihilate the leagues formed against the pontifical rights, and enforce the restitution of the Church property. Rienzi had received a letter of instructions, worded in a somewhat ambiguous manner; it stated that the Roman Knight, Rienzi, had been absolved, delivered, and was now sent to Rome, hoping that his sufferings had brought him to his right senses, and to the laying aside of his fantastical visions, so that by his influence and industry he might reconcile the ill-intentioned. Great verbal promises had been lavished upon him at Avignon; the dignity of *Senator* being stipulated as the future reward for his services, on the condition that he would remain faithful to the Church and defend her rights to the death. During the journey, Rienzi, although exulting in his dreams for the future, awoke to the consciousness of his real position. He saw himself almost destitute of every thing; isolated, whilst the Cardinal was surrounded by valiant knights, his relations, and escorted by a little pontifical army well paid. When they all arrived at Florence, the Cardinal was received with gorgeous splendor and with honors due to a sovereign, whilst Cola remained lost in the crowd of menials unobserved. The Florentines, who had formerly feared his authority, were not disposed to encourage his political resurrection. On the way to Rome, all the partisans of the Church flocked round the Cardinal, whilst the ex-Tribune was left in solitude. Once in

the *Campagna*, however, the hopes and spirits of Rienzi began to revive; he learnt that Baroncelli had become very unpopular in Rome by his tyranny as well as want of energy, and that the people were anxious for a change, whatever it might be.

The rivalry between Rienzi and Albornoz was becoming imminent at this conjuncture. The Cardinal, in order to ingratiate himself with the Roman people, commenced by attacking the nobility. He fell on the Prefect of Vico, who was then master of ten of the best cities of the Roman States. The latter, forming an alliance with Baroncelli, conceived himself secure against his new ecclesiastical assailant; but this second Tribune was accused of treason by the Roman people in consequence of this alliance, and perished in a popular riot in December, 1353. In the meantime Albornoz, assisted by the Florentine and Perugian militia, took Orvieto and Toscanella in less than three months. The Romans felt favorably impressed by the energy and policy of the Cardinal. They sent him an embassy to offer their submission to the Holy See, and requesting him to appoint a senator. Rienzi had served honorably in the troops of Albornoz: several Romans even expressed a wish for his return; he conceived therefore that there could not be a better opportunity for the fulfillment of the Pontifical promises. But the Cardinal did not hesitate to deliver himself of his dangerous colleague. He congratulated the Romans on their submission, gave them as senator a certain Guidone, and, determined to keep Rienzi aloof, he ordered him to withdraw and remain at Perugia, leaving a small sum of money for his maintenance; whilst he, with the additional force of the Roman militia, went in pursuit of the rebellious Prefect of Vico. The fallen Tribune was stung to the quick. He saw how skillfully the prestige of his name had been annulled. He resolved to strike out a new path for himself, and to do so with a boldness that would awe his rival. At Perugia he formed the acquaintance of two brothers, Arimbaldo and Bretonne—the former was a jurist, the second a banker: he gained their friendship and confidence by the charms of his manners, and his persuasive eloquence. These new friends were brothers of the celebrated Monreale, one of the most formidable

Condottieri of the time, who was then in Italy with his great company, where he had levied heavy contributions on some of the principal cities of the Peninsula—the brothers, of Perugia, transacting extensive commercial and banking operations with these large sums.

Rienzi proposed to Arimbaldo and Bretonne an expedition on Rome, where he would share every thing with them—authority and profits—depicting the glory and advantages that would ensue in the most glowing colors; a little money and a few soldiers was all he wanted. The brothers were singularly pleased with the project. They wrote to Monreale in the most sanguine tone, as if Rome were already in their power, announcing their disposal of a large sum of money to raise and pay a small army; and, confident of his approbation, they hastened their preparations. The great Condottiere, however, manifested some misgivings about the enterprise. He was more practical and experienced than his brothers. He wrote to them that he did not precisely understand the whole plan, could not approve of it, but that as they had gone so far they must proceed; take care that the money was returned to them; and that if any obstacle arose, he would fly to their assistance with two or three thousand men. Rienzi now engaged in his service, for two months, a band of seven hundred or eight hundred horsemen that had just been dismissed by the Lord of Rimini: he paid them one month in advance. He now felt in a position to take a high tone. He represented to Albornoz that his senator was of no avail at Rome, and that he, Rienzi, alone could be useful to the Holy See, demanding a title which was due to him, and which would permit him to act. The Cardinal, anxious to continue his conquests of the castles of Romagna, gave to Rienzi the diploma of Senator, with full powers, but in the full persuasion that he could always render himself master of Rome on his return, and crush the new Senator by his presence and influence. The expedition succeeded; Rome was ready to receive the Senator; Rienzi made a solemn, magnificent entry into the Eternal City. He and his suite were splendidly equipped; he mounted a beautiful white horse, wore a scarlet mantle, embroidered with gold, and golden spurs. Triumphant arches were raised; the paths

covered with carpets, and flowers thrown in profusion on his way; with a multitude exclaiming: "Blessed be the liberator who comes to us!" The procession proceeded to the Capitol, where once more the people heard the beloved voice of their former Tribune. He addressed them briefly, stating that, after seven years of exile and suffering, the Pope had appointed him Senator, but that the approbation of the people was necessary to confirm his election, and that he came to restore order and revive the majesty of the Republic, which the nobles had trampled down. His language was not precisely that of a very obedient servant of the Pontiff. He immediately created Bretonne General of the Militia, and Arimbardo great Gonfalonier, and sent messengers to the cities of Italy, announcing his restoration. The Romans indulged in the maddest rejoicings. The nobles fled. The Senator appeared confident of the perpetuity of his triumph, authority, and power, notwithstanding the paternal letters of advice he received from the Pontiff, reminding him of his humble origin, of his sufferings, and urging him to guard against the intoxication of greatness.

The population of Rome had been deeply impressed by the difference that existed between the new Senator and their former Tribune. The Rienzi of former days, with the fantastical flashes of his eyes—with the thoughtful, pallid, aspiring expression of his physiognomy—was no more: he now appeared corpulent, bloated, with a sensual glow over his features; his long captivity, and, perhaps, the luxurious fare of the court of Avignon, had engendered a heaviness, not only on his person, but in his mind; his voice had lost its silvery tone; his words were uttered with a thick articulation—their warmth being the result of wrath instead of noble convictions. His sensual taste for the table had augmented, especially his daily potations. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton passes lightly over the latter excesses; he pities the infirmity—claims the indulgence of the reader in favor of a man obliged to have recourse to physical stimulants and momentary forgetfulness, when the intellectual solace of hope, youth, glory were commencing to abandon him. However it may be, his excesses led to the worst practical results, namely, to an outrageous exaggeration of

his faults and weaknesses. In the exercise of his authority, his resolutions were more inconstant and incoherent than formerly, passing from an insane excitement to deep discouragement. His temper had grown most irritable. His former generous sentiments appeared withered. He now proved that he loved power from selfish motives exclusively. Having experienced many deceptions and perfidies, he had lost all belief in uprightness and honesty; mistaking cruelty for authority, he now proved himself heartless and crafty, and most unsuccessfully so. He turned with fierce hatred against the Colonnas; having sent them a messenger to demand their homage, and the poor man having been sent back, mutilated, with an insolent reply, Rienzi assembled the militia and mercenaries, marched against their stronghold Palestrina, but, arriving at Tivoli, he received a first check—the first paid month of the mercenaries had expired; they refused to proceed unless they were paid again. Rienzi took aside Arimbardo and Bretonne, whom he persuaded to advance another sum by his persuasive reasonings and splendid promises. The inhabitants of Tivoli, who hated the Colonnas, came also to his assistance. He laid the siege before Palestrina, but the place, resembling much a huge eagle-nest, could only be taken by famine, and, as he was no tactician, he found no means of preventing provisions from being introduced into the stronghold. In the meantime the militia and the mercenaries quarreled, and caused great confusion in the besieging army. The siege had every appearance of being of long duration, and Rienzi suddenly departed for Rome on receiving news of events and symptoms that placed his authority in the utmost danger.

The great Condottiere Monreale had not been satisfied with the concession of his brothers. He had come to Rome, and spoken freely, even menacingly, of the Senator. He was then the most formidable personage in Italy, at the head of a sort of movable military republic. To take sudden possession of Rome, and make the Eternal City his prey, was a very probable, lofty project, in such a gigantic brigand; the circumstances were certainly very favorable for such a *coup d'état*. It is impossible to know whether Albornoz did not urge him to the enterprise. Matteo Villani

believes that the Colonnas were conniving with the formidable Condottiere for the ruin of the Senator. However, Rienzi, on his leaving the camp, had ordered Arimbardo and Bretonne to be seized and kept prisoners. On his arrival at Rome, he invited the proud and confident Monreale, with about forty of his officers, to an interview, or a banquet, and had them all assailed, bound, and taken to prison. The Condottiere was brought to trial for his crimes on the territory of the Tuscan cities; he was condemned to death and executed early the following morning, obtaining the favor of not being put to the rack, as he was Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. It appeared that, by this one bold stroke, Rienzi had delivered himself of a dangerous man, paid his debt, obtained possession of the money the Condottiere had brought with him, and entitled himself to the gratitude of the Tuscan cities. But not so. The Senator must be absolved of the accusation of having sent the Condottiere to death, in order to appropriate his treasure. Monreale was far from having brought all he possessed with him; the largest portion of this was sent to the cities of Florence and Siena, as a compensation, for the plunders they had suffered, and what remained was distributed among the mercenaries to soothe the anger at the cruel treachery. On the other hand, such is the perversion of the human heart, and the prestige exercised by crime on a large scale, that Monreale became an object of tender pity in Rome, and even in Tuscany. Rienzi addressed the people in vain, dwelling on the crimes of his victim, and on the advantage which they derived from taking possession of his arms, horses, etc. He beheld with dismay and resentment their displeasure manifested by their silence. Hoping to recover his popularity by a success, he sent against Palestrina a distinguished commander, Annibaldi, of the noble family of the Annibaldeschi, who blocked up skillfully all the avenues to the fortress, the surrender of which was now a mere question of time. But time was the greatest enemy of Rienzi. He was obliged to insure to the Holy See the integral amount of the usual imposts, not to estrange the Pontiff, whilst he remained with an exchequer empty. Such a dearth was intolerable; and he commenced by reestablishing a tax on wine.

The Romans murmured loudly. They cursed the return of the man who formerly had promised the assistance of the state to the poor and to orphans. The ax of the headsmen answered all complaints and protestations. The tax was paid, but the discontent and hatred became deeper. Executions now followed executions. Such was the spectacle that Cola, the beloved of the Romans, offered daily to the people: he was no longer a Tribune or a Senator, but a sanguinary tyrant. The execution from among the sympathizers with the people which excited the greatest horror was that of Pandolfo di Guido. He had been his intimate friend and warm supporter when Rienzi was Tribune. He had been sent as ambassador to Florence, and was esteemed for his wisdom and learning. Giovanni Villani suspects him of having been ambitious of obtaining the *Signoria* of the people; but Matteo Villani does not allude to such an ambition, and states only that he was extremely beloved by the Romans, and the only man whom the Tribune had to fear, as Pandolfo was also the one who could the most easily agitate and move the people by his influence and eloquence; for which reason he was tyrannically executed without any cause. This execution worked the ruin of Cola. The ominous state of the city was an unmistakable foreboding of the subsequent events. But Rienzi remained carefully guarded in the Capitol, surrounded by a few faithful followers, plunged in long orgies, in which he forgot all his fears and difficulties, and ever awaking from them more nervously timid and cruel. His dreams became febrile and awful. As formerly, the Capitol seemed to him to tremble under him during his agitated slumbers. He seldom appeared out in the day time, and when he did so, he was clothed in deep mourning, preceded by emblems of a lugubrious symbolism. In the meantime, Cardinal Alborno, master of the country, had come and settled at Monte-Fiascone, near Rome. There he remained tranquil, as a menacing specter; he knew that he had only to wait—that his victim must succumb ere long.

Rienzi, before his fall, clung to one of those romantic hopes which had characterized his early career; and there was also, probably, much deception in his apparent credulity, for the documents collected by Papencordt establish very clearly his du-

plicity, as well as his insane pride. There are cases, for instance, when he pretended to have seen in his dreams events taking place, whilst his knowledge, which proved true, was the result of his private rapid messengers. Now, he heard of a citizen of Siena, native of France, named *Jean*—in Italian, *Giannino*—about whose birth many mysterious circumstances were related. This man had been a wanderer in his youth, and had come from Chalons to settle at Siena, where he acquired a considerable property in the wool business. Some impostor easily persuaded Rienzi that this *Giannino* was no other than John I., posthumous son of the French King, Louis the Hutin, who had been thought dead, but whom his uncles had taken away after his birth, having placed in his stead a dead child. Rienzi seized on this mystification, proclaimed his being destined to avenge this injustice, and found in it a favorable opportunity for dazzling the Romans. He sent for the citizen of Siena, who, on his arrival at the Capitol, beheld the Tribune at his feet, hailing him as King of France. The poor man declined the honor, but being persuaded at last, by the eloquence of the Senator, he accepted the prospect of ascending the French throne. Rienzi presented this new King of France to the Roman people as his ally, and in his unaccountable infatuation sent him to Cardinal Albornoz, with a letter containing his claims against the usurper, Philippe of Valois. Completely absorbed by this insane chimera, he abandoned every other consideration and business. Engrossed by the restoration of a King of France, who would be his faithful ally, he scorned to think of the Colonna or the Orsini. At the same time, growing jealous of the popularity of Annibaldi, and of his approaching success, he deprived him of his command, and recalled him. This was his last folly. The Senator had become ridiculous or odious to every Roman. The universal discontent was ready to explode. Rienzi in his penury was obliged to increase the taxation on salt (*gabella*). This was the spark that brought on the explosion, whilst Annibaldi, indignant at the treatment he had received, became the instigator of the popular fury.

On the 8th of October, 1354, at day-break, Rienzi was roused by the cries of "Long live the people—death to the Tribune!" A dense, infuriated multitude

surrounded the Capitol, and endeavored to break down the huge palace gate. Rienzi was hoping that other citizens would come to his assistance; but far from it. He found himself abandoned by all the inmates of the palace, and beheld all the issues well guarded by menacing, raging foes. In this extremity, he appeared on the balcony, armed, with the standard in his hand, and asked to speak; but in vain. His voice was drowned by roaring vociferations. Stones and arrows were flung at him. He was obliged to withdraw. One man had only remained with him, and he was thinking of betraying him. Whilst the gate was being battered, Rienzi now resolved to wait for his enemies, sword in hand, and sell his life dearly. But the people set fire to the gate, which soon cracked down, with the gallery above it; at the decisive moment Rienzi evidently lost courage. Instead of waiting firmly for the crowd, he withdrew in a corner of the palace, blackened his face, cut his beard, and covered himself with rags, whilst the mass of the people were rushing in; he then took a mattress on his shoulders for the better concealment of his face, hastened down stairs, passing through the throng, going in the opposite direction, and crying out, "Down with the traitor!" He thus reached the threshold, when a man seized his arm and cried out to him in a terrible voice, "Stop, Rienzi!" A golden bracelet he had forgotten and kept on his arm, betrayed him. He threw down the mattress, and gave himself up without uttering a word. The crowd dragged him away near the marble lion where the criminals were executed. There he was left, none of these infuriated people daring to strike him; they gazed on him with a stupid amazement: those eyes from which had flashed formerly such enthusiastic rays, were vacant, fixed, glazed; that mouth from which flowed such streams of eloquence, was now distorted by terror; there stood their former idol—now a motionless monster. At last a certain Cecco del Vecchio thrust a sword into him; Treja, a notary of the Senate, severed his head from the body; and now all flocked to dip sword or dagger in his blood; the corpse was afterwards dragged near the residence of the Colonnas and hung up. It remained three days exposed to every dastardly outrage; on the fourth day, the Jews were allowed to take it down and to burn it out of the

city, as if it was not that of a Christian—at that time the most awful of all disgraces.

So ended Rienzi. His unfortunate victim of Siena remained some time as a useful tool in the hands of the Italian Princes, and finally died miserably, a prisoner at Naples, known as the *Re Giannino*. Albornoz thus placidly attained his object. He very soon entered Rome, and the Romans, exhausted by endless agitations, hailed him with acclamation; he skillfully prepared the return of the Pope, and the submission of all the States of the Church. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton attributes this second fall of Rienzi to the impost on salt; but in reality that appears to have been more an instrument in the hands of his enemies to excite the populace to his ruin. The tax in itself would not probably have met with much opposition on the part of the Romans, as it had existed before, such as it was now imposed. In this second period of his career, Rienzi doubtless had many difficulties to encounter—his great difficulty was the maintenance of an armed force; it required great caution, good sense, abnegation—and he proved himself incapable of these. He was no longer the same man. His prestige was gone. He

was nothing more than a Senator, and the Romans did not respect that dignity; it became an object of scorn and sarcasm. If the death of Monreale was just, it certainly was very untimely; appearances were glaringly against its justice. But above all, Rienzi abandoned himself to acts of tyranny, cruelty, and spoliation. Without any reason he deprived Annibaldi of his command—a brave commander, beloved by the people and the soldiers—and thus he increased the number of his enemies. The public resentment was manifest, but he remained retired in the Capitol, in his orgies; he heeded it not. The unjust, cruel execution of Pandolfo di Guido raised it to the highest degree. Thus Rienzi, having estranged all parties, having lost the esteem and confidence of all, by the conduct we have briefly described, stood isolated, and the *gabella* became a very ready, easy instrument to work his ruin and death. And even during the better period of his political career, Rienzi is a striking example how much, in reality, imagination is a dangerous, inefficient gift, when it stands isolated. Practical intelligence and resolution in human affairs can alone save and regenerate a state.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE COURT OF GEORGE IV.*

GEORGE IV. was in so precarious a state of health at the time of the old king's death, that he was unable to attend the funeral, the Duke of York acting as chief mourner. The singular events of his troubled reign began almost immediately on his accession to the throne, for on the twenty-third of February, the citizens of London were startled by the news of the Cato street conspiracy, to assassinate all His Majesty's ministers while they were at dinner at the Earl of Harrowby's in Gros-

venor square. The conspiracy was fortunately discovered, and the conspirators alone remained the sufferers.

The next event of interest was the rumored intention of Queen Caroline to return to England, and be present at the coronation. The diversity of public opinion as to this event is shown in the following paragraph. The author is quoting from a letter of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon.

"The town here is employed," writes Lord Eldon:

"In nothing but speculation whether her Majesty will, or will not come. Great bets are laid about it. Some people have taken fifty guineas,

* *Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*—1820 to 1830. From original Family documents. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

undertaking in lieu of them to pay a guinea a day till she comes, so sure are these that she will come within fifty days; others again are taking less than fifty guineas, undertaking to pay a guinea a day until she comes, so sure are they that she will not come; others assert that they know she will come, and that she will find her way into Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall on the Coronation, in spite of all opposition. I retain my old opinion that she will not come unless she is insane."

That she was to be deprived of all queenly dignity, or the slightest shadow of a right to the crown, appears from the following harsh, and scarcely wise proceedings:

"An order in Council was issued for omitting the Queen's name from the Church Service, and other signs appeared, indicating a desire to withhold from her her queenly title. This made a temper, never very tractable, not to be controlled by the dictates of prudence; the old spirit manifested itself in its most spirited form; and she lost no time in letting the world know that she was returning to England to obtain justice for her wrongs; those who thought they knew her best considered that vindictive feelings influenced her resolution, and that, with a full knowledge of the inflammable state of public opinion in the British Empire, she had determined on some great work of mischief against the peace of the kingdom and the security of its ruler."

The Democratic party were vehement in their denunciations of the Queen's wrongs, and the leading Whigs began to come forward as the champions of her rights."

This, then, was the state of public opinion when the Coronation was talked of. The conduct of the King made him unpopular; he shunned observation, and retired to the seclusion of his parks and his palaces, from whence whispers of any thing but a creditable nature came.

In the work before us we read:

"The King never shows himself. He has never been out of Carlton House. Lady Conyngham goes to him of an evening, and he has had his usual dinners of Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, Forester, and two or three of this description. His language is only about the Coronation and Lady Conyngham, very little of the state of the country."

Yet all this time there were grave events of public import to demand his care and occupy his attention. Riots and tumults took place in various parts; and in the metropolis so strong a feeling existed against the government, that the Ministers were many of them induced to carry arms for the protection of their lives and

persons. The disaffected took up the cause of the Queen, and made her a legitimate excuse of complaint against the King. There were also political dissensions and divisions, in which the King took little or no part, as his time was given to Lady Conyngham and the other favorites of his court.

The Coronation was fixed for the first of August. On the first of June Caroline of Brunswick reached St. Omer, meaning to go from thence to Calais, and embark for England.

"At once she showed her disposition to carry matters with a high hand. She wrote an imperious letter to the Earl of Liverpool, to prepare a palace in London for her reception; another to Lord Melville, to send a yacht to carry her across the Channel to Dover; and a third to the Duke of York, repeating both demands, and complaining of the treatment she had received. Two days later, Mr. Brougham, her legal adviser, arrived, and at the same time Lord Hutchinson, with a proposition from the King, offering her £50,000 a year for life, if she would remain on the Continent, and surrender her title of Queen of England. She was in no mood to listen to reason, and indignantly rejected the offer."

"The rumor of the Queen's approach created extraordinary excitement among all classes in every part of the kingdom. The Lord Chancellor prophetically says, 'If she can venture, she is the most courageous lady I ever heard of. The mischief, if she does come, will be infinite. At first she will have extensive popularity with the multitude; in a few short months or weeks she will be ruined with all the world.'"

This prediction was fully verified, and the unhappy Queen became the odium, as she had been the object of sympathy, with the multitude. But she drew her fate on herself, in perversely continuing to brave the King. No one could have acted with worse judgment than the Queen: the charges against her were heavy, and while the stigma rested on her, she had no right to claim any part in the throne of England. Her progress is thus circumstantially described by the Duke:

"As no royal yacht was likely to be at her disposal, Queen Caroline lost no time in embarking, crossed the sea safely, pursued her route to the metropolis through Canterbury, and, passing through vociferous crowds, on the seventh, in default of the palace she had ordered, took up her residence with a city alderman, who had placed himself among the foremost of her champions. From this time the agitation in the public mind hourly increased, till it began to assume a most threatening aspect. Nothing was left undone by the Queen to ingratiate herself with the public,

and as a natural result she never appeared publicly without creating intense excitement. When in the streets, her horses were taken from her carriage, and she was drawn in triumph by scores of shouting adherents, through a clamorous mob. Before the alderman's house, in South Audley street, stood hour after hour a shouting myriad, excited to a pitch of frenzy to which no description can do justice, by the appearance on the balcony of a stout lady, in a large hat, surmounted by a plume of feathers.

"On the day of her arrival, the King sent a message to the Houses of Lords and Commons, to the effect that the step taken by the Queen had forced him to bring before the Parliament certain papers, detailing her conduct since her departure from England.

"The Queen on the same day sent a message to Mr. Brougham in her usual high tone, expressing a desire for an open investigation. The friends of both parties were trying to spare the country the threatened exposure, and on the ninth the Queen so far complied with the suggestions of her most sensible advisers, as to write a moderate letter to Lord Liverpool, expressing her inclination to consider any proposition the government were disposed to make in behalf of their sovereign. Communications were exchanged: the Ministers repeated their liberal offer, and the Queen repeated her indignant refusal."

The partisans of the Queen hesitated at nothing to advance her cause. Even the military were tampered with, and by the orders of the Duke of Wellington one regiment was removed from London to Portsmouth. The Queen, says one,

"Was a bold, dangerous, impudent woman, as full of revenge, as careless of crime, and that, if we did not take care, might play the part of Catherine the Second, who, by means of the Guards, murdered her husband, and usurped the throne."

Her adherents are described as a most shabby assemblage of quite the lowest of the people; but this statement is incorrect, a great many persons of some consideration took part with her. The Duke of Wellington was violently opposed to the Queen. In relation to the general aspect of affairs he said he could not see the remedy

"If the upper and middle ranks would not stir. All seemed struck with panic, ourselves and all; and if the country is lost, it will be through our own cowardice. 'Every thing,' said he, 'audacity and insolence on one side, and tameness on ours. We go to the House seemingly on purpose to be insulted; the Opposition know it, and act accordingly.'"

All hopes of these unhappy differences being settled by negotiation seeming to be

futile, it was at length decided that the subject should be fully investigated and brought to a close. For this purpose a Secret Committee was talked of, but the Queen so strongly objected to the measure that it was abandoned.

Her party now gained ground as the King's little remnant of popularity decreased. He spent his time entirely with Lady Conyngham. The Queen had demanded a delay of two months to prepare her defense at her forthcoming trial. She seemed confident of success, and had expressed her determination of "coming down every day in a coach and six." The mob liked these public displays she either promised or afforded them; they looked on her conduct as spirited, and shouted their commendation whenever she appeared. The loyalty of even the household troops was doubted, and a rising was feared in Manchester, as the Queen had announced her intention of appearing in that city. Not content with creating disturbances at home, she sent her emissaries abroad also, and dispatched some of her commissioners, as she called them, to Milan. There was a report to the effect that she meant to address the House herself. She had left the residence of Alderman Wood, and after residing for a while with one of the ladies of her suite, had at length removed to the residence which was afterwards so well known as hers—Brandenburgh House, at Hammersmith.

"But wherever she went the popular hopes and wishes went with her, and knowing the excitement she produced, she redoubled her efforts to increase it, and direct it to the advancement of her interests. The moderation of the government she regarded with studied contempt, and every indication they put forth of a desire to treat her with as much respect as was consistent with duty to their royal master, produced a more violent display of her resolve to ride down all opposition. There is little doubt that the King was now as much alarmed as annoyed; was often dissatisfied with his Ministers, and quite ready to accept the services of any set of men capable of relieving him from this serious embarrassment. . . . The Coronation was postponed, and the court participated in their sovereign's fears and anxiety."

The trial of the Queen took place. The witnesses were foreigners. Foreigners were detested by the English; hence the witnesses, being unpopular, the prosecutors of the Queen were also unpopular, while she was the favorite still, although she was a foreigner too; for only foreign-

ers in certain circumstances were detested. Mr. W. H. Freemantle, in a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated August thirtieth, 1820, writes:

"I was in town for a few hours on Monday, and it appeared to me that the cry was increased instead of diminished for the Queen. I saw several lawyers, dispassionate men, and intelligent, who all confirmed this, and assured me that their belief was, that be the evidence ever so strong, and the facts proved, the public, and included in this the middling classes, the shopkeepers, were determined to support her as an injured and oppressed woman, and as hating and despising the character of the witnesses. It also has not a little benefited her cause, that it appears how much the King personally has prepared the evidence by his emissaries abroad, and more particularly by his Hanoverian engines."

And after a while, in reference to the King he continues:

"The King here confines himself to the cottage, has hourly messengers—that is, dragons—who are posted on the road by dozens, and we hear is in a state of the greatest irritation; but he is very seldom seen, and this is only what one picks up. You have no conception how thoroughly the public mind, even in this neighborhood (Englefield Green) is inflamed by this melancholy subject, and how the Queen is still supported."

The summer passed away thus. In September the feeling against the government looked still more formidable, violent language was indulged in by the democratic party, and there was rioting in all parts of the kingdom. So says the author, but the fears of his party made the riots out of small troubles.

The Divorce Bill had now gone through a first and second reading, and the government was seeking to close the whole proceedings as speedily as possible. The termination of this disgraceful affair is thus extracted by the Duke of Buckingham from Mr. Plumer Ward's diary, under the date November tenth:

"The debate was now drawing to a close, and most of the peers who were speaking, whether for or against the third reading (the Duke of Northumberland very emphatically) were declaring their conviction that the Queen was guilty. At length the division was called, and Lord Gage enforced the standing order, that each peer should give his vote in his place, *seriatim*. The result was the small majority of nine: the numbers being 108 to 99. Lord Liverpool then got up and withdrew the Bill, resting it upon so small a majority in the circumstances of the country. The opposition were, of course, in raptures with this conclusion

of the contest; but Ministers were still more delighted, the Duke of Wellington especially. 'Well,' said he, 'we have done exceedingly well, and have avoided all sorts of mischief, I think with safety, and without dishonor. The votes put the question of guilt or innocence out of doubt; the withdrawal is grounded upon mere expediency, and has nothing to do with the verdict; had we given up before the third reading it would have been different.' The metropolis was illuminated in consequence of the withdrawal of the Bill."

The Queen was so much elated at her triumph, as she chose to consider it, that she repeated her demand for a palace, and required that her name should be replaced in the Liturgy. Both requests were denied. Her allowance was liberal; she could well afford to provide a habitation for herself; and the stigma on her character, which had caused the withdrawal of her name from all religious ceremonies not having been fully cleared, the prohibition could not of course be withdrawn by those who only prayed for good persons, such as the King and other men, who never sinned! But no sooner was the excitement of the trial over, and the Queen placed in a comfortable position by the security of an ample fortune, and a partial recognition of her rights, than public opinion began to turn, and, instead of being looked on as an injured martyr, she was considered by many persons to be a depraved and ill-advised person. She went in state to St. Paul's to offer up thanksgivings for her delivery from her enemies, and omitted neither ceremony nor display which could advance her in the opinion of the mob. We extract from another letter from Mr. Charles W. Wynn, in which he speaks of this change in the sentiments of the public towards the Queen. He says:

"As far as I can judge, I believe the reaction (in the public mind) now going on to be very strong against her, and that the parlor, and even the shop, are becoming nearly as unanimous that way, as the servant's hall and alehouse the other."

The middle classes felt that the king was too bad for the remedy which he sought. They did not clearly comprehend their own law, that a husband and a wife are not on equal terms. Their theory was, that if the accusations made against the Queen were true, the King had placed himself out of any good claim for this remedy.

The King had recovered from all alarm on the subject of the Queen's popularity, and now prepared for a life of ease and pleasure. The pavilion at Brighton was enlarged, and a new banqueting-room added to it, "sixty feet long by forty-two wide."

"At Windsor, the current of affairs went merrily as a marriage bell, the Royal party enjoying the contemplative man's recreation on the Virginia waters with a zeal that would have gratified, if it did not edify, Izaak Walton. And now the Coronation was boldly talked of—indeed preparations were making for the performance of this ceremony with the greatest possible splendor."

No sooner was the time of the ceremony fixed on than the Queen sent in her demand to be crowned with the King. Her advocate, Mr. Brougham, urged the same plea, but there was absurdity on the very face of it. She did not share his palace, how could she expect to be the partner of his throne? The plea was, of course, set aside and the demand refused. We may add that many persons never believed that the Queen was guilty of more than indiscretion, and deemed her right good; but she had served the purpose of the Opposition, who did not wish to carry matters farther.

"On the twenty-first of May a feeble attempt was made in the House of Commons to bring forward the pretensions of the Queen to share in the approaching state ceremonial; but the firm language of Lord Londonderry, and the apathy of the House on the subject, set the matter at rest."

The Queen, however, was still determined to be present, and expressed her intention of occupying the Royal box. It was said, from expediency, the Cabinet had decided on providing her with a seat, dreading the tumult which would be the consequence of her forcing her way in.

"The day appointed for the imposing pageant, the Coronation, came at last. The Queen had made several vain efforts to obtain a recognition of her right to be crowned at the same time as the King, but the Privy Council decided against her on the tenth of July. Nothing daunted, the day following she wrote to Lord Sidmouth to inform his lordship of her intention to be present, and a few days later published a protest against the decision of the Privy Council. On the sixteenth, Lord Hood, at her desire, wrote to the Earl Marshal, informing the Duke of Norfolk of her Majesty's intention to be present at the approaching ceremony on the nineteenth, and desiring that persons should be in attendance to

conduct her to her seat on her arrival at the Abbey. The day arrived and so did the Queen; but though she tried with Lord Hood's assistance to gain admission at more than one door, her entrance was opposed. She was not only obliged to endure this repulse, but sounds assailed her ears as soon as she was recognized by the spectators in the galleries, that declared how completely she had fallen in public estimation. Mortified and humiliated she at last returned to her residence, and though a mob of disorderly boys broke the windows of mansions belonging to noblemen known to be opposed to her, the intelligence failed to afford her sufficient solace."

The spectators in the gallery were necessarily selected by the Court. Lord Eldon thus describes her Majesty's final exhibition of spirit:

"It is all over, quite safe and well. The Queen's attempt to make mischief failed. She sent a message to say that she would be at the Abbey by eight o'clock. To take the persons there by surprise she came between six and seven. After trying every door of the Abbey in vain, she came to the Hall; there she was also denied entrance. A few of the mob called, 'Queen for ever!' I am informed that on the other hand there was great hissing, cries of 'Shame, shame! Go to Bergamo!' and a gentleman in the Hall told us that when her Majesty got into the carriage again, she wept."

She felt the crushing nature of the disappointment, and though she made an effort—a vain one, of course—to induce the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown her a day or two later, she was so thoroughly overwhelmed by this complete downfall of her hopes that she became seriously ill, and died on the seventh of August, a week after the King had left Carlton House for Ireland. The suddenness of her death created, to some extent, a reaction of public opinion in her favor, particularly among the lower orders, and riots of a serious nature attended the passage of her remains through the metropolis on their way to Brunswick; but the nine days' wonder had scarcely lived out its brief reign, when the town was entertaining itself with accounts of the King's amazing popularity in Ireland, in a manner that betrayed its eagerness to get rid, as soon as possible, of a disagreeable subject. Thus passed away Caroline of Brunswick—a character variously represented by that very unsatisfactory photograph, *Parity*; but though the likeness has often been idealized by those whose credit was likely to suffer by too natural a resemblance,

sufficient physiognomical likeness has remained to show that she was far from being the sort of woman a sensible man would court for a wife, or the kind of princess that would confer any distinction on the nation that would accept her as a queen. The Duke of Buckingham would have us believe that the King was impressed with the solemnity of the Queen's death, and that his conduct on the occasion was marked with decorum: this impression is gathered from a passage in the King's letter on the occasion, in which he says:

"My arrival there (in Dublin) will then be publicly announced, and that the strictest privacy for a few days will be observed, as far as decency and decorum may require; and that after that the day will be announced when I shall make my public *entrée*, and when all public ceremonies and rejoicings will commence."

And then, after this extract, comes the Duke's deduction:

"This careful attention to decency and decorum disproves all the reckless allegations that have been put forward of the King's indifference, or, as some writers have asserted, his exultation when intelligence reached him of the serious nature of the Queen's indisposition."

Now, by way of testing the truth of that passage, we proceed to chronicle, from the same source, the account of his conduct. In a letter from Mr. W. H. Freemantle to the Marquis of Buckingham we have the following. The letter is dated August twenty-sixth, 1821. The Queen, it must be remembered, died on the seventh of August:

"The passage to Dublin was occupied in eating goose pie and drinking whisky, which his Majesty partook most abundantly, singing many joyous songs, and being in a state, on his arrival, to double in sight even the number of his gracious subjects assembled on the pier to receive him. The fact was they were in the last stage of intoxication. However, they got him to the Park. Lady C—— has been almost constantly at the Phoenix Park, but has not appeared much in public. He was greatly satisfied at the time with the conduct of Lord Liverpool, etc., on the death of the Queen, and it had reconciled him to them.

"The King is determined to go to Hanover, and has engaged to be there on the sixteenth. If this holds good, which I have no doubt it will, nothing will take place until after his return from thence. He wrote to the Duchess of Gloucester from Dublin, full of joy and happiness, and spirits. Not a soul in Ireland in mourning."

But although the Irish received the King with every possible demonstration of loyalty, they did not approve of his *liaison* with Lady C——.

"She lived exclusively with him during the whole time he was in Ireland, at the Phoenix Park. When he went to Slane, she received him, dressed out as for a drawing-room. He saluted her, and they then retired alone to her apartments. A yacht is left to bring her over, and she and the whole family go to Hanover. I hear the Irish are outrageously jealous of her, and though courting her to the greatest degree, are loud in their indignation to Lord C——. This is just like them."

From Ireland the King returned to England, and afterwards went to Hanover.

"The King's reception at Hanover was equally gratifying. His Majesty made his entry on horseback, and the occasion produced a grand spectacle. His Majesty held a levee and a drawing-room in the capital, which was brilliantly attended, and every thing was proceeding in the most gratifying way, when a severe fit of the gout, brought on by spraining his knee, when getting on horseback, put a stop to all festivities. This occurred about the middle of October, and he did not commence his return till the end of the month, when the same enthusiastic spirit accompanied his progress. Every town and village was crowded. The sacred emblem of the arch, with flowers and branches of trees, with happy devices, prevailed every where. The peasantry, all well-dressed. Subsequently, a curious incident occurred. Some hundreds of miners from the mountains came to serenade their king. They are a particular race, of Saxon origin, and for centuries they have preserved their customs, language, and manners. Their countenance is interesting; I saw five or six in a room. They have a resigned, silent melancholy; arising, I believe, from being so much underground. They are very religious. They sang, with a band of music, two of the most beautiful hymns I ever heard. These miners had walked thirty miles, for the purpose of paying their devotion to their sovereign.

"A tournament was got up for his entertainment at Göttingen, which is described as having been beautiful and magnificent. At this famous University an address was presented by the authorities that affected the King to tears. He had felt warmly the loyal affection his Continental subjects had so earnestly displayed, and of the visits he had paid to different portions of his dominions, he appears to have enjoyed this the most thoroughly. His return journey was rendered gratifying by the fine weather by which it was accompanied, and the beautiful scenery through which he passed. Every thing seemed to favor him, and he reached England without being sensibly affected by the fatigue,

and with his general health very much improved."

We have mentioned the matter of the more interesting part of these volumes. A long series of letters follow, all of them valuable because they form contributions to an authentic account of the events of the day.

The Catholic Emancipation Bill occupied greatly the attention of the public, and its progress is traced in this memoir. We must pass over the "Slave-trade question," and Mr. Canning's opinions on it; the "Progress of the Irish Tithe Act;" "The Quarrel of Canning and Croker," with other political squabbles, and charges, and discussions, to the closing scene of the King's life. In 1829, we read:

"The King continued to live as secluded as possible at Windsor or Brighton; but increasing infirmities, and a growing disinclination for ceremonies and receptions, had no doubt a great deal to do with it. His Majesty so rarely met the public gaze, that his birthday on the twelfth of August was made memorable this year, in consequence of his laying the first stone for the

pedestal of an equestrian statue of George III., intended to be raised on the summit of Snow-hill, about two miles from Windsor Castle, through the Long Walk."

Again, in 1830:

"His Majesty is gradually breaking down; but the time required (if it does not happen suddenly) to destroy his original fine constitution, no one can calculate upon."

His state became at length so alarming, that it was necessary for him to be made aware of it. He then "exerted himself, as far as it was possible, to profit by the season of reflection and self-examination afforded him."

"The reign of George IV. was now rapidly drawing to a close. The skill of men so eminent in their profession as Sir Henry Hallford, Sir Matthew Tierney, and Mr. Brodie, could effect no relief—the lungs became congested, and the respiratory organs with difficulty performed their functions. His Majesty sank at last at three o'clock in the morning of the twenty-sixth of June, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, after a reign of ten years and five months, or, including the regency, of more than nineteen years."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE REPUTED TRACES OF PRIMEVAL MAN.

GEOLOGISTS and Archæologists have recently somewhat startled the public by announcing the discovery, in the north-east of France and the adjacent corner of England, of supposed indications of the existence of the human race in the remote age when these tracts were inhabited by the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and other mammals, whose bones are preserved in the diluvium, or great superficial deposit attributed to the last wide geological inundation.

These indications are of the nature of rudely-chipped lumps of chalk-flint, fashioned to serve the functions of hatchets, knives, and other tools, and, it is conjectured, of instruments of war likewise.

They occur in not inconsiderable numbers in the gravel-quarries or sand-pits of Abbeville and Amiens, and also at a few other spots bordering the wide valley of the River Somme, more sparsely on the Seine, at Paris, and at one locality in England—namely, Hoxne in Suffolk. It is estimated that the total number of these "worked flints," exhumed since their first detection by their eminent discoverer, M. Boucher de Perthes, of Abbeville, some twenty years ago, exceeds fifteen hundred, and may even approach two thousand specimens.

The first recognition of these interesting relics was not an affair of chance, but the result, as M. de Perthes assures us, of

a systematic search for traces of antediluvian man, undertaken by him subsequently to the year 1838, at which date he published a learned work, entitled *De la Création*, in which he stated his conviction that sooner or later such traces would be found. For ten years he examined with scrupulous care and diligence every exposure and excavation in the so-called diluvium throughout the Departments of the Somme, the Seine, and the Lower Seine; and though he failed to discover any actual remains of man himself, he found many specimens of artificially-shaped flints, showing marks of a human origin. His first accounts of these were submitted to the Emulation Society of Abbeville, but he published a more elaborate description of them in 1847, in a remarkable work, *Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluviennes*, where their several forms are accurately delineated, and the situations under which they were found are carefully stated. Strange to say, his announcements awakened but little attention, notwithstanding their startling nature and the characteristic alertness of his countrymen to advance in any freshly-opened track of research. He appealed with little success to the archaeologists and geologists of France, for a recognition of his facts, until 1854, when M. Rigollot of Amiens, a Corresponding Member of the French Institute, a highly scientific antiquary, and a skeptic in regard to M. de Perthes' conclusions, undertook a scrupulously severe investigation of the phenomena. A prompt and frank recantation of his doubts by this learned archaeologist, in a pamphlet entitled, *Mémoires sur des Instruments en Silex trouvés à Saint Acheul près Amiens, et considérés sous les Rapports Géologiques et Archéologiques*, drew the attention of the Institute at last to the subject. Soon afterwards several other skilled observers—M. Buteux of the Geological Society of France, and M. E. Herbert, a Parisian Professor of Geology, among them—visited the localities on the Somme, and confirmed the genuineness of M. Boucher de Perthes' discoveries. It is only within the last two or three years that the subject has attracted the notice of British scientific men. The indefatigable Dr. Falconer—at present so zealous an explorer of the kindred problem of the antiquity of the human remains lately found in some British and other caves—

first pointed out to some of the members of the Geological Society of London the high importance of M. Boucher de Perthes' researches. Thereupon Mr. Joseph Prestwich, already well known for his successful examinations of the superficial deposits of many parts of England, addressed himself to a scientific study of these French ones containing the "worked flints." This able geologist submitted a paper on the subject to the Royal Society of London in 1859, (see *Proc. Roy. Soc.* vol. x. No. 35, p. 51,) in which, abstaining from theoretical considerations, he expressed his belief that the flint implements are the work of man—were found in undisturbed ground—and are associated with the remains of extinct mammalia; adding, as his opinion, that the period was a late geological one, but anterior to that at which the surface assumed some of its minor features.

Mr. Prestwich has reexamined the French localities several times, and lately presented another more amply illustrated memoir to the Royal Society of London, which is soon to appear in print. Other distinguished British geologists have corroborated the statements of M. de Perthes and Mr. Prestwich. One of the most interesting of these recent verifications of the authenticity of the flint-implements is a communication by J. W. Flower, Esq., to the Geological Society of London, read June 22, 1859, and printed in the Society's proceedings, vol. xvi. p. 190, and entitled: "On a FLINT IMPLEMENT recently discovered at the base of some beds of DRIFT GRAVEL and BRICK EARTH at St. Acheul, near Amiens." This paper is important in the history of the subject, for its authenticating the actual finding of a good specimen of a wrought flint, by a competent explorer, (the author himself,) who "found it lying at a depth of sixteen feet from the surface, and about eighteen inches from the face of the quarry, to which extent the gravel had been removed" by him.

My own visit to the gravel-pits of Abbeville and Amiens, the results of which I propose to embody in this communication, was made in August last under circumstances sufficiently propitious for gaining an insight into the conditions of this question of the true nature and import of the flint-implements, itself but a part of the still greater problem of Primeval Man.

M. Boucher de Perthes, with the liberality and frankness for which he is dis-

tinguished, not only opened his rich museum of specimens from the gravel-pits to my inspection and study, but generously placed in my possession nearly the whole literature of the subject, as well as his own extensive works as numerous memoirs by his distinguished French colleagues. Besides examining other lesser collections of the "flints" and mammalian bones exhumed from the diluvium, I gave my close attention, during several days, to the gravel-quarries themselves, whence these materials were procured, repeating my visits to them until my mind was assured of its ability to decipher their contents as a great physical record. I make these personal statements simply as my title to the candid reader's confidence in my care in pursuing this by no means simple investigation.

The imbedding stratum, or place of sepulture, of the worked flints, geologically regarded, is—for Abbeville, Amiens, and the other localities on the Somme—a rudely-deposited, irregularly strewn bed of somewhat fragmentary chalk-flint, containing some flint-sand, a little pulverized chalk, and occasional large blocks or boulders of a hard quartzose Eocene sandstone.

This evidently diluvial matrix, the repository, also, of the bones of gigantic mammalian quadrupeds, rests directly on a somewhat uneven and eroded floor of chalk, out of the wreck of the upper beds of which stratum the nodules of flint forming the greater part of the gravel have been derived. It is overlaid in its turn by no less than three other strata, of aqueous origin, but all formed under dissimilar conditions.

First above the bone and hatchet entombing gravel lies a grayish white and brownish sand, imbedding several species of fresh-water and terrestrial shells, identical with species now living, in this part of the globe. Though fine-grained, these sands bear the marks of a rather brief process of deposition, for portions of them are unusually angular, or unworn in the grain, and their laminae in many places bend and wave to conform to the greatly eroded and undulating floor of the gravel on which they repose. Solitary specimens of the worked flints are, on rare occasions, met with in the lower part of these sands, and also, as rarely, the bones of the fossil elephant.

Third in ascending order above the chalk occurs a second gravel, composed

exclusively of chalk-flints in a rolled and more or less fractured condition. This bed, varying in thickness, at St. Acheul, near Amiens, from two to five feet, exhibits conspicuously at this locality the marks of having been deposited or pushed along in very turbulent waters; for its lower boundary, beheld in section at the gravel-pits, shows a succession of sharply-conical, and somewhat spiral, deep depressions in the upper surface of the sand beneath it, identical in every feature with the funnel-shaped pits bored by any strong, swiftly-eddying current in a yielding bottom of mud or sand.

Fourth, and uppermost in the series of loose beds, is a brown brick-earth, or ferruginous sandy clay or loam, interspersed with numerous small splinters of chalk-flint. At St. Acheul, and elsewhere near Amiens, where it is used extensively for conversion into bricks, this loam, which is but faintly laminated, is generally about three or four feet thick. Like the torrential gravel on which it rests, it is destitute not only of mammalian organic remains, but of the curious instruments in flint associated with them in the lowermost of the four superficial deposits. It does inclose some remains of another sort, which, when viewed in their relations to the vestiges of man beneath them, never fail greatly to impress the beholder by the contrasts they suggest in time, and the state of human art. These are numerous Roman graves, or rather, regularly-shapen stone coffins of unquestioned Roman antiquity, oftentimes containing the skeletons of their inmates in a firm and well-conserved state. When the student of time, deciphering these four successive chapters in the physical history of our globe, drops his gaze from these tombs—which descend but a small yard below the grass, yet take him back through almost one third of the usually imagined lifetime of the world—and lets his vision, pausing at intervals upon the monuments of alternate past ages of repose, and epochs of turbulent floods, rest at last, some twelve or sixteen feet lower in the earth, on a physical record, to him as expressive as the graves above, of the past existence, near the same spot, of a race of men unacquainted with the metals—what wonder, with his critical spirit prostrated before his imagination, that he should forget to scrutinize the evidence, and should quit the ground with a *sentiment* which he

confounds with a *logical conviction* of the vastness of the ages covered by the record? His inquisitiveness keenly aroused by this impression, he interrogates afresh the pages of this stony register for other and more palpable proofs of the human beings, and the extreme age indicated in the objects he has beheld; and, perplexed at the *total absence* of any traces of man himself—of even a single human tooth, or fragment of a human bone, where other teeth and other bones no better capable of preservation are of common occurrence—he withdraws a second time from the scene, cogitating many doubts, and at last, under the suggestions of a philosophical skepticism—the only right mood for analyzing the apparently contradictory evidence before him—he asks himself the following questions: Are the flint implements—these imputed products of man's skill—actually the work of human hands? Again, though they and the mammalian bones, held to be distinctive of the diluvium, do lie entombed together, does this demonstrate that the once owners of each—the men who left the flints, and the animals who possessed the bones—also *lived* together in the same epoch?

Admitting that they were cotemporary, how far does this fact of itself establish the great antiquity of the human race?

And, lastly, apart altogether from the proofs of age, deduced from the association of the human relics with the remains of the extinct quadrupeds, what is the geological evidence of the extreme agedness of both in the nature of the deposits of sand, gravel, and brick-earth placed above them—and in the intimations these give us of the time occupied in their formation?

Such are the more prominent queries suggested by the phenomena, and such, indeed, the actual questions asked every day of the scientific observer, by intelligent readers of the still very fragmentary literature relating to this new and strange archaeological problem.

It will be my object in this essay to answer in a candid spirit—as far as the state of existing facts, gathered from a careful study of this literature, and from a recent visit to the French localities, and local, public, and private museums of the antiquities under discussion will enable me—these several questions, very much in the order in which they are here presented. As they cover the whole ground

of opinion and inquiry opened by the late discoveries, I propose, before undertaking to consider them severally, to enunciate each of them at greater length.

On the threshold of this inquiry, then, the critical mind is confronted with the following doubts:

Are these curious lumps of flint, called antediluvian hatchets, etc.—so abnormal in shape and aspect—unequivocally the work of human hands; or may they not be products of physical agencies which have fractured the native flint nodules into the semblance of man's workmanship.

Granting them to have been shaped by the skill of men, were the men who fashioned them actually the cotemporaries of the extinct gigantic quadrupeds whose bones lie entombed in the same gravel; or are we justified in supposing that the quadrupeds and the implements were buried at different epochs—the quadrupeds by an earlier incursion of waters, the flint tools by a later one which commingled them with the bones?

Again, granting that these flints testify truly to the existence of man upon the earth at the epoch of their burial; and granting also that the rational beings who shaped them, and the extinct animals whose bones are associated with them, really lived in the same time upon our globe, what is the probable antiquity of the period when they thus coexisted? Would such a demonstration of their cotemporaneity establish a past duration for the human race upon the earth, far transcending the commonly believed age of man; or may it not, under an admissible interpretation of the geological phenomena, be compatible, if not with the prevalent belief, with at least this conviction, that any remoter antiquity for the dawn of the human species remains still incapable of demonstration?

Independently of any attempt to establish a remote antiquity for the makers of the flint implements, from the coexistence of these latter with the remains of extinct mammals in the diluvium or drift, may we not infer their extreme age from the simple circumstance that they lie buried so many feet (twenty feet in some instances) beneath the soil, in a deposit evidently never, until now, turned over by human hands, and under three or four successively imposed strata, each one of which betokens a separate period of geo-

logic time; or are we required, by known laws of sedimentary action, to adopt a different interpretation of the appearances, and infer these accumulations to have been possible within the period ordinarily assigned to the residence on earth of the human family?

Are the so-called flint-implements of human workmanship, or the results of physical agencies?

The fundamental question of the genuineness of the flint-hatchets as works of human art, naturally presents itself to all inquirers whose impressions are drawn from loose general descriptions, or who may have chanced to see only a few specimens; but doubt invariably gives way to a confident conviction of their having taken their form under the hands of man so soon as the observer examines any large assemblage of specimens, in the districts where they are found, and where he is enabled to contrast them with the various aspects assumed by the unwrought native flints from the midst of which they have been extracted. If the student of this dim page of early history is inclined to possess himself of its truths, he should go first of all to Abbeville. There, in the gravel-pits near the town, but especially in the ample private collection of M. Boucher de Perthes—the discoverer, twenty years ago, of the human origin of the wrought flints, and till lately their only interpreter—he will quickly learn to recognize their artificial characters. Inspecting them as they lie in classified arrangement, he will soon become acquainted with their several types, and will presently grow conscious of a new sense, as it were, in distinguishing the human workmanship in its different phases, from any of the forms impressed by mechanical impact and attrition upon the unwrought fragments in the quarries. I am warranted in asserting that the most skeptical visitor to M. de Perthes' museum will go away a convert to the opinion that the many hundred specimens there assembled bear the plainest traces of human skill, and are genuine vouchers of the existence of man in the age of the fossil elephant and other gigantic animals entombed in the diluvium of geologists. Upon this point we possess indeed the candid testimony of some of the most eminent geologists and archaeologists of our times, who have acknowledged that, entering the collection with skepticism,

they left it completely convinced that these flints owe their distinctive shapes to the agency of man. Among the French savans, converts to his opinion of their origin, M. Boucher de Perthes cites Alexander Brongniart, Rigollot, Gaudry, Buteux, De Sauley, and other well-known antiquaries and geologists; and among the English the highly authoritative names of Sir Charles Lyell, J. Prestwich, Godwin Austin, W. Milne, J. W. Flower, and J. Evans, nearly all of whom have either recorded their views or frankly discussed them in the meetings of the metropolitan scientific societies. For myself, I feel called upon—in justice to M. Boucher de Perthes' inadequately acknowledged discoveries, and in fealty to truth—to confess that before I inspected his great collection, I had serious misgivings in regard to the origin of their shape, even although I had seen a few isolated specimens of the flint-knives and hatchets. I thought it not impossible that mechanical or molecular forces might have caused their contour by splintering and chipping the natural flint nodules while undergoing movements among each other or by sudden changes of temperature. But the consideration which most induced a sense of skepticism was one which, as it enters largely into the question of the validity of many kinds of evidence, especially the authenticity of facts observed with reference to preconceived hypotheses, I may pause a moment to notice. I allude to the trite subject of the influence of the imagination in perverting the perceptions of the senses, more particularly to that mode of its interference in which the visual impression of an object is often distorted into the semblance of some already established mental image, until it may be said, the *mind* it is which *sees*, while the *eye* only *suggests*. This tendency to illusion is notoriously strong in all observers of ardent imaginative temperaments. Indeed, the domination of the mental idea over the sensuous impression is a general law of the human mind, exemplified in the ease with which any person, child or sage, once set upon the search, will find profiles of animals and men in every passing cloud, or still more strikingly in the lamentable credulity of multitudes of otherwise sober-minded men and women who of late have *thought* they saw every conceivable impossibility, dignifying the self-deception by a name,

and calling it Clairvoyance or Spirit-rapping, as if thus entitling it would make it rational. So treacherous, as well as so common, is the operation of this law, that I confess I had my misgivings lest, in searching among the beds of flints broken into all imaginable shapes, explorers with their attention *focused* to one class of objects, and blind to every other class, might have been misled into collecting, as the products of human art, what only bore to such a more or less near likeness.

Alive to this liability of the mind, when preoccupied with certain images, to find their counterparts in nature, and to look for and find types, by neglecting the transitional or aberrant forms which fill the intervals between these, and tend to dispel its preconceptions, a careful investigator will entertain a philosophical distrust of the distinctions between objects as they are represented in classified collections or museums, until he assures himself, by a study of the field from whence the objects have been drawn, that intermediate shapes and structures incompatible with the grouping adopted, do not exist. This is the test to which the truth-loving student of the genuineness of the worked flints should subject the phenomena. Let him acquaint himself familiarly with the several forms and aspects of the stone implements in the only full collection extant, that of M. de Perthes, until he is confident he can recognize any type of them amid the promiscuous heaps of the newly-dug flint rubble in the quarries, and let him then repair to as many of these quarries of Abbeville and Amiens, whence the implements were taken, as he can visit, and in the midst of *all* the objects, natural and artificial, where no distrusts can disturb him about the tendencies of the mind unconsciously to garble the evidence, let him search for fragments in every stage intermediate between the worked specimens and the native unbroken nodules, but especially those which simulate most nearly the types recognized as human workmanship. I predict from personal experience that he will become after this—the only fair mode of sifting the physical statistics of the case—entirely reassured as to the essential distinction between the two classes of fragments. His now awakened eye will have convinced him that, while the accidental-ly or physically fractured flakes and splin-

ters are indefinitely multifarious in pattern, size, and mode of chipping, and the artificially or designedly fashioned specimens of the museum are of a few specific types and of one unvarying style of fracture, there is between the two classes a distinction of *kind*, not of degree, each class possessing an unmistakable physiognomy or *facies* of its own—one the aspect of accident, the other the expression of intention or iteration of purpose.

This generic character of the wrought flints, whatever their specific pattern, may be best described as consisting in a certain unity of feature in the splintering by which the original nodule or fragment was reduced to the pattern we behold. If the specimen belong to that very common type which rudely resembles in form a spindle root, or rather a much elongated pear, the flat conchoidal surfaces left by the successive flaking down of the mass are all manifestly so directed as to result in a single blunt point, and in a rudely hemispherical end for the hand to grasp. If, again, the specimen appertains to the group called *Hatchets* by M. Boucher de Perthes—the normal shape of which is very nearly the solid which would be inclosed by the bowls of two equal and large table-spoons united at their margins—the chippings by which the lump has been trimmed down to this pattern concur, with remarkable accord, in producing an edge round the implement, which is generally beautifully straight when the specimen is looked at edgewise, but serrated, by the alternation of the chipping, into a very efficient saw. These have almost invariably a sharply oval and a bluntly oval end, as our resembling it to the bowl of a spoon when viewed flatwise intimates. One of the plainest indications of their having been fashioned by man, is their beautiful oval symmetry of outline; another is the balance of their two sides, or what a zoologist would call their bilateral symmetry. Surely it is not an admissible supposition that native nodules of flint, which, let it be remarked, do not affect a regular elliptical contour, could, to the number of hundreds, perhaps thousands, in a single gravel bank, acquire by mere mechanical abrasion or collision a shape so symmetrical, yet so out of that spherical pattern which promiscuous rubbing or splintering invariably tends to approach in a homogeneous substance like flint.

Does the mere association in the same deposit of the flint-implements and the bones of extinct quadrupeds, prove that the artificers of the flint-tools, and the animals, coëxisted in time?

Assuming it to be demonstrable that the flint implements have been shaped by human hands, the interesting question immediately arises, how long ago lived the men who fashioned them, and who have left behind them no other as yet discovered traces of even their existence? As these antediluvian relics are unassociated with the faintest clew to historic human time, it is obviously impossible to assign to them a definite epoch in the scale of centuries. Geology is our sole guide to their age, and its chronology, be it remembered, does not in the present state of the science concern itself with measurable periods or positive dates, but only with *relative* ones; not with the *duration* of conditions and events in time, but rather with the *order* in which they have occurred. Even thus restricted, the inquiry, how long ago? in the sense, not of how many years, or other fixed cycles, but in the sense of where in the ascertained succession of events lived that primeval race of men, is still replete with an enticing interest. Let us then give our attention to the geological aspects of the phenomena connected with the worked flints, and learn what answers, in *terms of relative time*, we can extort respecting the antiquity of these, and whether to the question of their ante-dating historic time, or the reported age of mankind, they can answer us at all. But before approaching this, the main point of my communication, it is needful to consider an objection respecting the genuineness of the introduction or imbedding of the "implements" within the stratum containing them, which is frequently offered by persons uninitiated in geology, and who have not examined the diluvium and superficial gravels. They skeptically ask, may not the "wrought flints" belong to historic times, and have insinuated themselves downwards from the soil into the stratum which now entombs them, by mere force of incessantly acting gravity, either through chinks in the over-resting deposits, or between their fragments and particles? Preposterous as this question seems to the geologist or to the practical excavator of the subsoil, it is so often and so constantly advanced, that it demands an answer; and our reply is, that a few minutes' in-

spection of the beds containing and overlying the flint-implements of the Somme, will assure any observer that they are entirely destitute of the imagined crevices, and are moreover altogether too compact and immovable to admit of any such insinuation or percolation of surface objects. The gravel is indeed so firm that a *live mole*, with all his admirable appliances for burrowing, could not possibly enter it; so firmly imbedded that the workmen use heavy iron picks to disintegrate the half-cemented materials.

Entering now on the question of the relative antiquity of these so-called antediluvian flint-implements, let us first discuss their original coëxistence with the extinct mammals, amid whose bones they lie. Did the race of savage men who made these rude flint hatchets roam the same forests, bathe in the same waters, and breathe the same air with the extinct mammoth or elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bos, horse, and other primeval quadrupeds whose fossilized teeth and bones are held by geologists to have been entombed as long ago as the last great revolution of the surface, which overspread it with the diluvium or drift; or did the men, notwithstanding the association of the "flints" and bones, live after the extinction of those large races, tenants of the same region with an altered surface, until *they, the men*, in their turn were overtaken by an inundation, or a diluvium that obliterated that surface, and buried its most enduring objects within the stratum on which they rested? It was mainly with a view to interpret for myself whatever might relate to this question, that I recently examined all the more noted localities of the flint-implements on the Somme, and I therefore solicit the reader's patient attention to the geological facts which I there observed, and which I have outlined in the early part of this paper.

As the imputed great antiquity of the race of men indicated by the stone hatchets, rests not only upon the proved antiquity of the organic remains imbedded along with these implements, but upon the determination that the animals denoted by the fossils, and the men of the wrought flints, were cotemporaries, it is clearly necessary to establish both of these points with all the precision of scientific demonstration. At the very outset of the investigation we encounter the latter

of these inquiries. We must, therefore, before proceeding further, interrogate closely all the geological phenomena which promise a reply to it.

The reader will have noticed in the account already given of the deposit inclosing the worked flints and the bones, that the materials are described as presenting all the signs of having been irregularly strewn and rudely deposited — indeed, all the usually admitted indications of *turbulent diluvial action*. The upper beds of the chalk formation on which they rest have been torn up and broken into a fragmentary mass or rubble, a mixture of rolled lumps of chalk and unabraded nodules of chalk flint. The surface of the chalk is uneven, with shallow troughs and basins hollowed in it, as by a passing erosive flood, moving with a strong eddying current. The diluvial deposit itself consists of coarse and fine gravel and sand, rolled flints, and sub-angular fragments of all sizes compatible with the material, and in well-laminated parallel beds, not sorted, as it inevitably would be had the watery current been a steady or equable one of moderate force and prolonged duration, but promiscuously intermixed, in imperfectly discernible, short, tapering, and abruptly truncated oblique layers, dipping and abutting at high angles among themselves, and inclining towards nearly all the points of the compass, and at angles as steep to the horizon as thirty or even forty degrees — features all of them plainly implying a violent and transient surge. As if to offer us still more unequivocal proof of the energy of the transporting current, this wildly-tossed gravel contains scattered boulders, or masses of a ponderous compact sandstone, supposed to be of Eocene age, of dimensions varying from a foot in diameter to a superficies of three feet breadth with the same thickness, the larger ones weighing about half a ton. These blocks of sandstone are, moreover, all more or less abraded and rounded at their edges and corners, evincing how roughly they have been bouldered. In these conditions they are numerous around Amiens, especially at St. Acheul, St. Roque, and Montier. The upper surface of the gravel is still more undulating than the lower, even to the extent of exposing in profile some singularly sharp grooves and ridges; and what is of especial significance, the rude layers within the deposit follow imperfect-

ly these undulations of the upper boundary. To all these marks of diluvial action must be added those presented by the fossil bones and teeth, and by the flint-implements, very few of which latter are destitute of traces, more or less obvious, of attrition with the gravel, while many of them have been observed by M. de Perthes to be so much rubbed down as to retain but faintly the features of works of human art.

The argument which we would erect upon all these manifest indications of turbulent action in the waters which left this very promiscuous deposit, is, that by pointing to an agency — an incursion, we mean, of the by no means distant ocean — perfectly capable of invading the dry land within historic time, and mixing up its more recent surface-objects with previously buried relics of an earlier or pre-historic epoch, we are debarred from assuming that the two classes of monument were coeval, and that from the imputed age of the one we can infer the antiquity of the other. This is what those do who view all the surface drifts as but one formation, pointing to but one date, calling it the diluvium. We pray the reader to observe, that it is far from our meaning here, that we can *disprove* the contemporaneousness of the flint-shaping men and the great antediluvian quadrupeds. We only assert — but assert confidently — that the phenomena utterly fail to *prove* it. The burden of the case is with those who, treating the diluvium as one and indivisible in mode of formation and in date, accept the mere fact of present association in it as evidence of coexistence in time. If, therefore, it can be shown on an interpretation of the geology, in accordance with sound physical principles, that a re-dressing of the deposit *may* have taken place, the verdict must be that this coexistence in time is *not established*, and the antediluvian antiquity of man must be cast out of the high court of science with a verdict of *Not Proven*.

It has been stated that the flint-implements exhibit, in many instances, all the marks of a rubbing down of their artificial surfaces by attrition with the gravel in which they lie; but it is worthy of note, that the converse of this relation of the surfaces left by nature and art is to be witnessed in not a few specimens, the pebbles or fragments of the native flint nodules having manifestly been rolled and

abraded *before* they were dressed into shape by the human hand. In the former case the artificial chipping underlies the natural smoothing, in the latter it overlies it. Now, the occurrence of this latter condition, long ago noticed by M. de Perthes, and lately remarked upon by J. W. Flower, Esq., (in his interesting communication to the Geological Society of London, in June, 1859,) certainly justifies, to some extent, the induction arrived at above, of the possibility — to use no stronger term — of the human work having been buried long after the entombment of the bones of the lost pachyderms and other animals. We say to some extent, for undoubtedly a portion of the flint-gravel may have become water-worn and rounded by more than one translation of waters over it, during the tertiary ages, before the last great disturbance or disturbances of the sea, which covered the surface so widely with diluvium, and exterminated so many of the larger mammalia.

What is the antiquity of the mammalian bones with which the flint-implements are associated?

Admitting that, by an exhaustive survey or analysis of all the phenomena connected with the flint-implements and the mammalian remains of the diluvium, (so-called,) we can establish their contemporaneity, another demonstration is still needed — that of the *age of the bones* or diluvium inclosing them — before the geological determination of the synchronism of the relics of the antediluvian men and the extinct mammals, can possess any high archaeological importance. The problem we are aiming to settle is that of the antiquity of the human race; this, in the present investigation, is assumed to be indicated by that of the diluvium, which has its date recorded by the bones which it entombs. But how do these organic remains denote a special antiquity? A *relative* epoch in the geological scale of time — in the succession of terrestrial events — they do denote, but a definite date among the exactly measured and counted cycles of astronomical time is not even vaguely implied by them. Historic, or human time, has its starting-point or zero in the present; but a gulf of unknown span, not even dimly seen across, divides it wholly, so far at least as either the flint-implements or mammals of the diluvium can bridge it, from the geologic ages

which went before. These ages, cut off, at their termination, from even the traditions of mankind, and as yet undefined in their commencement, float loose or insulated, as it were, in the unbounded eternity of the past; and, as every effort hitherto made by the most sagacious geologists and archaeologists to link on any part of them with modern time has ultimately failed, so, equally abortive have proved all attempts to measure the periods of the earlier by the cycles of the later. Indeed, dynamic geology is in its infancy. In other words, so inadequately supplied is this branch of the science with the data requisite for measuring the *rates of progress* of the changes, to record which is its special province, that judicious geologists deem it at present impracticable to translate the events of the one scale into the time of the other.

Let us admit that the wrought flints are truly cotemporary with the animals whose bones lie side by side with them, and that the deposit embedding both is the general diluvium or mammalian drift; do these facts, of themselves, determine the flints to have been fashioned in an age preceding the usually assigned date of the birth of man? Logically it must be conceded they do not; for, independent of the absence or presence of these or other vestiges of man in the diluvium, *its* antiquity or relation to historic time is obviously not ascertainable. Apart from human relics in, or over, or under, the drift, how can we link it on to human time at all? Before the discovery of the flint-implements in this superficial formation, or so long as the traces of man were known only in deposits *later* than the diluvium, it was deemed to belong to an age antecedent to the creation of man, and had, therefore, a relatively high antiquity assigned to it; but now, granting that relics of men have been authenticated as buried in it, is it sound reasoning, we would ask, to infer for these relics the very antiquity which was only attributable to the diluvium because it was believed *destitute* of all such human vestiges? The diluvium of geologists has, since the days of the illustrious Cuvier, been always looked upon as something very ancient, simply because he and his successors, finding it replete with the remains of huge land mammals no longer living, never succeeded in detecting in it a solitary bone or tooth of a human being,

nor, indeed, any thing indicative of man's existence; but now that things indicative of man have been found, it is surely illogical, and a begging of the very question itself, to impute an age incompatible with the fact of his then existing.

As matters now stand, is it not as rational to infer the relative recency of the extinct *Elephas primigenius* and the other mammals of the diluvium, from the coexistence of the works of men with them, on the ground that the human is a living and modern race, as it is to deduce the antiquity of man from the once erroneously assumed greater age of those animals? I would repeat, then, that a specially remote age is not attributable to the flint-carving men of the diluvium, simply because it is the diluvium or mammoth-embedding gravel which contains them. If their association with these extinct mammals does intimate a long prehistoric antiquity, the evidences of this are to be sought in some of the other attendant phenomena.

Let us proceed to inquire into the indications of a great antiquity in the diluvium, from the nature of its organic remains.

Supposing, for the sake of the discussion, it can be satisfactorily shown that the fabricators of the flint-weapons or tools actually shared the soil with the gigantic extinct pachyderms and ruminants in the ages terminated by the strewing of the diluvium, the interpretation of the antiquity of that period from the affinities of those now lost races becomes a point of the highest interest. What, then, do the structures and relationships of those antediluvian animals, as they have been styled, imply? Though all of them of extinct species, their generic relationships assuredly betoken conditions in the physical geography and climate of the region widely dissimilar from those now prevailing. The *rhinoceros* and *hippopotamus* denote a winter temperature in the air and waters, strikingly in contrast with that which now obtains in Northern France, or indeed any where in its latitude upon the globe; nor do the other genera, the elephant, horse, bos, and cervus, contradict their testimony. I am aware that it has been proved (see Lyell's *Principles of Geology*) that this very elephant, the Siberian Mammoth, frequented colder latitudes than even Northern France, and was clad in fur as if to fit it

to withstand a more frigid climate than any into which its congeners, the Asiatic or African elephant, ever enters in the wild state; and I am also awake to the wisdom of Sir Charles Lyell's objection to our assuming that a particular extinct species must have been suited to climatal conditions similar to those with which living species of the same genus are now in harmonious adjustment. Nevertheless, climate—signifying thereby more than mere temperature—is confessedly a most potent element in the geographical distribution of animal types, more particularly the higher ones, as exemplified in the range of the Simiadae or Monkeys, and even in that of the living pachydermata themselves.

But apart from any question of mere climate, the chief significance of a lost group of animals so marked in their characters and habitudes as those of the diluvium, is in its pointing to features of physical geography now obliterated from the region they occupied. It is this consideration, and this principally, which, in a case like the present, implies antiquity, in intimating extensive and thorough changes in the distribution of the dry lands and waters, the dominant winds, the vegetation, and indeed in all the physical conditions upon which depend the whole complex balance of organic life, changes which, unfitting a country for its earlier denizens, slowly and imperceptibly adapt it to a later fauna.

The real question, then, suggested by the organic remains, is this: they imply a former physical geography, unlike that now distinctive of the region where they occur, but to what extent unlike, science does not instruct us. What lapse of ages has it demanded to convert this wide tract of the globe's surface from the one condition to the other; to modify it from a state especially suited to those extinct antediluvian races, into this which we now behold, where we think they can not naturally subsist? Vague, most vague, is the reply which Geology, taking counsel of its associate sciences, Zoölogy and Physical Geography, can pretend to offer to this simple query. For any thing approaching a definite answer, the data are altogether too indeterminate. As in every other attempt to interrogate Geology upon the subject of Time, her response is Sybil-line. She has two class of votaries, one entitled the *Uniformitarian* school, or

Quietists, who, interpreting the past changes in the earth's surface by the natural forces, especially the gentler ones, now in operation, overlook the more energetic and promptly acting ones; and another, the school of the *Catastrophists*, perhaps more fitly defined the *Paroxysmists*, who, blind in the opposite eye, see only the most vehement energies of nature—the earthquake and the inundation—and take no account of the softer but unceasingly efficient agencies which gradually depress or lift the land, or silently erode and reconstruct it. By each of these, her answers as to Time are *differently interpreted*: the *Quietist* translates them in terms of gentle change, involving enormous time; whilst the *Paroxysmist* reads in them expressions of violent and sudden mutations, only compatible with altogether briefer periods. To recall a simile already employed, the judges who pronounced a judgment of *Not Proven* on a previously tried part of this case—the question of contemporaneity of the flint-implements and the bones found with them—now, upon the present count, reply that the Bench is not of one mind, but is equally divided.

To take a parallel from the history of an older science—the more numerically exact branch of knowledge, Chemistry—the analysis of geological time may be said to be only as yet in the qualitative stage, or that of classification, and not to have even entered the second, or quantitative period, or that of precise measurement.

These views bear particularly on the inquiry, *How far can we infer a great antiquity to these earliest records of mankind from the nature of the containing and overlying sedimentary deposits?* To this, the last of the queries I have assumed the reader to propose, let me now briefly ask his attention.

We are now on mental ground altogether independent, it will be observed, of any decisions relating to the two preceding and only partially answered questions; for it matters not how the problem of the contemporaneity of the worked flints and the antediluvian mammals may be settled, nor, again, how prolonged or how brief an interval of time we must assign to the changes of physical geography revealed by the changes in the mammalian associates of man, if we can infer the antiquity of the hand-wrought flints from the characters of the deposits which overlie them. If the patient read-

er will turn back to the descriptions I have given of these deposits, and, while reviewing their composition, will also revert to the reflections indulged in while upon the topic of geological time, and the rival interpretations of phenomena in respect to the rate of progress of formations, he will be sufficiently prepared, not only as to the facts, but as to the modes of reading them, to go along with me in cautiously discussing this the obscurest portion of the whole subject.

Thus premonished, let the reader imagine himself standing with me in the gravel-pits of some locality where the deposits exhibit their average thickness and fullest complexity. We will assume the place to be St. Acheul, near Amiens, and let us, as we survey each of the beds in ascending succession, turn alternately to our two geological interpreters, the *Quietist* and the *Paroxysmist*, both equally entitled to our respectful attention to their different readings of the phenomena. To our interrogations concerning the relative slowness or speediness of the accumulation of the materials forming the lower or bone-and-hatchet-containing stratum, the *Quietist* or *Uniformitarian* geologist will probably answer, that it must have occupied a long period—how long, in terms of historic time, he will not venture to say; and in support of his opinion, he will point to its thickness, nowhere less than eight or ten feet, in some spots sixteen or seventeen feet—to the rolled or water-worn aspect of the gravel itself, implying a prolonged attrition in some estuary-tide or river-current—and to the indistinctly stratified structure of the whole mass, which here and there exhibits even a thin short layer of sand.

The *Paroxysmist*, giving *his* interpretation, answers, that *mere* thickness, without a knowledge of the rate or velocity of accumulation, or, in other words, the energy of the collecting agent, is of almost no significance as respects the time it has taken a particular deposit to form; that a bed of angular fragmentary matter will acquire as much of the rolled or water-worn appearance by a brief exposure to severe rubbing at a high velocity and under a heavy pressure of deep water and of the superincumbent parts of the mass itself, as by very prolonged but far gentler friction producible by tides or running streams; and that the stratified structure, especially when it is of this ob-

lique, irregular, and unconformable character, is more characteristic of a rapidly-acting, tumultuous inundation, than of long-operating, more softly-moving waters. To lend validity to his own reading of this part of the record, he reminds us of the occasional blocks of sandstone of one, two, or three feet diameter found low in the deposit, or on the usual horizon of the flint-implements and fossil bones, and bids us reflect that they, at least, could not have been conveyed to where we see them by any known force of water short of that which it derives from the vehement internal heavings of the earth's crust. If the possibility is suggested of their having been transferred hither by the floating power of ice, he directs our regard triumphantly to the bones of rhinoceros, elephant, and hippopotamus, with which the boulders are associated, as testifying to probably a warmer, certainly not a colder, climate than that now prevailing in France, where no such process takes place. He further asks our attention to the obvious marks presented by these blocks, of their having been roughly bouldered in contact with materials capable of extensively rubbing down all their corners, edges, and original surfaces; and, ever ready for a skirmish in support of his ideas, he throws down the gage of battle by demanding defiantly of the Quietist, by what processes of slow deposition, erosion, and elevation, he proposes to explain not only these phenomena, but the fact that the deposit is spread broadcast over all the valley of the Somme, from beneath the peaty meadows which bound the river, up the gently ascending slopes of this wide shallow trench in the land, to the summits of the plateaus which determine the existing drainage, distributed diffusely, too, and not in terraces, such as might denote oscillations in the relative levels of land and sea.

When questioned as to the length of time occupied in its formation by the next stratum—the bed of white and brown sand, from seven to ten feet thick, lying immediately on the gravel—the advocate of gradual changes will respond, that assuredly here, at least, we witness the indications of a quiet and greatly protracted period. He will exclaim exultingly: Behold this very regular lamination, this firmness and evenness, and, for a portion of the bed, this water-worn smoothness of the granules; and take note especially of

the delicacy of these numerous small, fragile, fresh-water shells, identical in species with some of the molluses now inhabiting the region. What stronger proof could be required that an ancient river or long lake filled the broad valley of the Somme, if not after the entombing of the fossil bones and the hatchets, at least late in the period of the animals and men who owned them; and what more convincing monument could such a sheet of fresh water have left behind it of its having existed during an immense lapse of ages?

He of the Paroxysmist school, contemplating the same phenomena, and some others, perhaps naturally overlooked by his friendly opponent, the advocate of slow mutations, is willing to concede the fresh water, and consequently some important changes in the physical geography of the district since those days, but he resolutely dissents from the inference that the sand must have required a very long time to form, and insists on calling our attention to three facts—first, that a portion of the sand is very sharp and angular, indicating a rather transient movement; secondly, that its lamination is by no means either level or uniform, but in many localities is disturbed, undulating with the very undulating floor of gravel; and, thirdly, that the trenches, hollows, and ridges in this floor or upper surface of the gravel, of themselves imply that the current which first passed across it, that of course which overspread it with the sand, was something far swifter than a quiet inflow of silting water—was, in truth, endowed with that far from trivial velocity which confers the power of eroding and plowing up already settled or impacted sub-angular matter, and of carrying part of it bodily away. Perhaps he will add that the thickness of the sand is no true measure of the time it has consumed in forming, inasmuch as under certain easily-indicated favorable conditions, of retardation of a current bearing floating particles, as great a depth of sediment will accumulate in a few years, as would, under a normal state of things, consume many centuries in collecting. We, self-constituted umpires in this discussion, interpose our conviction that neither of these earnest interpreters of nature is competent, in the present state of science, to pronounce with any positiveness whether the formative process was slow or rapid; for *how slowly* or *how rapidly* a given

foot or fathom of silted sand has taken to stratify itself, no geologist of either school will venture soberly to calculate, especially when he reflects that neither school has hitherto succeeded in attaining that familiarity with all the modes of operation of that most marvelous agent, water, without acquiring which it is in vain to hope for a quantitative measure of its rates of action, under apparently the most simple conditions.

Maintaining our station at the gravel-pits, with our two "representative men," our Quietist and Paroxysmist interpreters of the geology, we tire at the prospect of receiving somewhat similar explanations to those just heard, if we venture to ask what time it took to form the two remaining beds in the bank—the narrow wildly-tossed layer of gravel, and the faintly-laminated brown sandy clay or brick-earth, which caps the series, nourishes the grass, and shelters the Roman graves. We therefore terminate our interrogations by demanding of the champion of each school his own explanation of the successive physical changes witnessed by this region of the Somme since the period of the gigantic mammals, that we may, by contrasting the two theoretical histories, the better appreciate what Geology has at present to say in relation to our leading inquiry—the probable antiquity of the primeval race of men who left behind them the flint-implements of the diluvium.

The Quietist, or student of nature's more tranquil moods and changes, will probably offer something like the following historic sketch. Starting with the formation of the gravel, which contains the mammalian bones and flint-implements, he will conceive it to have been spread over the surface of the chalk by a broad river subject to inundations, filling the valley of the Somme, and submerging the carcasses, or at least the bones, of the animals pasturing near its borders. To explain the wide distribution laterally of the ossiferous gravel, and its altitude above the present bed of the valley, it will be necessary to suppose that this river, or mass of fresh water, commenced its formative functions at a higher level, or one nearer that of the plateau through which it now flows—running on or over the upland, and not below or within it, as it now does—and that the drainage has gradually excavated the valleys of the

Somme and its tributaries to their present lower levels, collecting and strewing on their shifting beds and banks the flint-gravel, with its embedded bones and human relics. By assuming that this sinking of the river-bed was continuous, and attended probably by a continuous rising of the level of the land above the sea, and was not accompanied by any long pauses, or interrupted by counter-movements of subsidence, we can account for the total absence of traces of either sea-margins or river-terraces, and for the uniform manner in which the gravel clothes the eroded surface of the chalk, and conforms to all its slopes. The cutting out or trenching of the valleys is thus attributed to a fluvial erosion, demanding an immense lapse of time for its accomplishment, and not to an invasion or successive invasions of the sea, carving and modeling the land for the reception and conveyance of the atmospheric waters. The suggestion of an antiquity for the human family so remote as is here implied, in the length of ages required by the gentle rivers and small streams of north-eastern France to erode its whole plain to the depths at which they now flow, acquires, it must be confessed, a fascinating grandeur, when, by similitude of feature and geology, we extend the hypothesis to the whole north-west frontier of the continent, and assume, that from the estuary of the Seine to the eastern shores of the Baltic, every external feature of valley, dale, and ravine—in short, the entire entaglio of the surface—has been molded by running waters, since the advent of the human race.

Perhaps the geologist of the school disposed to recognize only the more gradual changes in the configuration of the surface, conscious of the grave difficulties which beset the present application of this hypothesis, will adopt a different explanation, and set out with the conception that the great valleys of the land were already scooped before the strewing of the diluvium or ossiferous gravel. His most natural assumption will then be that the gravel was deposited in the bed and on the shores of a tidal estuary, frequented by the makers of the flint hatchets and by the extinct quadrupeds, and that the stratum was diffused *wider and higher* by a progressive sinking of the land, submerging successively fresh tracts, till all the district now capped by this particular diluvium was overspread.

This supposition involves a much less protracted period than the preceding; not more time, indeed, than, at the rate of elevation or subsidence of the earth's crust at present in progress on sundry coasts, would depress the district of the Somme perhaps one hundred feet. Certain indispensable evidence, of like nature in both cases, is wanting to lend countenance to either of these hypotheses. There are no independent proofs, in the form of fluviatile shells, of the long residence of the rivers within their existing valleys at materially higher levels than those they now occupy, to confirm the *former* view; nor any similar monuments of the long residence of the sea, or of estuary waters, in the shape of marine organic remains in the bed and on the lower slopes of the valley, to sustain the latter. Till such are found, both hypotheses may be received as suggestive speculations, but can not be accepted as steps towards a sound theory of the origin of the flint-gravel of the Somme.

Ascending to the beds which overlies this "sepulchral earth" of the mammoth and his associates, our friend of the tranquil school will account for them by appealing to processes very similar to those already invoked. He will show us, that the bed many feet thick of white and brown sand, with the fragile fresh-water shells, testifies unequivocally to some ancient river long and quietly resident above the gravel. But these fresh-water sands cover the gravel almost as broadly and continuously as the gravel covers the chalk, and, what is especially puzzling, occur at all altitudes upon the gently ascending sides of the valley, from its bed to the table lands which bound it. Here another complex process of shifting river sedimentation, with slow depression or elevation of the land, must be resorted to, demanding a lapse of time commensurate with, or even exceeding, that previously required. Thus, proceeding through the thinner rudely *edded* gravel bed which succeeds the river sand, and through the brick-earth, or ferruginous sandy clay with splinters of flint, which crowns the entire series, sustains the now existing life of the district, and entombs some of that which was of human mold almost two thousand years ago, he will, with like ingenuity, establish the probability of two other enormous epochs, making thus in all four vast revolutions of the geologic index on this immeasurable dial-plate, all between the

embedding of the manipulated flints and extinct mammalians, and the sepulture of the Roman occupants of the country.

Let us now listen to the Paroxysmist, who desires to measure the earth's rates of progress, not only while she dallies with her tools, but when she puts forth her nearly resistless strength. By what agencies, and in what relative time, does *he* conceive these four superficial strata may have been produced?

Beginning, as before, with the gravel-bed at the base of the series, he will allege that this can have occupied no very long period in its formation: for, pointing to the sundry marks of diluvial or turbulent aqueous action which it betrays, he will remind us that the motion of the strewing current must have been rapid, and that time is ever in the inverse ratio of velocity. His notion of the order of events will probably be something like the following: Assuming the preëxisting *relief*, or excavation rather, of the surface, to have approximated to that now prevailing, he will account for the gravel by supposing a sudden rocking movement of the land and the bottom of the sea, of the nature of an earthquake, or a succession of them, to have launched a portion of the temporarily uplifted waters upon the surface of the land, the inundation penetrating further inland, rising to higher altitudes, and possessing more sweeping and destructive power along the broad, gently-ascending, trumpet-mouthed valleys like the Seine and Somme, than on the undented plain. To this inundation, or more strictly to a series of such—for these vehement disturbances of the earth's crust usually repeat their visits to the same district many times in an epoch of commotion—he will ascribe the plowing up or washing up of the surface-beds of the chalk, the sorting out, as it were, and breaking, rolling, and rudely strewing of its embedded flint-nodules, and the entombing of the huge wallowing animals enticed by their instinctive wants to inhabit the tracts especially vulnerable to inundation. Reflecting on the insufficiency of the evidence which would make man the contemporary of the extinct mammoth, he will encounter no difficulty in explaining how man's remains may have become buried at a long subsequent epoch in the same diluvium or drift which had already received the bones of the colossal elephant and his associates; for he

will remind us that a second disturbance of the crust, similar to that which had already entombed the quadrupeds, would, if occurring within historic time, find the physical conditions even more suitable for an entombing inundation than the first. The same valleys and low plains would invite an invasion of the sea, only they would this time be smoothed over with the ossiferous gravel; and this bed for the waters would be torn up, drifted, and deposited afresh with whatsoever man may have left upon its surface, far more readily than was the well-impacted chalk by the previous great inundation.

Ascending to the next bed—the silicious sand with fresh-water shells—the Paroxysmist will account for this by requesting us to imagine a broad river pouring its steady current over the bed of the valley, its waters charged from time to time with more or less angular sand, washed out of the adjacent gravel then constituting the rising grounds on both sides. To explain how the sand has come to cover the gravel beyond the immediate borders of the valley, following that stratum to the upper slopes and apparently even to the general table-land of the country, he will ask us to note the fact, that while it is horizontally and evenly laminated in the less elevated localities, it displays in those of a higher level, for instance at St. Acheul, a lamination often much disturbed and oblique, and a very irregular lower and upper boundary; features, all of which plainly intimate that it may have been *swept suddenly* into these upper levels, by a paroxysmal movement of the earth's crust analogous to that which preceded it, and produced the ossiferous gravel beneath.

In confirmation of this view, the advocate of subterranean forces as the primary agents in producing the superficial sediments, may point our attention to the conical pits or hollows in the surface of this bed of sand, already alluded to, and appeal to them in proof that a sheet of water in rapid and whirling motion must have swept over the land about the close of its deposition, the prelude, it would seem, of the precipitation of the upper gravel-bed on that which covers the sand, if not the very current itself which bore along the gravelly materials and laid them where they now repose.

That this third stratum—the second

gravel—was thus deposited by a swift and eddying current, is so distinctly indicated, not merely by the feature now pointed out, but by its irregular and oblique or diluvial lamination—if proper lamination it can indeed be said to possess—that the Paroxysmist is here confident that he beholds a record of only a very brief period of time.

Reaching the fourth and uppermost bed of all—the brown ferruginous sandy clay or brick-earth with splinters of dispersed flint—the geologist familiar with the signs of both gentle and violent watery action will recognize the most quiet, and therefore the most time-representing sediment of the entire series. But even in this material, the average thickness of which is between three and five feet, he will draw our attention to the abundance and occasional size of these fragments of flint, and may demand how they could have been introduced by water in very sluggish motion. He will probably abandon some of his skepticism upon this point, however, if we request him to observe the almost total absence of distinct lamination in the clay, and the general fineness of its texture; the absence of lamination or internal stratification being one of his surest criteria of a perpendicular deposition, it may be slowly or it may be rapidly, in water either permanently or transiently at rest; the slowness or rapidity of the precipitation, again, being indicated mainly by the fineness or coarseness of the materials. So, looking at this uppermost deposit of all, the *minimum* age of which is proved to equal at least one third of the commonly imputed age of the human race, by the presence within it of Gallo-Roman graves, and other remains historically identifiable, he hesitates to acknowledge that even it can have occupied any prolonged series of ages in its production.

The physical conditions under which it has been formed he will not venture to speculate about, until so important a stratum—the floor of the now living creation, the outer covering of the tomb which enwraps the bones and dust of all the organisms which once lived in the region and now live no more—shall have received a far more critical and widely-extended study than it has yet enlisted.

Thus will the two translators of this last chapter in the Physical History of the Earth differ in their reading of each suc-

cessive page: the one interpreting the record only by the gentler forces of existing nature, and inferring an enormous age for man, far transcending that deduced by the chronologists, while the other, adopting a quicker rate of formation, confesses his uncertainty as to whether these deposits originated within the accepted period of human history or not.

Having discussed the leading topics mentioned in my programme as fully as explicitness demands, I take leave of my reader with a brief recapitulation of the conclusions I have arrived at.

1. To the question: Are the so-called flint-implements of human workmanship or the result of physical agencies? my reply is: They bear unmistakably the indications of having been shaped by the skill of man.

2. To the inquiry: Does the mere association in the same deposit of the flint-implements and the bones of extinct quadrupeds prove that the artificers of the flint-tools and the animals coëxisted in time? I answer: That mere juxtaposition of itself is no evidence of contemporaneity, and that upon the testimony of the fossil bones the age of the human relics is *not proven*.

3. To the query: What is the antiquity of the mammalian bones with which the flint-implements are associated? my answer is: That, apart from their mixture with the recently-discovered vestiges of an early race of men, these fossils exhibit no independent marks by which we can relate them to human time at all. The age of the diluvium which embeds the remains of the extinct mammalian animals must now be viewed as doubly uncertain—doubtful from the uncertainty of its coincidence with the age of the flint-implements—and again doubtful, if

even this coincidence were established, from the absence of any link of connection between those earliest traces of man and his historic ages.

Upon the special question involved in this general query: What time must it have required for the physical geography adapted to the pachyderms of the antediluvian period to have altered into that now prevailing, suited to wholly different races? the geological world is divided between two schools of interpretation—the Tranquillists, who recognize chiefly nature's gentler forces and slower mutations, and the Paroxysmists, who appeal to her violent subterranean energies and her more active surface-changes.

4. To the last interrogation: How far are we entitled to impute a high antiquity to these earliest physical records of mankind from the nature of the containing and overlying sedimentary deposits? my response again is: That as the two schools of geologists now named differ widely in their translation into geologic time of all phenomena of the kind here described, this question, like the preceding, does not admit, in the present state of the science, of a specific or quantitative answer.

In conclusion, then, of the whole inquiry, condensing into one expression my answer to the general question: Whether a remote pre-historic antiquity for the human race has been established from the recent discovery of specimens of man's handiwork in the so-called diluvium, I maintain it is not proven; by no means asserting that it can be *disproved*, but insisting simply that it remains—*Not Proven*.
H. D. R.*

* Supposed to be Colonel Rawlinson.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

The beautiful red and purple silks which are now so fashionable throughout the civilized world, are colored with a substance which is extracted from coal-tar, called mauve dye. The price in Paris of pure aniline violet, in powder, was stated to be from \$215 to \$326 per pound. The enormous value of this substance is owing to the fact that it not only produces a great variety of red and purple shades of exceeding delicacy and brilliancy, but these colors are also permanent.

THE STEREOSCOPE.—Sir David Brewster, inquiring into the history of the stereoscope, finds that its fundamental principle was well known even to Euclid; that it was distinctly described by Galen fifteen hundred years ago; and that Giambattista Porta had, in 1599, given such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures as seen by each eye, and of the combined picture placed between them, that we recognize in it not only the principle but the construction of the stereoscope.

From the Saturday Review.

THE WARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE principal purpose for which we have used Sir Edward Cust's volumes has been to revive the memory of the services of British fleets and armies. But we can not enter on the period of the Seven Years' War without rendering homage to the genius and fortitude of the King of Prussia. It is true that the reputation of this monarch may be safely left to Mr. Carlyle's care; and it is also true that, after all the heroic resistance which he offered to a host of enemies, our admiration for the King of Prussia is largely tempered by dislike. Yet, as we trace the progress of this war, and see the resources of a small and exhausted country still holding the balance equal with the power of combined Europe, we feel that the chief actor in this marvelous spectacle has been well called Frederick the Great.

It was always the object of the King of Prussia to keep the war out of his own dominions. His ally the King of England might be trusted to do his utmost to defend Hanover, so that on the west Prussia was tolerably secure against France. His own first act in 1756 was to enter Saxony, and he burst directly afterwards into Bohemia. He had torn Silesia from the Empress-Queen in the previous war, and he now clung to it with invincible tenacity. These three unhappy provinces became the theater of conflict between the King and the ablest of his opponents, Marshal Daun; and thus, towards the south, Brandenburg was generally sheltered from the waste of war. But on the east, that most terrible of scourges, a Russian army, impassible in action and un pitying in its ravages, often advanced within fifty miles

of Berlin. From the north also came the fear of the same barbarians; and on the same side another enemy, the Swedes, likewise threatened the unhappy Prussians. Before we enter on the chief scenes of the Seven Years' War, which are treated in Sir Edward Cust's third volume, let us look at the position of the King of Prussia when he fought and failed to win the battle of Kunersdorf, and seemed to be left by his defeat at the lowest ebb of fortune. The plan of his enemies had been the simple one of pushing him on all sides with superior force. The Russians were to advance from the east upon Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where they were to be joined by an Austrian corps. The main Austrian army was ready in Bohemia on the south. The army of the Empire was to threaten Dresden on the south-west. On the west the French and their German allies strove by superior numbers to overcome the skillful tactics of Prince Ferdinand and the valor of the British and Hanoverian troops who served under him. The Russians began their march from Posen towards Frankfort. The Prussian General, Wedel, with a very inferior force, attacked them in a strong position near Palzig, hoping to repel them from the Oder, and suffered a severe defeat. It was part of the new system of the King of Prussia to demand from his lieutenants that they should encounter the most tremendous risks, and to bring them too frequently to an unjustly severe account for failure. The King was at this time in Silesia face to face with Marshal Daun. His brother, Prince Henry, was in Saxony with an army which was now called from west to east to make head against the Russians. The King traveled northward with only an escort of hussars, to take command of this army and the remains of Wedel's force, and hoped by his personal presence to compensate for numerical inferiority. He had only forty-three thou-

* *Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century.* Compiled from the most authentic Histories of the Period. By the Hon. Sir EDWARD CUST, D.C.L., Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and Colonel of the Sixteenth (Queen's) Lancers. Vol. III. 1760-1783. London: Mitchell's Military Library. 1859.

sand troops to oppose to sixty thousand, intrenched in a strong position, and defended by a powerful artillery. "Nevertheless it became absolutely necessary for him to fight. Detachments from Daun's army already threatened Berlin. Saxony, which was now exposed, had become a prey to the Imperialist army. The Austrians were actually encamped in Silesia, the very country of his desire." His difficulties were such that rashness could hardly dictate any thing that might not be deemed prudence. One thing alone cheered him—the account of the battle of Minden, which had been fought on the first of August, 1759. On the twelfth of the same month he made what seemed the last cast of the die at Kunersdorf. The battle began before eleven o'clock, and raged all day. At six in the evening the Prussians had taken one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, and their victory appeared decisive. The King sent to Berlin to announce his triumph. But the enemy now made that use of their superior numbers which they should have made at first. The strength of the Prussian infantry was exhausted by fighting a long summer's day. Their cavalry, under the renowned Seydlitz, "the most accomplished cavalry officer that ever drew bridle," was hindered by the ground from acting with effect. Seydlitz was wounded. In vain the King risked his life: the exhausted troops could do no more. A retreat was ordered, and the victory was turned into a defeat. The capital was within fifty miles, and the King had not five thousand troops around him. His army had lost in these two battles thirty thousand men. But the Russians also suffered so severely that their general, Soltikow, wrote to the Empress that if he gained such another victory he should have to bring the news of it himself.

Strange to say, the enemy remained after the battle irresolute and inactive, until the King, by astonishing efforts, had prepared himself to make head against them, and was now able to send off a corps to Dresden. Differences broke out between the confederates. The Russians were without provisions, and the Austrians could furnish none. When Soltikow was offered a subsidy instead, he answered: "My soldiers can not eat gold;" and when urged by Daun to advance, "I have already gained two battles," said he, "and I now wait to hear of your hav-

ing gained two." However, Daun was advancing from Silesia upon Berlin. The danger on this side was averted by the activity of Prince Henry, who fell upon Daun's line of communication with Bohemia, and obliged him to retrace his steps. The Prince then marched into Saxony, and Daun deemed it necessary to follow him. Towards the end of October the Russian army retreated towards Poland. Thus, by rapidity of movement, and the concentration of authority in a single hand, the disaster of Kunersdorf was remedied, and the delays and divided councils of the Allies deprived them of any substantial result from victory. Yet this campaign did not close without another heavy calamity to the Prussians, for which the King was himself to blame. He was now in Saxony, and anxious to force Daun out of the country before the winter should set in. With this object, he placed General Finck in Daun's rear, so as to interrupt his communication with Bohemia. If Finck could have maintained himself, Daun would have had no choice but to retreat. But Finck was exposed to attack by Daun's whole army. This he submitted to the King, who answered that he disliked to hear of difficulties. Then Finck proposed to extend the position held by him. The King ordered him to keep his force together. Daun made arrangements to seize the opportunity thus offered, with his usual caution and completeness. After some hard fighting and struggling through frost and snow, fifteen thousand Prussians were compelled to lay down their arms. Having lost an army by his own recklessness, the King proceeded to punish the unfortunate commander who had failed to perform an impossibility. Finck was imprisoned and dismissed the service. He had risen entirely by merit, and been called a second Turenne for his conduct after Kunersdorf. Within three months of his disgrace, he is said to have died of grief. In this and many similar cases Frederick showed himself totally deficient alike in justice and generosity. Even if he had been himself invariably successful, he would have had no right to demand infallibility of his deputies. But he suffered many great reverses, and some of them were due to his own obstinacy and arrogance. To admire Frederick, we must look at him before a superior enemy. After the surrender of Finck's army, it

might have been expected that he would relinquish Saxony; but he resolutely made front against Daun, and kept possession of almost the whole Electorate. On Christmas Day, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick brought the King a reinforcement, which Prince Ferdinand had been able to send to him in consequence of the successes which followed the victory of Minden. Thus, after three great reverses, the campaign closed brilliantly. The Russians on one side, and the French on the other, had been forced back, and the grasp of Frederick was unrelaxed on Saxony and Silesia.

Sir Edward Cust's third volume opens with the campaign of 1760. The confederates hoped to subdue the King through the impossibility of his getting recruits to replace his recent losses. But the footing which he kept beyond his own dominions enabled him to raise men as well as money; and when he got men, from whatever country, he taught them that fighting was a great deal safer than running away. He was wonderfully skillful, too, in screwing money out of the districts of which he held possession, and the unhappy Saxons paid to the last dollar for their own conquest. Moreover, as long as Mr. Pitt was minister, the King could also look to the deep British purse for subsidies. The British nation admired Frederick's indomitable pluck. Partly from the love of fighting, and partly from the love of the Protestant religion, of which Voltaire's disciple had the good luck to be regarded as the champion, the British nation paid the bills for the bloody German battles with patience, and sometimes with pride. The national debt grew enormously; but on the other hand, Wolfe in North-America, and Clive and Coote in the East-Indies, had proved themselves able generals, while the British contingent under the Marquis of Granby were Prince Ferdinand's bravest and most active and hardy soldiers. This Prince opened the campaign with ninety thousand troops against one hundred and thirty thousand. The King of Prussia had only the same number to oppose to two hundred and eighty thousand enemies. But he was within, and his assailants all round the circle; so that he might hope, by that celerity which he had taught his army, to bring a competent force under his own command wherever the pressure became severe. His greatest weakness lay in the rawness of the troops who now re-

placed his slaughtered veterans, and in the want of experienced officers, whose posts, void through death, wounds, captivity, or disgrace, were filled by the promotion of mere boys. Thus, even more than in previous years, did the King stand alone against combined Europe.

In the spring of 1760 the King was still watching Daun in Saxony. Prince Henry was marching against the Russians. In Silesia there was absolutely no Prussian army except ten thousand men with whom General Fouquet held a very dangerous position at Landshut. He retreated thence to Breslau, but was ordered by the King to return. His apprehensions were justified by the defeat and destruction of his whole force by an army of thirty thousand Austrians. In this instance the King did not visit inevitable failure by punishment. The next misfortune was the surrender of Glatz, by which all Silesia was laid open. In the midst of his agitation at the news of Fouquet's defeat, the King conceived one of his finest strokes. He began to march from Saxony towards Silesia, and drew Daun after him. Then he returned and marched rapidly back to besiege Dresden, for which he had thus gained eight clear days. But Daun returned in time to save the place. It was now announced that the Russians were threatening Silesia, and the King made an astonishing march thither, followed, of course, by the ever-watchful Daun. That general joined Loudon, and the two maneuvered to surround and overwhelm the King. He contrived, however, to engage Loudon separately, having about one third his numbers, and gave him a severe defeat, the news of which sent the Russians back across the Oder. Thus Silesia was saved, but the Prussians lost for a time all Saxony. And now the Russians marched upon Berlin, and captured it. The King hastened from Silesia, and they abandoned their conquest after four days. But they left deep traces of their occupation. Having relieved his capital, the King marched into Saxony, where he was determined to regain a footing. Daun, however, was close at hand. He occupied, with sixty-four thousand men, a position of great strength at Torgau, on the Elbe, and here the King, who had got together forty-four thousand men, was forced, as the least of evils, to run the desperate hazard of attacking him. It was now the beginning of November. The Russians were preparing to advance

again, and take up their winter quarters in Brandenburg. The King had no place to winter in but his own territories, already wasted by invasion. Without the means of recruiting his army, he might be crushed in a corner by the combined forces of his many enemies. In this extremity, and knowing that he could not draw the cautious Daun to an attack, he determined to storm his camp. He said to his generals: "If we are beaten we shall all perish, and I the first; but I am tired of this war, and so must you be." He ordered General Ziethen to attack the Austrian position in front, while he made himself a considerable circuit to assail their rear. Both attacks were pressed throughout the day with all the energy of despair. It was, indeed, the very last slender chance of saving Prussia. But both attacks failed completely, after the fruitless slaughter of troops which could not be replaced. Neither skill nor valor could do more, but in this, his darkest hour, the King had a surprising stroke of fortune. Marshal Daun was badly wounded and carried off

the field, and in his absence the complete victory which he had announced to the Empress-Queen was lost through a piece of negligence which, so long as he commanded, was impossible. In the darkness Ziethen found a dyke between two ponds which the Austrians had left unguarded. He marched across this dyke and seized the heights mounted with cannon, in the very center of the Austrian position, which the King had striven in vain to carry. The King's troops advanced and met those of Ziethen on the heights. Then all was confusion among the Austrians. Their victory was turned into a defeat. They abandoned the whole position, and retreated hurriedly along the Elbe to Dresden. Thus the King's affairs were restored to the point at which they stood when this wonderful campaign began. He again held all Saxony, except the capital. London retreated from Silesia, and the news of the battle of Torgau also sent the Swedes and Russians back within their respective frontiers.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

M A R Y D Y N E V O R .

I.

It was not an ordinary match; it was something quite out of the common way: but then, as every body said, Mary Dynevor was a girl out of the common. Not, however, as regarded beauty: in that respect she could not compete with her sisters, or with her brilliant friend, Gertrude Baumgarten. She was a ladylike girl, with a pale serene face, dark hair, and eyes of a violet blue, quiet in manner, calm in speech: that was the chief that could be said; and yet it was certain that some unusual charm did attach itself to Mary Dynevor.

Eighteen months ago, when abroad with Lady Grace Baumgarten, she had made the acquaintance of Everard Wil-

mot, an *attaché* to one of the continental embassies, and the son of Sir John Wilmot. Exceedingly to her own surprise, he had asked her—her!—to become his wife. In the impulse of the moment she went, letter in hand—for he had made the offer in writing—to Lady Grace. "What am I to do?" she uttered.

"My goodness, what a fortunate girl you are!" exclaimed Lady Grace, when she had digested the contents. "He is the eldest son, you know, and old Sir John's worth twenty thousand a year, if he's worth a shilling. What news for the dean!"

"Then you think that—I—should—accept him?" repeated Mary Dynevor.

"Accept him!" retorted Lady Grace, "why, what would you do?"

"I don't know: I don't particularly care for him."

"What a strange girl you are! You do not like any one else, I conclude?"

"Oh dear, no," returned Mary; "what an idea! But I—thought"—she hesitated, and for once a rosy blush came into her pale cheek as she stood before Lady Grace—"I thought it was necessary—or usual—to——"

Lady Grace burst into a merry laugh and interrupted her. "You thought it was necessary first of all to fall in love. I see. Well, it is sometimes done, Mary; but it is not essential. My opinion was that something of the sort was a-gate, for he has been here much."

"But I never imagined he came for me."

"Oh, indeed!" said Lady Grace. "For whom then, pray?"

Another accession of color, and a slight evasiveness of tone. "Not for any one—of course: I had no definite ideas upon the subject."

"One word, Mary—do you dislike Mr. Wilmot?"

"I like him very much: I esteem him greatly."

"And yet you come to me, and demurely say, 'What am I to do?' Go along with you, you shy, foolish girl."

There never were two men more unlike each other than the present Dean of Denham and the late one. Dr. Baumgarten, learned, dignified, fascinating, and calm; Dr. Dynevor, little, perky, ugly, and hot. He had been one of the canons of Denham when Dean Baumgarten died his sudden death, and was promoted to his place: but that was some years ago, and has nothing to do with us. When Lady Grace Baumgarten returned from her visit to the continent, and resigned his daughter to his care, together with the handsome proposals for her from Mr. Wilmot, he went off into a rapture, for he had two daughters besides Mary, and they were portionless. The best of Dean Dynevor was, that he was no hypocrite, but spoke out what he felt, what he thought. "I never looked to their getting any thing better than clergymen," cried he to Lady Grace: "girls without fortunes don't go down, now-a-days."

Well, this was eighteen months ago. Six months of that period Mary had passed at Denham, the rest in London; and now Sir John Wilmot was dead, and

his son, Sir Everard, was coming home to claim his bride. There was no Mrs. Dynevor, and the Dean's household was presided over by his sister, Miss Dynevor, a lady in a flaxen wig, between whom and her nieces there was no love lost. This lady's indisposition had kept them from proceeding to Denham as usual the previous autumn, and the dean had gone thither without them, and spent the winter there. He was now back in London, and exceedingly anxious to see his future son-in-law. In his private opinion he set him down as a milkop: who else, possessing a title and a rent-roll, would have been attracted by Mary Dynevor, a pale girl, with nothing in her? The dean was not complimentary to his daughters, either in public or private, and most certainly he underrated the merits of one of them.

The London season was commencing, and the March winds whirled the London dust about, round the dean's town house. A merry home party had gathered in the drawing-room, cheerful with fire and wax-lights. The dean was yet in the dining-room, but stretched on a sofa in her comfortable after-dinner nap, lay Miss Dynevor and her flaxen wig: the dean's daughters were gathered on another sofa, sitting in a sort of half-circle, and, perched on the arms of this sofa, which was one of the heavy, old-fashioned ones, were Richard Dynevor, the dean's son, and a guest who had dined with them.

The dean's sons were the plague of his life. Not that they were worse than other sons, but there were several of them, and the dean was poor; and to supply their wants was often inconvenient. Richard was studying for the bar; the gentleman who was now sitting by Mary Dynevor was already called, and was hoping to struggle into practice.

This was Charles Baumgarten. Six-and-twenty years of age, tall, stately, and handsome, he was the very image of what his father had been as a young man: not resembling his sister Gertrude, not resembling his mother, Lady Grace; only his dead father.

"Isn't it a shame!" suddenly exclaimed Regina Dynevor in the same low tone which they had adopted for their conversation, "she says her limbs are getting bad again, and she can't chaperone us to-morrow night!"

"Regina!" interposed Grace Dynevor, in a tone of sharp reproof; although Re-

gina was the eldest, and she was the youngest.

"I declare she said it," returned Regina, the whole party having imperceptibly glanced at the opposite sofa, so that there could be no mistake whose "limbs" were alluded to. "It was in her dressing-room, just before dinner. 'My limbs are getting bad again: those were the very words.'"

"Not unlikely; but there was no necessity for you to repeat them."

"There's nobody to hear me," replied Regina. "Who's Charley Baumgarten?"

"Nobody, as you say," interposed Charles.

"Regina's tongue will be her bane," cried Grace. "Of course we are used to Charley, but it would have been all the same had there been a room-full. She says any thing that comes uppermost."

"Like papa," carelessly spoke Regina.

"Yes; but what is proper for papa, is unladylike for you. I hope it's not true, though, that she is going to be ill. We shall all be kept prisoners, as we were last season."

"Pd rather run away than put up with it," said Regina, fiercely. "It's not the rheumatics in her legs, it's temper."

Charles Baumgarten laughed.

"It is, Charley; even you don't know her yet. I vow and protest that it was half and half, last year: a little bit of rheumatism, and a great deal of cross-grained fractiousness. If she does have this attack, mind, I shall have brought it on."

"You! what next, Regina?"

"Little Archdeacon Dove called this morning; and you know how she has been setting her cap at him, thinking he'll perhaps convert her into Mrs. Dove the second. The little archdeacon was beginning with his foolish complimentary speeches—which, it's my belief, he learns by heart, and says to every woman—and brought in something about aunt's 'locks, which the weather, windy or wet, never disturbed the beauty of.' 'Or if it does,' put in I, 'Aunt Esther can send them to the hair-dresser to be renovated; she's more fortunate than we poor young damsels.'"

"Regina! you never said it!"

"Indeed I did. She looked daggers, and the archdeacon foolish. I was determined to pay her off, for she had been driving me wild all the morning with her

aggravations. And now I expect she intends to pay us off, by having an attack of her 'rheumatics.'"

"A blessed thing for you girls if one of you were married, and not obliged to be dependent on her for chaperonage," cried Richard Dynevor, who was generally antagonistic to his elderly relative, and she to him. Talking about that, though, Mary, Wilmot has landed, has he not?"

"To-day," said Regina, answering for her sister, "and we have been expecting to see him every hour. Mary is as cool over it as—"

The dean entered. Regina cut short her speech, and Charles Baumgarten slid off his perch on the sofa, and took his seat decently in a chair. In the presence of Dr. Dynevor, his family put on their best behavior. He walked up to the fire, and stood with his back to it, the buckles in his shoes glittering in the rays from the wax-lights. A dead silence had fallen in the room; Miss Dynevor still slept on, and in the midst of it the arrival of a visitor was heard.

Whether they felt who it might be, cannot be told; the silence of expectation was on all, and their eyes turned to the door as it was thrown open.

"Sir Everard Wilmot."

Little Dr. Dynevor and his buckles bustled forward with his right hand stretched out. He had pictured to himself a foolish young man with an incipient moustache and an eye-glass: he saw before him a right noble-looking form, with a noble face, a man who had left thirty behind him some years back. Miss Dynevor tumbled off the sofa in consternation, and pushed her flaxen curls too high, in her flurry.

A warm greeting to the dean, a quiet greeting to Mary—holding her hand for a moment only—an introduction, by the dean, to the rest of the party, including Charles Baumgarten, and then Sir Everard sat down.

"Look at Mary! she's fainting!"

It was the shrill and cross voice of Miss Dynevor, and they started and turned to Mary. Her whole frame was shaking, and her face had turned of a death-like whiteness. But she was not fainting.

"It will be over in a moment," she whispered to Regina. "Don't notice me, for the love of Heaven! Talk to them; do any thing: draw attention from me."

"Catch me turning sick and faint for

the dearest lover that ever stepped!" thought Regina to herself, as she rose and began clattering the teacups on the table, sharply inquired how her aunt's legs felt now, and pushed Charles Baumgarten towards the bell-rope, telling him to ring for the urn.

"Perhaps you would prefer coffee, Sir Everard?"

He smiled. "I should prefer tea. I long to fall into the good old English customs again. A traveler on the sandy desert never longed for the sight of water more than I have, these many months, longed for a sight of home."

"Then why didn't you come to it?" quoth Regina.

"First of all, I could not be spared, and was forced to remain at my post," replied Sir Everard. "Secondly, my father was with me, and he believed England would not be the proper climate for his declining health. We all have to bend to circumstances, you know, Miss Dynevor."

"Very disagreeable circumstances, too, sometimes," returned the young lady. "But, Sir Everard, I am not Miss Dynevor, and you will incur my aunt's everlasting displeasure if you accord me the honor of the title. She is Miss Dynevor—at present—and I am Miss Regina."

There was a shade of sarcasm, of malice, in Regina's last sentence, and some of them smothered a titter. Sir Everard turned to Miss Dynevor, and entered into conversation with her, with marked courtesy.

"Dear aunt's a great sufferer," cried Regina; "she has rheumatics in her legs."

"It's a pity but what you had it in your tongue," returned Miss Dynevor, provoked into the retort, and the dean interposed.

"So you are getting tired of a continental life! I never was abroad: don't know what it is."

"We get tired in time of all things but home, sir. I hope never to go there again except for a temporary sojourn."

"Mary came home enraptured with it," exclaimed Grace Dynevor. "To hear her account, we thought she could only have alighted in some terrestrial paradise."

Sir Everard glanced at Mary, and half smiled. A sudden flush suffused her white face, and she looked terribly embarrassed.

After tea they dispersed about the two rooms, which opened to each other. One of them sat down to the piano, some of the others gathered round; the dean and Sir Everard were left standing on the hearth-rug.

"My daughters delight in having a little fling at their aunt, Regina especially," began the dean, confidentially. "She keeps them rather strict, and they rise at it. Richard, and Charley Baumgarten, too, help to keep up the ball against her."

"He is the son of Lady Grace, I presume?"

"Her son, and her idol."

"He is a fine young man, and has a nice countenance."

"I don't know that countenances go for much," remarked the dean. "Charles has got something in him, and is as steady as old time. He took a double first at the university, and gained his fellowship."

"Does he follow a profession?" inquired Sir Everard. "Lady Grace used to talk to me about him much, but I really have forgotten details."

"I don't know how he would expect to get on in the world without a profession," returned the dean. "Dr. Baumgarten died worse than poor, and Charles, in his chivalrous honor, sacrificed the principal of some income that ought to have come to him, to pay off his father's debts. I don't understand it: it was Lady Grace's money, and she enjoys the interest still; at her death it would have come to Charles, but he signed it away to the creditors, and it will go to them. What with this, and what with certain money advanced by the Earl of Avon, the claims were settled. Charles is called to the bar, and already getting into some practice."

Sir Everard strolled towards the other room. Richard and two of his sisters were at the piano, Mary sat on the sofa, apparently lost in thought, and Charles Baumgarten stood underneath the chandelier, with an open book. Sir Everard sat down by Mary.

"It has been a long while, Mary," he whispered. "Did you think I was never coming?"

"Yes, it has been a long while," she faintly said. Her hands were trembling, her heart was beating, and she spoke—and looked—as if she were frightened.

"But not my fault," he returned.

‘Had you permitted a regular correspondence, you would have known this.’

‘My aunt said it was more proper not to correspond—except by an occasional letter at stated seasons. I explained this to you after I returned.’

A smile passed across Sir Everard’s face. ‘I am aware—I remember; and I dare say it has been all very ‘proper,’ if not affectionate. But the past is over and gone, Mary, and now we need fear no further—’

He did not say what. A hasty glance had shown him that no one was looking. Charles Baumgarten, buried in his book, stood with his back towards them; the rest were round the piano: and he bent his face down upon Mary’s, his lips touching her cheek.

‘Oh don’t! don’t!’ she shrinkingly uttered.

‘Nay, my dearest, would you deny it to me? It is a reward long waited for.’

She gasped for breath as she stood up and caught the corner of the mantelpiece. Her face had turned white again.

Sir Everard joined the music group, and then the dean came up, and asked for some particular song. Regina sang it, but Mary slipped away, before it was begun. When it was over, Charles Baumgarten rose to say good evening.

‘Will you tell Lady Grace, with my kind regards, that I anticipate the pleasure of seeing her to-morrow?’ said Sir Everard to him, as he held out his hand.

Charles did not choose to see it; and he replied coldly and stiffly: ‘I do not reside with Lady Grace, and shall not be likely to meet her to-night or to-morrow.’

‘He has his mother’s pride,’ thought Sir Everard; and Regina struck up another song. But Sir Everard was mistaken.

As Charles Baumgarten passed a small room, usually devoted to the studies and pursuits of the young ladies, but to which he had been sometimes allowed to penetrate, he caught a movement within; a face half peeped out, and then suddenly drew back again, as if hoping to escape observation. Charles entered the room and closed the door. There were no candles, but Mary Dynevor stood in the light of the fire. ‘Did you call me?’ he asked.

‘No—oh, no! I thought it might be Sir Everard leaving, and glanced out to see.’

His face had turned as ghastly as hers, and he almost shook as she had done—as

she was doing now. Suddenly he confronted her, and laid his two hands upon her shoulders.

‘The time for concealment has passed, Mary; we have gone on, like two children, who make believe to hide things from one another; and this is the awaking! What is to be done? You can not go and enact a lie, and marry that man!’

‘Oh, Charles! what are you saying?’ she uttered, in a wailing tone. He stood quite still for a moment, breathing heavily.

‘Do you wish to marry him?’

‘I would rather die.’

‘Yes, for you love me—nay, don’t I tell you the time for concealment is over, and this night is the awaking? You love me—and oh, my darling! how I love you, I can not stay now to tell. Nor need I; for you have known it without the telling.’

‘I am terrified,’ she whispered; ‘I am nearly terrified to death at the thought of what is before me. Think of the wrong I have done him!’

‘And I think of my position, my poverty,’ returned Charles Baumgarten. ‘If I spoke to your father he would turn me out. Oh, Mary! we have just gone on, living in a fool’s paradise, shutting our eyes to the future, I shutting mine to honor.’

‘Nothing, not a word, must be breathed to my father,’ she whispered eagerly.

‘Would you marry him?’ sharply cried Charles Baumgarten. ‘But that I forced myself to control, with an iron will, I should have knocked him down when he kissed you to-night.’

She cried out with pain. ‘You saw it, then?’

‘Saw it! I felt it; ay, felt it as if it had been a sharp steel, piercing to my heart. Oh, the curse of poverty! I seem to be helpless. Mary, I can but trust in you.’

‘A dim idea came over me, while I sat alone on the sofa, of speaking to him,’ she said, in a tone of abstraction. ‘But I don’t know how I could do it.’

‘To your father?’

‘To him—Sir Everard. He is so good a man, so honorable; one of those men you may trust. I wish he had never taken it in his head to ask for me! I wish I had followed my own impulse at the time—to decline him.’

‘Why did you not?’ he returned.

‘I did not care for you then,’ she whispered.

"We have nearly our whole lives before us, Mary, and they must not be sacrificed to misery," he urged. "Mary, you must wait for me; I know I shall get on."

"Leave me to think it over for to-night," she answered. "I must try and see what ought to be done—and do it."

"That will not do," he impetuously uttered. "If you put it upon 'duty' and that sort of thing, you will marry him."

"Charles!" she interrupted, in a reproving tone. "I said I would try and see what I ought to do, meaning my duty, neither more nor less. It is not my duty to marry him, loving another."

"Mary, I beg your pardon; I am half out of my mind."

"Leave me now," she repeated; "indeed, I tremble lest any of them should come and find you here. Good-night!"

He clasped his arms round her to kiss her; but she started away. "Charles! at present, remember, I am engaged to *him*."

It was of no use. "I must take away the one that he left," whispered Charles Baumgarten.

She lay awake the whole of the night, thinking over what she ought to do, as she had expressed it. To her father she could not speak; she dared not; his temper was fiery, his authority absolute, she was entirely in awe of him. And to speak to him would be utterly useless, nay, worse than useless, for at the slightest hint of reluctance on her part, he would have forced the marriage on. No, if broken off at all, it must be done without the knowledge of the dean. She could only see one way—to throw herself on the generosity of Sir Everard; but she shrank from the prospect of doing it, and when she rose in the morning she was as much perplexed as when she went to rest.

But every hour of indecision made it worse. Sir Everard would be coming again in the course of the day to see her, his promised bride; what was done must be done without delay. Miss Dynevor announced herself better, and that she should chaperone her nieces to the evening's engagement, which they had been afraid of missing. They were speaking of it when Sir Everard called, and he learnt they would be out that night. "We can get you a card also, Sir Everard," spoke up Miss Dynevor.

"You are very kind. I believe I must decline. Just yet I do not wish to mix myself up in London gayety."

A thought struck Mary, and she nerved herself to execute it. "I have a favor to ask of you," she took an opportunity to whisper to him, when they were apart from the rest. "It is not my intention to go out to-night; will you come here and spend a quiet half hour with me?"

"Thank you, Mary. I will come."

"Do not mistake me," she hurriedly added; "I *must* speak to you alone; and it is the best chance I see."

The dean was engaged that evening to a clerical dinner, and Miss Dynevor departed with her nieces at the appointed hour, all three much surprised at Mary's suddenly proclaimed resolution of remaining at home. They had scarcely gone when Sir Everard Wilnot entered. And now came Mary's task.

She did not know how to begin. She was absent and agitated. Sir Everard spoke, but she answered only in monosyllables, and once or twice totally foreign to the subject. He could not fail to observe her strangeness of manner. "What is the matter?" he inquired.

A strange, wild rush of red illumined her cheek, and she clasped her hands tightly one over the other, so tightly as to cause pain had her mind been at ease; but she tried to nerve herself to her task: it must be done. Now, or never.

"I have a communication to make to you, Sir Everard——"

"Sir Everard!" he interrupted.

"And I don't know how to do it," she continued, unmindful of the reproof. "Had you been any other than—than—what you are, I could not have made it."

He did not speak now. He glanced at her shrinking air, her downcast face, her nervous hands, and waited to hear.

"I have been very wicked—very wrong. I have let things go on, suffering you to believe that I would—that I was going to marry you, and I find I can not."

A dead pause. Sir Everard thought that he had never seen any one so confused—so painfully agitated. "I do not understand you," he said.

"It is your coming home which has awakened me," she continued, scarcely knowing what she spoke. "Indeed, I did not mean to do wrong, or to act dishonorably; but when you came yesterday evening—then—I found—that I could not marry you."

Sir Everard thought it a singular avowal—especially singular, as made to him.

"Let me tell you all," she resumed, gathering some courage, now the ice was broken, as nervously sensitive people will do. "I found I did not love you; that it would be wrong to myself, and doubly, doubly wrong to you, if I fulfilled my engagement and married you, and I lay awake all night, thinking what ought to be my course. I did not dare tell papa; he is very severe, he would not listen to me; and I—decided to—tell you; to ask you to give me up. It is what I am now trying to ask you to do."

She sat now with her hands clasped before her, a sort of helpless look upon them, and her eyes were not raised.

"I knew how good you were, how considerate, how honorable, and it gave me courage to speak to yourself, to tell you my unfortunate position, and to ask you to be generous, and let the refusal to carry out the marriage come from you. Oh! Sir Everard," she added, bursting into tears, "I do like and esteem you very much; and it nearly breaks my heart to be saying this."

"You must forgive me, if I repeat that I do not understand you," he gently said, "and your last words less than all. You 'like and esteem me,' but you do not love. I am quite content to take the esteem and the liking, Mary; to trust that the love will follow."

"It never will," she almost vehemently answered, lifting her eyes to his for a moment in her earnestness. "It can not."

Another pause; her face was bent again, and she had turned crimson to the roots of her hair. A light dawned upon Sir Everard.

"You love another!"

"Oh! do forgive me," she whispered. "It was not willingly done; it seems to have come on without my having been aware of it. He did not know it, either—till last night when you came."

"You have betrayed yourself; I suspect unwittingly. You speak of Mr. Baumgarten!"

She had indeed betrayed herself, and certainly not intentionally. It did not tend to reassure her.

"Why did you accept me?" asked Sir Everard.

"Why indeed!" she murmured. "But I did not know that I was doing wrong. I liked you very much, I admired and respected you; you were so different, so superior to the frivolous men we mostly

met. It is true I did not love you, but I thought it would come with the future. I had taken up a wrong view of your frequent visits to us—you see I am telling you all—and that, probably, kept me from caring for you in a different way; which perhaps I might otherwise have done."

"What wrong view had you taken up?" inquired Sir Everard, in surprise.

She hesitated for a moment and then spoke in a low tone. "I fancied you came for the sake of Gertrude Baumgarten."

"Gertrude Baumgarten!" he uttered. "Gertrude would not have cared for me."

"Gertrude *would*—as I truly believe now."

"Nonsense, Mary! Gertrude Baumgarten was wrapped up in that Italian prince—who had more money than brains."

Mary shook her head. "He asked her to be his wife and she refused. After it was all over—I mean that I had accepted you, and we were away, and on our road home again, an idea came over me that it was you Gertrude had really cared for. I was not sure, and I judged it better to bury the train of thought; but this I know, Gertrude has never been quite the same girl since. I suppose I ought not to tell you this: I think I am forgetting myself in more ways than one."

"We have certainly no right thus to speculate upon Miss Baumgarten's likes or dislikes," he rejoined, "and it has nothing to do with the matter in hand. Do you know that this communication of yours is placing me in a very painful position?"

"I can only throw myself on your generosity; plead for your forgiveness."

"Putting out of the question what may be my private feelings, you place me in a most embarrassing and painful position with regard to the dean. He expects that I have come home to marry his daughter; I expect it; the world expects it: and what can be my excuse for refusing? Can I go to him, hat in hand, and say: 'Sir, I am tired of your daughter: I do not intend to marry her?'"

She caught up the silk flounce of her evening dress, and rolled it about in thought. "How can it be managed? What can be done? Oh! Sir Everard, can you think of no plan? you are so much wiser than I."

"You seem to assume confidently that

I must consent to the breaking up of my cherished plans; to the resigning summarily my promised wife."

She looked very much distressed. "What *can* I do? Can I marry you, liking some one else?"

"Having promised to be mine, was it right that you should cultivate so much the society of Mr. Baumgarten?"

"You do not understand," she interrupted. "It was not right: but you do not quite understand. We have always been very intimate with the Baumgartens, both at Denham and in town; my youngest sister was named after Lady Grace, and Charles has come here, just as our own brothers have done. So that the being frequently with him I could not help; and I never supposed, till it was too late, that there could be any danger, that it could by possibility bring injury towards you."

"You wish me to understand that you and Mr. Baumgarten are irrevocably attached to each other?"

There was a danger of the flounce being pulled into slits, and Sir Everard scarcely caught the answer. "It is so."

"Then will it not be better to tell the simple truth to Dr. Dynevor? I do not suggest this to avert unpleasantness to myself, but—"

"It is the very thing that must not be done," she interrupted. "Mr. Baumgarten is too poor to ask for me yet, and papa would go wild at the bare idea. He thinks, of course, that it is most desirable I should be—be—Lady Wilmot, and I dare not tell him I object. I thought if you could do it—as if the objection came from you—you would not be so afraid of him, for he could not be harsh and peremptory with you, as he would be with me. I know it is a great boon to ask of you," she added, her eyes filling again, "but—if you knew how unhappy, how perplexed I am—perhaps you would not refuse to help me."

"You forget one thing," he returned, in a low tone, "that the odium of being refused had far better fall upon me than upon you. The world is not generous in these matters, but I can fight it better than you can."

"I forget all things," she answered, "but the bare fact before me—that I must not marry you, and dare not give my family the true cause. The world can but say that you repented of your engagement to me. Let it."

Sir Everard was silent. He knew that the world's being enabled to say it would not prove so pleasant as she thought. "I must have time to digest this," he said, rising, "and will see you again to-morrow morning."

She rose also, and stood before him like a culprit. Sir Everard took her hand to say farewell.

"I hope you will forgive me. I hope you did not like me very much," she whispered, raising her repentant eyes to his.

Her words and manner almost amused him, though he could not but admire, in the midst, they were so truthful and childlike. "I do like you very much," he answered, with a smile; "too much to part from you without a bitter pang of regret and mortification."

"But you will overget it," she eagerly said, "very soon, I hope."

"It will be the second case of the like nature I have had to 'overget,'" he returned, possibly surprised out of the confession, possibly making it with deliberate intention. "I was going to be married in my early youth. Or what seems early youth to me now: I was five-and-twenty."

"And she refused you?" whispered Mary.

"No: she died. All the *love* I had to give died with her, and I had but liking left for you. I had none, even of that, for a long while, for years and years after she died. 'Wilmot never means to marry,' people used to say: 'he must have taken a vow of hatred against women.' They little thought he had once loved one too much. Do not be ungenerous, and fancy I retort this confession upon you in requital for the one you have given me; it was always my intention to tell it you before we married; more fully than I have now done."

Mary Dynevor's face was turned up, her lips were parted with eagerness. "Then—if I understand you rightly—you have not really loved me?"

"In the imaginative sense of the word—no. Only—I quote your favorite words—liked you very much. But my wife should never have felt the want of that idealic love."

She looked almost beside herself with joy. A rosy blush flushed into her cheeks, a light to her eyes, and she positively laid hold of both Sir Everard's hands, and clasped them in her own. "I am so thankful!" she burst forth; "I am so happy!"

If you do not love me, why there's no great harm done, and we can still be friends. Oh, Everard—the 'Sir' is gone clean away now—let us be friends! there is no one in the world I would rather have for a friend than you: and you will be Charles's friend also, and let him be yours."

"Perhaps—after a little while."

"Yes, after a little while. As soon as you can; as soon as you can forget my ingratitude and ill-behavior. I know I have behaved ill, and I do beg your pardon. I am very happy; I shall say to myself this night when I lie awake: 'It is not all over and done with: we shall be friends at last.'"

He fully understood what she meant to imply, though it was not expressed in the most lucid manner. Like a candid child, she had spoken out her mind without reserve, and Sir Everard went away, regretting that this truth and candor could not be his.

That he was grieved and annoyed by the revelation made to him could not be doubted, but it certainly made no deep wound. When a man or a woman has gone through the phases of the passion called love, and survived it, deep wounds are over. A strangely bright dream while it lasts—sweet, pure, heavenly; far too much so for this earth, to all else of which it stands in contrast. Few men—or women either—are organized to experience it; *their* love is not this love; and let them jump for joy that it is not. It had done its work on Everard Wilmot, and had gone—quite completely gone, scarcely leaving its remembrance; but it had taken with it the inward springs of imaginative existence—poetry, ideality, passion, all that stands in contradistinction to hard reality. Henceforth he could make the best of this matter-of-fact, work-a-day world, and strive on for the next; but he knew that there was no more life for his heart, no more thrill, no more hope, no more satisfying happiness. No, no; deep wounds were over for Sir Everard. "Re-ly on it, the song had left the bird."

Therefore, though he was vexed, though he regretted her, her seceding from him left no unhealing wound, and he was able calmly to consider what had best be done, what sort of communication might be made to the formidable dean. He saw Mary the following day after breakfast, and from her pres-

ence he went straight to that of Dr. Dynevor, and the latter learnt that "differences had taken place between himself and Miss Mary Dynevor, and they had mutually agreed to part."

Never, perhaps, was a dean so astounded, never did one feel more outraged, and—if we may venture to say it of a divine—never was one in a greater passion. It was passably controlled before Sir Everard. "What was the cause?" he demanded. "The precise cause, he and Miss Mary Dynevor had agreed to keep to themselves," was the answer of the baronet. "It was sufficient to say that they were both fully convinced a union between them would not conduce to happiness, and they had come to the conclusion not to carry it out."

Sir Everard said as little as he could, and left, and then up rose the fiery Dynevor wrath. It was let loose on the family in conclave, Miss Dynevor, Regina, Mary, and Grace. What the dean said in his passion is of no consequence, and if he might have been fined (had he been before a magistrate) a few small sums of five shillings each, we won't transcribe the fact, out of respect to the feelings of any other dean who may chance to read this. Miss Dynevor and two of her nieces were simply confounded, not so much at the ebullition of anger as at its cause; Mary could only shiver in silence, and inwardly pray that it might pass over.

"I will know the truth," foamed the dean. "Why do you part?"

"Differences," gasped Mary, who had taken her cue from Sir Everard.

"Differences be—be—forgotten!" stammered the dean. "What differences?"

"Nothing that I can particularly explain," faintly returned Mary. "We found that a marriage between us would not be productive of happiness, and we parted."

"*Won't* you speak out?" cried the dean, stamping his clerical shoe.

"That is all I have to speak," she answered, hanging her head.

"I am to understand, then, that Sir Everard Wilmot declines to carry out the engagement?"

"Yes." She had slightly hesitated at the answer, but it appeared to her that she must give it, wanting any other.

"Very well," cried the dean.

He said no more: he quitted the room in a state of concentrated wrath unpleas-

ant to witness, and went and bolted himself into his own study, which was the best thing he could do. Miss Dynevor angrily, Regina and Grace eagerly, poured question after question upon the unhappy Mary, but they did not succeed in getting from her any more than the dean had done.

"It is a clear case of jilting," said Miss Dynevor, "and if the days of duelling were not over, it would do Sir Everard good if one of your brothers would go out with him and shoot him. Dishonorable craven!"

Mary's cheek burnt: the "jilting" had been on her side, not his; and it was real pain to hear this epithet applied to the generous and upright Sir Everard.

Miss Dynevor's words, however, could do neither harm nor good; but unfortunately the dean had adopted precisely similar sentiments. Not as to the duelling, but as to the conduct of Sir Everard. It did not occur to him to surmise that a young lady who had waited hopefully (as he concluded) for the return of her bridegroom to claim her, would be likely to refuse him as soon as he appeared, therefore he laid it all down to the score of Sir Everard. A few days, and then—something like a thunder-clap burst forth on Mary. The dean had entered an action against Sir Everard for Breach of Promise.

The Very Reverend the Dean of Denham entered an action against any body for Breach of Promise? He had. Hot, hasty, and indignant, Dr. Dynevor had obeyed his temper as a man, forgetting that he was a clergyman and a gentleman.

It was all over now, the possibility of concealment, and Mary dragged herself, in fear and sickness, to his presence. "Is it true that you have done it?" she gasped, and the dean was at no loss to understand her meaning.

"It is true. He shall be held up, a world's spectacle."

"Oh! papa, you must undo it, you must undo it! Do not lose a moment. It was not Sir Everard who broke it off: it was I."

The dean felt rather savage. He had already had a pitched battle with Miss Dynevor upon this very point, his tongue against hers. Miss Dynevor was decidedly against the action, and told the dean it would be derogatory to his daughter, and disgraceful to himself. Of course the dean

did not listen to her; he never listened to any body who opposed him, and he believed that his sister had now been sending Mary to him with an assertion that was not true.

"You may go back to your aunt," said he, "and tell her to mind her own business; and I'll mind mine."

"I did not come from my aunt, papa. Regina dropped a word of what she heard you were doing, and I came to you of my own accord. I came to tell you the truth: it might have been better to tell you at first, as Sir Everard wished."

The dean stared at her through his great ugly tortoise-shell spectacles, for he had been reading when she interrupted him. "What do you mean about 'the truth'?" he sternly asked. "What is the truth?"

She laid her arms upon the back of a chair and seemed to lean her weight upon it; the dean saw that she was shaking. "The truth is, that I refused Sir Everard; so if an action might be brought on either side it would be on his. He came home to marry me, but I—I—could not: and he was so kind as to let it appear to you that it was as much his fault as mine."

"You broke it off? Of your own accord?"

"Yes," she answered.

The dean paused to collect his senses; perhaps his temper. "Your reason, young lady?"

"Oh, papa, I can not tell you," she uttered, bursting into tears.

"Your reason?" he repeated. "You do not stir from my presence till you have told me."

She was terrified at his tone, terrified at what the future might have in store, terrified altogether. Better let him know the truth and get it over, a voice seemed to whisper to her. "Papa," she breathed bending her face down upon the chair, "I—I—liked some one else better than Sir Everard."

"You liked——" The dean stopped: indignation and astonishment overmastered him. "Who?"

She did not answer. What he could see of her face looked as red as his own sometimes did. "Who, I ask?" he repeated; and shrink and shiver as she would, there was no evading that resolute question.

"Charles Baumgarten."

II.

MARY DYNEVOR was not dying, nobody said that; but every body did say that she was wasting away. The dean, stern, testy, implacable, would not see it; Miss Dynevor had begun to speak of it in a cross, complaining way, and Regina and Grace grieved.

Mary mostly lay upon the sofa, for she was getting too weak to sit up throughout the day. Smarting under the displeasure of her father; obliged to submit to the querulous ill-temper of her aunt, who rarely ceased her grumblings at the breaking off the desirable marriage; suffering, in a less degree, from the half covert reproaches of her sisters, who felt it as a grievance upon them, Mary had not been able to bear up against it, and her health gave way. Her aunt grew a shade kinder then; that is, instead of reproaching Mary for her "folly" and her "blindness," she reproached her for not showing more spirit, for not being more careful of her health; Regina and Grace forgot their displeasure, and ceased hinting how pleasant it would have been for them had she been Lady Wilmot; but the dean himself remained unchanged.

Five months now, and she had never seen Charles Baumgarten. The dean's doors were haughtily closed against him. See how we estimate things by comparison! But for the grand vista opened to Mary of becoming the wife of Sir Everard, it might not have occurred to the dean to deny her to Charles. It would not have occurred to him. The nephew of the Earl of Avon, well connected, sure to meet with support, clever and steady, Charles Baumgarten would have been welcomed for any one of the portionless daughters of Dr. Dynevor; they might have had to wait and struggle a little at first, but it would be all right in the end, and the dean would have married them himself with pleasure. But under the actual circumstances—Mary's having refused a splendid match that she might have had—of course Charles Baumgarten was nothing less than a *bête noire* in the eyes of the Dynevors, very *noire* indeed to the dean.

"It's of no use, ma'am, my coming here day after day to see the patient," somewhat testily exclaimed Dr. Lamb, the family physician, to Miss Dynevor. "The disorder is on the mind: if that can't be set at rest, I can do no good."

"And what then?" asked Miss Dynevor. "If nothing can be done for her mind, what then?"

"Why, you take away the chance of her getting better, and if she does not get better she must get worse, and then she'll die. It's not my province to pry into family secrets, but it does seem strange that a girl of her age should have any wasting care that can't be soothed."

Miss Dynevor, after this, had a serious talk with Mary. She laid aside her crossness for the occasion, and pointed out to her, kindly and rationally, that it was her duty to rouse herself and forget Charles Baumgarten. With the effort to do it, the forgetfulness would come, and with forgetfulness health. Mary burst into tears, and sobbed so long and vehemently that Miss Dynevor was startled, but her reply was, that she *would* try to forget him, provided she might be allowed one interview with him, to explain to him that they must finally part.

Miss Dynevor carried the whole tale to the dean: the physician's opinion, their grave fears for Mary's health, and what she had promised to do provided she might first see Charles Baumgarten. "Let her see him, and have done with it, then," was the response of the dean.

"Mind, aunt, I must see him alone," she panted, with a strangely heightened color, when the news was taken to her.

"You need not fear that any body will covet to be present; they are not so fond of him," was the retort of Miss Dynevor.

Alone she did see him. Charles received the note, went at the appointed time, and was introduced to where she was sitting. He was shocked to observe the change. He thought she must be dying.

"No," she said to him, after they had spoken for some time, "I am not dying. They think, at least they say, that when once my mind is at rest, when we have parted for good, suspense exchanged for certain misery, that I shall begin to get well again. It may be so."

"Mary, they have no right to part us."

"It must be so: it is to be. I can not act in defiance of my father."

"And you can part from me without an effort?"

"Without an effort?" she repeated. "Look at me, Charles, and then see what it has cost me."

He repented of his hasty words, and

drew her to him. She was lying quite passively upon him, when the door quietly opened and in walked the dean. Mary shrank into a chair and turned away her face. Charles folded his arms, and looked fearlessly at the dean.

"So you are here again, sir?"

"By appointment, Dr. Dynevor. And I am grieved to see what I do see. She is surely dying."

"You think so, do you?" cried the dean. "Perhaps you imagine you could save her life."

"At any rate I would try to save it, if I were allowed. What is your objection to me?" he hastily added, his tone one of sharp demand. "My connexions are unexceptionable; and many a briefless barrister has risen in time to the wool-sack."

"I am glad you have the modesty to acknowledge that you are briefless."

"I did not acknowledge it, and I am not briefless," retorted Charles; "I have begun to *get on*."

The dean looked at his daughter. "Would you patronize this sort of 'getting on'?" asked he.

There was a strange meaning in his tone, which struck on Mary's ear. She rose in agitation, her hands clasped. "Papa, I would risk it. Oh, papa, if you would but let me, I would risk it and trust it."

"If you choose to risk it and trust it, you may do so," responded the dean; "and that is what I have come in to say. But, recollect, I wash my hands of the consequences. When you shall have got a score of children about you," he added, turning to Charles, "and empty cupboards to keep them on, don't expect that you are to come to me for help. If you two wish to make simpletons of yourselves and marry, go and do it. But you do it with your eyes open, understand, Mr. Charles Baumgarten."

The dean strutted out of the room, and Charles caught her, for she was nearly fainting. "My darling!" he whispered, "my wife at last!"

From The Leisure Hour.

T W O D R E A M S .

In the year 1808 there was, and probably still is—unless, among the many changes which have taken place since I left London, it is pulled down—a place in the Strand called Lyons Inn, the smallest of the law inns; and a queer old dismal, dark place it was, although it had some very comfortable suites of chambers. The inn consisted of eight or ten spacious houses, forming a quadrangle. In one of these resided a relative of mine, George Cockayne, a solicitor of some considerable practice, having an agency business for many country attorneys in the Midland Circuit. He used to relate the following singular coincidence of two dreams and their consequences.

He had a client, a county magistrate, in one of the midland counties, who called upon him one morning and related a dream—if it was a dream—he said, of which he seemed very doubtful, for so

deeply had it impressed his mind that he had actually come to London purposely to consult my friend on the subject. "I reminded him," said Cockayne, "that my profession did not include the interpreting of dreams. 'Hear me seriously,' said the magistrate, 'and you will see the necessity of my taking advice.' So I handed him a chair, and prepared to listen, when he thus proceeded:

"Last Monday night I had been in bed about an hour; I may have previously dropped off to sleep, but think not; and what took place was quite vivid, and unattended by the usual misty weakness of a dream, so that I am very doubtful if it was in sleep it occurred. I saw, or thought I saw, the pale face of my old friend and neighbor at the lodge, at the foot of my bed (he then lay dead, but I did not know this till the following morning). He asked me to rise, and I did so,

when he informed me that his death had been foully caused by his cousin, the family apothecary, "who believed himself to be after my son the next heir to the estate; and be assured of this, that if means be not taken to prevent his prescribing for my boy, he will meet with a similar death. I entreat you, therefore, to use your influence to have him removed from attending my family at all, and save my dear boy from a premature death."

"On saying this, he appeared to fade gradually from my sight, and I got out of bed, feeling assured that this was a reality, and no dream. Now, sir, I am invited to attend the funeral of my old friend on Tuesday next: what would you advise?"

"Why," I replied, "this is surely a very frail foundation on which to found a charge against a respectable man. Why did not the ghostly visitor furnish you with some specific evidence? Would you, as a magistrate, listen to such a tale? Have you any other reason for suspecting foul play?"

"No," said he, "I certainly have not."

"I looked at my friend, and asked him if he really had come eighty miles in consequence of this dream. 'Yes,' said he; 'I can quite understand your wonder, but I was so impressed with the reality of what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, that I could not resist the desire I felt to consult some lawyer of considerable experience.' 'What, in dreams?' said I. 'Well, you may laugh at me, but really it seems a serious matter to my mind.'

"He came in the afternoon," said Cockayne, "to dine with me; I found his mind still full of its reality, and he urged me to send for that celebrated Bow street officer, Townsend, to go down with him by the mail that evening; but I finally succeeded in convincing him how dangerous it would be to raise so serious an inquiry on the foundation of a dream, and I never heard more on the subject from him."

"About ten years after this occurrence my client died, and as my new partner, Mr. Taylor, was going the circuit, it was arranged that he should call on the executor of my late client for a small balance due to me from the deceased. On Mr. Taylor's return home, while paying me the amount he had received, he mentioned that the executor had related to him a

very singular circumstance while dining with him.

"I should here state that Mr. T. was not in partnership with me at the time of my late client's visit to London respecting his dream, nor had I ever related it to him."

"Some conversation," said Mr. T., 'arose after dinner, when the lady had retired, about dreams, when he mentioned to me a very curious one of his own, that occurred to him some years ago. He did not call it a dream, but insisted upon it that it was a reality. He said that late one night he was reading in his library, Tomline's "Life of Pitt," which,' said he, "could not suggest such a subject as was then presented to my mind. While I was reading, my light gradually dimmed out, and a well-known familiar voice addressed me. I saw nothing. The purport of the address was that the friend whose funeral I was going to attend on the morrow had been put to death by his medical attendant, who also contemplated doing the same to his son, as, in case of the son's decease, he would, as next relative, succeed to the property, and I was entreated to take up the matter. I kept listening, but no more was said. The voice, I felt sure, was that of my deceased friend. I felt a shuddering creep over me, and after a minute's pause I shrieked out, 'Who is there?' No answer was heard; so I rose from my chair, and with some tremor lighted my candle, and sat down to think; but soon after this my wife's bedroom bell rang, which I concluded was for me, as it was very unusual with me to sit up so late. When I got up-stairs, my wife had dropped off to sleep again, so I said nothing to her on the subject; but early in the morning I rode over to a friend, who was the coroner, and communicated to him my strange message. He severely ridiculed it, or rather me, for entertaining such a notion of a dream, which he insisted it was; but at the same time he cautioned me to keep it quiet, and not subject myself to an action for defamation. I did keep the matter quite secret, and only now venture to relate it, as the last of the parties concerned, (the poor doctor), was thrown from his horse and killed. Fairly or foully, he had succeeded to the estate on the decease of my old friend's son.'"

"On hearing this," said Mr. Cockayne, "I related to Mr. Taylor my old client's

singular dream, and we concluded the matter ought not to rest here; so I finally determined to go down and see the executor and make a cautious inquiry. I did so, and found that the son had been attended by his medical relative during a long illness, which ended in death, and that he had succeeded to the property as heir-at-law, without any suspicion of unfair treatment. I then asked if my late client had ever mentioned to him a particular dream relative to this matter. He looked greatly surprised, but answered in the negative. I then communicated to him the dream as related to me, whereat his astonishment was great indeed. After some further consultation we determined to proceed together to the old coroner, and relate it to him. We did so, and he was equally astonished; but, after much

serious consideration, we concluded that it was altogether a dead case, and could not be resuscitated to any practical purpose.

"The coroner observed that it was a most singular instance of coincidence, possibly arising from both the parties being led into the same course of reflection, on the impropriety of a medical relative being the sole attendant upon two persons in whose death he was deeply interested, and it was decided to avoid originating any public investigation. So the matter dropped."

The doctor's family have since been deprived of the estate by a contest in Chancery, wherein it was discovered that he had established his heirship by a forged document, and that he was in fact illegitimate.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

INTELLIGENT reader, the swing of the pendulum is the type of the greater amount of human opinion and human feeling. In individuals, in communities, in parishes, in little country towns, in great nations, from hour to hour, from week to week, from century to century, the pendulum swings to and fro. From *Yes* on the one side to *No* on the other side of almost all conceivable questions, the pendulum swings. Sometimes it swings over from *Yes* to *No* in a few hours or days; sometimes it takes centuries to pass from the one extremity to the other. In feeling, in taste, in judgment, in the grandest matters and the least, the pendulum swings. From Popery to Puritanism; from Puritanism back towards Popery; from Imperialism to Republicanism, and back towards Imperialism again; from Gothic architecture to Palladian and from Palladian back to Gothic; from hooped petticoats to drapery of the scantiest, and from that backwards to the multitudinous crinoline; from crying up the science of arms to crying it down, and back; from

the schoolboy telling you that his companion Brown is the jolliest fellow, to the schoolboy telling you that his companion Brown is a beast, and back again; from very high carriages to very low ones and back; from very short horse-tails to very long ones and back again—the pendulum swings. In matters of serious judgment it is comparatively easy to discern the *rational* of this oscillation from side to side. It is that the evils of what *is* present are strongly felt, while the evils of what is absent are forgotten; and so, when the pendulum has swung over to A, the evils of A send it flying over to B, while when it reaches B the evils of B repel it again to A. In matters of feeling it is less easy to discover the how and why of the process: we can do no more than take refuge in the general belief that nature loves the swing of the pendulum. There are people who at one time have an excessive affection for some friend, and at another take a violent disgust at him; and who (though sometimes permanently remaining at the latter point) oscillate between

these positive and negative poles. You, being a sensible man, would not feel very happy if some men were loudly crying you up; for you would be very sure that in a little while they would be loudly crying you down. If you should ever happen to feel for one day an extraordinary lightness and exhilaration of spirits, you will know that you must pay for all this the price of corresponding depression—the hot fit must be counterbalanced by the cold. Let us thank God that there are beliefs and sentiments as to which the pendulum does not swing, though even in these I have known it do so. I have known the young girl who appeared thoroughly good and pious, who devoted herself to works of charity, and (with even an over-scrupulous spirit) eschewed vain company: and who by-and-by learned to laugh at all serious things, and ran into the utmost extremes of giddiness and extravagant gayety. And not merely should all of us be thankful if we feel that in regard to the gravest sentiments and beliefs our mind and heart remain year after year at the same fixed point: I think we should be thankful if we find that as regards our favorite books and authors our taste remains unchanged; that the calm judgment of our middle age approves the preferences of ten years since, and that these gather strength as time gives them the witchery of old remembrances and associations. You enthusiastically admired Byron once, you heartily despise him now. You once thought *Festus* finer than *Paradise Lost*, but you have swung away from *that*. But for a good many years you have held by Wordsworth, Shakspeare, and Tennyson; and this taste you are not likely to outgrow. It is very curious to look over a volume which we once thought magnificent, enthralling, incomparable, and to wonder how on earth we ever cared for that stilted rubbish. No doubt the pendulum swings quite as decidedly to your estimate of yourself as to your estimate of any one else. It would be nothing at all to have other people attacking and depreciating your writings, sermons, and the like, if you yourself had entire confidence in them. The mortifying thing is when your own taste and judgment say worse of your former productions than could be said by the most unfriendly critic; and the dreadful thought occurs, that if you yourself to-day think so badly of what you wrote ten years

since, it is probable enough that on this day ten years hence (if you live to see it) you may think as badly of what you are writing to-day. Let us hope not. Let us trust that at length a standard of taste and judgment is reached from which we shall not ever materially swing away. Yet the pendulum will never be quite arrested as to your estimate of yourself. Now and then you will think yourself a block-head; by-and-by you will think yourself very clever, and your judgment will oscillate between these opposite poles of belief. Sometimes you will think that your house is remarkably comfortable, sometimes that it is unendurably uncomfortable; sometimes you will think that your place in life is a very dignified and important one, sometimes that it is a very poor and insignificant one; sometimes you will think that some misfortune or disappointment which has befallen you is a very crushing one; sometimes you will think that it is better as it is. Ah, my brother, it is a poor, weak, wayward thing, the human heart!

You know, of course, how the pendulum of public opinion swings backwards and forwards. The truth lies somewhere about the middle of the arc it describes, in most cases. You know how the popularity of political men oscillates, from A, the point of greatest popularity, to B, the point of no popularity at all. Think of Lord Brougham. Once, the pendulum swung far to the right: he was the most popular man in Britain. Then, for many years, the pendulum swung far to the left, into the cold regions of unpopularity, loss of influence, and opposition benches. And now, in his last days, the pendulum has come over to the right again. So with lesser men. When the new clergyman comes to a country parish, how high his estimation! Never was there preacher so impressive, pastor so diligent, man so frank and agreeable. By-and-by his sermons are middling, his diligence middling; his manners rather stiff or rather too easy. In a year or two the pendulum rests at its proper point: and from that time onward the parson gets, in most cases, very nearly the credit he deserves. The like oscillation of public opinion and feeling exists in the case of unfavorable as of favorable judgments. A man commits a great crime. His guilt is thought awful. There is a general outcry for his condign punishment. He is sentenced to be

hanged. In a few days the tide begins to turn. His crime was not so great. He had met great provocation. His education had been neglected. He deserves pity rather than reprobation. Petitions are got up that he should be let off, and largely signed by the self-same folk who were loudest in the outcry against him. And instead of this fact, that those folk were the keenest against the criminal, being received (as it ought) as proof that their opinion is worth nothing at all, many will receive it as proof that their opinion is entitled to special consideration. The principle of the pendulum in the matter of criminals is well understood by the Old Bailey practitioners of New-York and

their worthy clients. When a New-Yorker is sentenced to be hanged, he remains as cool as a cucumber; for the New-York law is, that a year must pass between the sentence and the execution. And long before the year passes the public sympathy has turned in the criminal's favor. Endless petitions go up for his pardon. Of course he gets off. And indeed it is not improbable that he may receive a public testimonial. It can not be denied that the natural transition in the popular feeling is from applauding a man to hanging him, and from hanging a man to applauding him.

Even so does the pendulum swing, and the world run away! A. K. H. B.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A "LAST WORD" ON LORD MACAULAY.

It is too late and too soon to speak further of Lord Macaulay. The verdict of his cotemporaries has been recorded; the verdict of posterity can not be anticipated. Before the grave in the Abbey had been closed, a hundred rapid and brilliant pens had said almost all that could be said of the great man who had ceased from his labors. The brilliancy of our periodical literature is as marvelous as its rapidity. Leading articles which would have brought fortune and permanent fame to Addison or Steele appear every morning in the columns of the *Times*, and are forgotten before the second edition is published. That the sentence pronounced upon our great men by those organs of public opinion should be more brilliant than accurate, more antithetical than sound, is of course to be looked for. A man penning an article at midnight, which is to be read in Paris on the following afternoon, has no time for nice discrimination or minute analysis. He selects the striking peculiarities of a character, the salient points of a career, and on these he bases an estimate which, though impressive and picturesque, is necessarily exaggerated.

Notwithstanding the conviction we

have expressed, a few "last words" may, without impropriety, be now added. Two bulky volumes of *Miscellaneous Writings* have been recently published, and some of the contents—one piece in particular—place Lord Macaulay's character in what the public may justly consider a new light.

I should not speak honestly, or to the best of my belief, if I said that Macaulay belonged to the very highest order of minds. I do not think that he did. In no department except the historical did he show preëminent capacity, and even his *History* is open to the charge of being only a splendid and ornate panorama. His was not a creative intellect—it could not have fashioned a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a *Faust*, or *The Cenci*. He wrote spirited lyrics in which the traditions and associations of a historic people are handled with consummate judgment; but we miss the spontaneous and unsystematic music, the inartificial and childlike grace of the true ballad.* The lyrist is the creature of impulse, and Macaulay was never impulsive. Lofty, unimpassioned,

* There is a very graceful little song written by Lord MACAULAY in 1827, and included in his *Miscellaneous Writings* (ii. 417). But comparing it with any of the Laureate's, we detect at a glance the

self-restrained, he never confesses to any of the frailties of genius. He had great natural powers, no doubt; his memory was prodigious and exact; his understanding just and masculine; still, it seems to me that he was in every thing indebted more to art than to nature. He is the highest product of a profound and exquisite culture. This of course detracts from the quality of his handiwork. Only the work of authentic genius is imperishable. The work of the artificer, however elaborate, however curiously finished, does not survive. But Macaulay unquestionably *had* genius of a kind: the genius which molds the results of immense industry into a coherent and consistent whole. This is a fine and a most rare gift; and we are not wrong when we assert that its owner must always be (even when not of the highest order) a man of genius. Associated with the somewhat artificial constitution of his powers, is the

great gulf between true poetry and the most effective and finished copy:

"Oh stay, Madonna! stay;
'Tis not the dawn of day
That marks the skies with yonder opal streak;
The stars in silence shine;
Then press thy lips to mine,
And rest upon my neck thy fervid cheek.

"Oh sleep, Madonna! sleep;
Leave me to watch and weep
O'er the sad memory of departed joys:
O'er hope's extinguished beam,
O'er fancy's vanished dream,
O'er all that nature gives and man destroys.

"Oh wake, Madonna! wake;
Even now the purple lake
Is dappled o'er with amber flakes of light;
A glow is on the hill;
And every trickling rill
In golden threads leaps down from yonder height.

"Oh fly, Madonna! fly;
Lest day and envy spy
What only love and night may safely know;
Fly and tread softly, dear!
Lest those who hate us hear
The sounds of thy light footsteps as they go."
Then take at a venture any stanza of the Laureate's:
"Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

"Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream, and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main;
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more."

want of flexibility which he shows. There is no great virtue in the agility of the jester or the suppleness of the mimic; but Macaulay wanted that natural lightness and *airiness* of touch which characterizes the working of a thoroughly creative mind. He assailed pigmies with eighty-pounders. His heavy metal did its work well, but it smashed right and left, the small as well as the great, without comparison or a nice discrimination. He is one of the greatest masters of the English tongue. The ordered march of his lordly prose, to use once more a worn-out simile, is stately as a Roman legion's. Still it is ponderous, compared at least with the unaffected freedom and the flexible life of Shakspeare's, or Fielding's, or Charles Lamb's. But the art with which this defect is concealed is, like every other detail in Lord Macaulay's art, perfect in its way. The style is ponderous, but there is no monotony. Short sentences, which, like the fire of sharpshooters through cannon, break the volume of sound, are introduced at stated intervals into each paragraph. A Martial or Junius-like epigram follows the imposing burst of eloquence with which Burke or Brougham might have clenched a great harangue. There is no slovenliness in these finished pages. But to make the severe and jealous supervision too obvious might break the spell. So any avowal of the labor that has been expended is studiously avoided. An air of negligence is at times affected. Colloquial expressions are introduced. The immense industry is covertly disowned.

Lord Macaulay's elaborate polish has proved, we think, exceedingly valuable to our rapid, perplexed, and somewhat incoherent age. Too many of our ablest men are apt to speak and think in heroics. Their likings and dislikings are equally violent and equally valueless. That there is something fascinating in the passionate theology and philosophy of the age we all admit. The fanatic in politics and religion makes many converts; toleration is a plant of a slow, laborious, and difficult growth. Lord Macaulay was no fanatic. He was neither a moral nor an intellectual bigot. A rhetorician by temperament, he was saved from the sins of the rhetoricians by his vigorous manliness, his justice of judgment, and his admirable sense. It can not be said that his speculations on any topic were very profound; but, as far

as they went, they were clear, accurate; above all, luminous. His logic, if not exhaustive, was exact and incisive. He seldom undertook any argument which he had not mastered. He never indeed quite rose to the height of the great argument of Puritanism; but, accepting the limited data with which he started, his conclusions were irresistible. There were spiritual capacities and mental needs in the heroes of the Commonwealth which provoked them into action, and which made them what they were to England. These Macaulay never comprehended; his plummet could not fathom them; they lay beyond the reach of his even temper and unimpassioned intellect. His critical creed was marked by the same narrowness. He considered Samuel Rogers a greater singer than Samuel Coleridge. He relished the exquisite refinement of the *Italy*, and he respected a writer who was at once a finished gentleman and a fastidious poet. The uncouthness, the slovenliness, the eccentricities, the want of taste and judgment of the Windermere brethren, were sins that he could not tolerate. Nay, perhaps he was altogether incapable of understanding the vague and fitful feelings which they tried to render, and which gave a peculiar charm to the muse of Shelley and Tennyson. He insisted that whatever was said should be said clearly—should be written in words which men could read as they ran:

"This song was made to be sung at night,
And he who reads it in broad daylight
Will never read its mystery right,
And yet—it is childlike easy."

"Nonsense," he in effect replied; "if there is any thing whatever to be read, it will read much better in the daylight than in the dark." Such a creed, of course, can only be held by one who is destitute of the supremest elements of the poetic faculty—by a critic who has never been pursued by the haunting forms that people the twilight of the imagination. Thus he seldom reached entire historical truth or entire critical truth. It is a thousand pities that he did not write a history of the reign of Queen Anne. Both the poets and the politicians of that age (with one superb and sombre exception) were men whom he could thoroughly gauge. His picture of that brilliant group of versatile, accomplished, witty, corrupt, and splendid gentlemen, would have sparkled

like the life which it represented. He would have described with inimitable effect statesmen who were wits and poets, and poets who were wits and statesmen. But his hand faltered when he had to register grander passions and darker conflicts. The spiritual pains, the stormy struggles which tore England asunder in the seventeenth century, were put aside by him with disrelish. The men who embodied and represented this mental strife in the nation—these disorganized aspirations after a Divine kingdom and governor—were treated with coldness and disrespect. The strongest, richest, most unconventional, most complicated characters become comparatively common-place when he touches them. The virtue is taken out of them. Even the men he most admires are reduced to the most ordinary types. The historical Whig—steady, sagacious, moderate, never unselfishly imprudent, never honestly intemperate—is his ideal of human nature. A very good one in its way; though one sometimes fancies that the reckless and blundering devotion of these simple country gentlemen and yeomen to the falsest of kings is more generous, and perhaps even more heroic.

But, as I have said, it is this very absence of enthusiasm, this essential moderation of character, this almost finical polish, which has made Lord Macaulay's influence so valuable. We were all in danger of going to the opposite extreme. Mr. Carlyle's passionate and speculative genius (for his genius *is* speculative, however realistic it may appear in certain aspects) seemed at one time likely to sweep all before it. We were going to revolutionize our morals, our politics, and our theology. We were going to transform our heroes into saints, and to paint the devil (when we did not whitewash him from hoof to horns) even blacker than he used to be. We were going to untie "red tape," and to put "earnest" men into the public offices. "Gigs," "shams," classical English, and other respectable institutions, were to be abolished. The Church of the Future was to embrace Mohammed, Confucius, and Mrs. Brownrigg. I know when I write these sentences that I am caricaturing Mr. Carlyle's opinions; but I am not caricaturing the feelings which his writings stirred in the minds of many of his disciples. Now, against such feelings—which were indeed the natural pro-

duet of an age of intense mental excitement, remarkable scientific progress, and strongly developed egotism—an antidote was found in Lord Macaulay. It was an immense advantage to have at the head of our literature a man who thought calmly, who spoke moderately, who wrote fastidiously, whose enthusiasm was never intemperate, whose judgment was never excited. This great potentate in letters opposed to the license of speculation and the riot of the imagination a simple theory of morals, a simple system of politics, and a simple code of criticism. Many new men and things he did not recognize that were both good and true; that he did not recognize them arose possibly from some mental defect; but this very narrowness of intellectual sympathy enabled him effectively to stem the current. Men who are perplexed by the controversy of subtle motives and complicated passions seldom think with clearness or act with decision. And this simplicity of mental insight in Macaulay must not be confounded with intellectual rigidity or the barrenness of theory. It was a simplicity more historical than logical. A Frenchman similarly gifted would have arrived at universal suffrage and electoral districts; but Macaulay, with his historic culture and his English associations, could not become a political dogmatist. So, instead of driving him into democracy or absolutism, it made him, on the contrary, regard with hearty admiration the rough adjustments, the intricate compromises, the balanced inconsistencies, which are so unmeaning to the strictly scientific intellect, but on which old and historic societies must rest.

Lord Macaulay was thus, alike by inheritance and temperament, a Whig. As such, in the cant of the day, he may be considered a "representative man." Whiggery has had no more characteristic, no more illustrious interpreter. Had he been endowed with wider aspirations or broader sympathies, he would not have represented his party so faithfully as he did. Tory and radical politicians are frequently men of fervid imagination. They require to be so. The Conservative, who invests the constitution with a halo of mysterious sanctity, borrows the colors from his imagination; the Radical, who sighs for an ideal republic—the Milton who dreams of a perfectly ordered commonwealth, whose king is God—exerts the constructive powers of the imagination, no less than

religious or philosophical enthusiasm. But the Whig is thoroughly practical. He is satisfied with things as they are, having no blind attachments; however, he does not object to reforms, especially if they effect no change. But he does not expect much from them; as he does not venerate the venerableness of the Constitution, so neither does he hail the approach of the *civitas Dei*. A temperate respect is about the warmest political emotion of which he is capable. Even his prejudices are not immoderate. Lord Macaulay was a great man, but he was a great Whig man. The subtleties of the imagination did not perplex him, nor did the contradictions of the moral life. Wordsworth's description of a creature "moving about in worlds not realized," would have been singularly inapplicable to that compact, serene, and luminous mind. It was not agitated by "the obstinate questionings of sense and outward things" which have troubled the sagest men; nor by those high instincts

"Before which our mortal nature

Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

None of these dim and perilous tracks of the spirit were trodden by Lord Macaulay.

That Lord Macaulay's just and well-balanced intelligence did good service to us, we have admitted; but that it is sufficient for the Whig to continue to be what Lord Macaulay was, or that he can contrive to do good service of any kind by a servile imitation of his model, we do not admit. The present condition of the Whigs shows on the contrary that a party which appropriates none of the elements of the current life and thought must perish. The Whig in 1860 is intellectually, if not politically, dead. A party whose notions of National Reformation are exhausted by a six-pound franchise, betrays a poverty of thought that can not be tolerated even in our governors. On Lord Macaulay himself the traditions of his party exercised a questionable influence. In his *History*, English political life becomes an affair of the Senate rather than of the people. We lose sight of the nation in the constitution. Those slowly-matured national convictions which alone work out great constitutional changes are disregarded, or at least are made to play a less important part in the development of society than a wordy debate in the Commons, or a conflict between the two Houses on a question of privilege.

It has been said that Lord Macaulay wanted "heart." A certain coldness of manner and temperament undoubtedly characterized him. He had the reserve of the English gentleman—which, be it remembered, represents the self-respect and restraint as well as the shyness of the islander. Of his private life (though those best qualified to judge speak very warmly of his unaffected kindness and wide charities) I can not speak; and of his writings it is enough to say, that whenever right or truth is menaced, his vindication glows with manly fervor, and that his love for liberty is expressed in passages that remind us of the poet's

"O Liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of
verse;

Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.
Place me where Winter breathes his keenest
air,
And I will sing if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat."

The truth seems to be that Macaulay had keen feelings, united with a tranquil loftiness of disposition. Fashioned in a heroic mold he seldom broke down or seemed to break down. It is well that we should fail sometimes; failure teaches us humility and our own weakness. But Macaulay never failed—his life from its beginning to its close was a rapid success. Thus there is an air of impassiveness about him which men of harder lives and more vehement passions can not long sustain. He is not arrogant exactly, but he shows no sense of frailty. The repose which marks him is not the repose which has been earned by desperate and hard-won victory; it is the natural repose of those simple antique gods which dwelt amid the Etrurian woods, "while Italy was yet guiltless of Rome." They have not sinned, and they have not conquered sin; nor is the unruffled brow "entrenched" by the "deep scars of thunder" which mental anguish and conflict leave behind them. Even in public, however, as we have witnessed, Macaulay sometimes visibly warmed. Our latest recollection of the orator is connected with the solitary mischance that checkered a career of otherwise uninterrupted success.

At the election of 1847 Mr. Macaulay lost his seat for Edinburgh. The thirtieth of July in that year was a discreditable day to the modern Athenians; it leaves a blot on their character for sagacity and generosity, and their subsequent recantation has not quite atoned for the evil which they then did. But it was no disgrace to Lord Macaulay: he lost his seat for the best of all reasons—because he would not betray the principles of "truth, peace, freedom, mercy," which he lived to vindicate; because he dared to be true to his convictions and to his career. "A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd" were able to inflict a keen mortification upon a great man; but he bore the pang, in public at least, with proud confidence and unresentful regret. It was thus that he addressed the men who had done him, themselves, and their city this great wrong:

"You have been pleased to dismiss me from your service, and I submit to your pleasure without repining. The generous conduct of those who gave me their support I shall always remember with gratitude. If any thing has occurred of which I might justly complain, I have forgiven, and shall soon forget it. The points on which we have differed I leave with confidence to the judgment of my country. I can not expect that you will at present admit my views to be correct; but the time will come when you will calmly review the history of my connection with Edinburgh. You will then, I am convinced, acknowledge that if I incurred your displeasure, I incurred it by remaining faithful to the general interests of the empire and to the fundamental principles of the constitution. I shall always be proud to think that I once enjoyed your favor; but permit me to say, I shall remember not less proudly how I risked and how I lost it."

These were the calm words of dignified rebuke and farewell which he addressed to the men who had defeated him; they were the only public acknowledgment he ever made of the pain that had been inflicted on him; and we now learn, and for the first time, how keenly he suffered. His posthumous works contain certain "Lines written in August, 1847," immediately after his defeat. He did not mean to hurt, but he has taken a bitter revenge; for as long as the English language lasts these lines will live. The wounded warrior retreats from the battle-ground; "the day of tumult, strife, defeat is o'er;" and in the stillness of night he gives ut-

terance to his pain and vindicates his integrity. The lines are very noble and simple; they are the nearest approach to genuine poetry that Macaulay perhaps ever made; for they come direct from the heart, and prove how immensely superior to any artifice true feeling, in its simplest and most unadorned moods, always is. The queens of the world—gain, fashion, power, pleasure—sweep scornfully past the sleeping child; until One comes, "the last, the mightiest, and the best."

"O glorious lady! with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,

Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a strange, sweet music, who wast thou?"

"Thine most when friends turn pale, when
traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd."

Noble lines; but as the whole piece is admirable, and as it has not attracted the attention it deserves, (especially as a psychological curiosity,) we venture to transfer it unmutilated to our pages:

"LINES WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1847.

"The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er;
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

"That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

"Pale flickered on the hearth the dying flame,
And all was silent in that ancient hall,
Save when by fits on the low night-wind came
The murmur of the distant waterfall.

"And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new born baby's doom:
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

"Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain;
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.

"The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown:
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

"Still fay in long procession followed fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest;
But when those wayward sprites had passed away,
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

"O glorious lady! with the eyes of light
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet, strange music, who wast thou?"

"Yes, darling; let them go;' so ran the strain:
'Yes; let them go, gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign,
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

"Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,
The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth.

"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
And if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
Of all my bounties largely to partake,
Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,
And court me but for gain's, power's, fashion's sake.

"To such, though deep their lore, though wide their fame,
Shall my great mysteries be all unknown:
But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
Wilt not thou love me for myself alone?

"Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love;
And I will tenfold all that love repay,
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

"For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be,
The ever-during plant whose bough I wear,
Brightest and greenest then, when every tree
That blossoms in the light of time is bare.

"In the dark hour of shame, I deigned to stand
Before the frowning peers at Bacon's side:
On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde:

"I brought the wise and brave of ancient days
To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone:
I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

"And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
When, in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly;

"Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed
Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise;
Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

"No: when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine,
Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile thine;

"Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbirds scream,
Where more than Thule's winter bars the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
Lights the drear May-day of Antarctic seas;

"Thine, when around thy litter's track all day
 White sandhills shall reflect the blinding glare;
 Thine, when, through forests breathing death, thy way
 All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair;

"Thine most when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
 When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
 For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
 A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
 Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
 Remember me; and with an unforced smile
 See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes: they will pass away; nor deem it strange:
 They come and go, as comes and goes the sea;
 And let them come and go: thou, through all change,
 Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

That is the punishment which a great man inflicts on his assailants. The warning should make us careful. It is not safe to expose ourselves to the shafts of the immortals. At the same time it may reassure the meanest who desires to be remembered. Let him wait patiently and watch assiduously, and the opportunity to wound a great man, to sting him into retaliation, to extort a retort which the world will not willingly let die, is almost sure some time or other to arrive. The publicans and the pharisees of Edinburgh bided their time. Their labor has not been in vain: they have earned an imperishable notoriety.

The wrong indeed was redressed, as far as redress was possible. Reparation was made. The people of Edinburgh, all of them at least who did not belong to the most sectarian of sects, were eager to remove an unseemly stain from the escutcheon of their city. They succeeded. The broken ties were renewed; the old member once more met his constituents in kindness. Five years had passed since he had stood among them—and the years had left their marks upon all in that assembly—upon him not the least. Disease had even then begun its work. The burly form was bent and attenuated; but the eye was still full of light, and the silver voice, though enfeebled, was liquid and syren-like as ever. It was the last great speech he ever made, and it recalled his greatest efforts. He was visibly affected when he rose, and when he alluded to the men of Edinburgh who had been taken away since he last stood among them, to the friendly faces and voices who would greet him no more, his voice shook pain-

fully. "And Jeffrey, too," he added, with a sort of suppressed sob, as he finished the enumeration. There he faltered and stopped short. The simple pause of feeling was more touching and more expressive than the most labored panegyric could have been. Recovering his composure, he went on to sketch in brilliant but gloomy colors the terrible scenes which Europe had witnessed during the five years of war and revolution. And then he turned to ourselves. "The madness of 1848," he said, "did not subvert the British throne. The reaction which followed has not destroyed British freedom. And why is this? Why has our country, with all the ten plagues raging around her, been a land of Goshen? Every where else was the thunder, and the fire running along the ground—a very grievous storm—a storm such as there was none like it since man was upon the earth, yet every thing tranquil here; and then again thick night, darkness that might be felt, and yet light in all our dwellings." This was the most striking passage in his speech—a passage rendered impressive to his hearers not more by the scriptural simplicity and elevation of its language, than by the grand earnestness of the speaker as he uttered it.

The orator warmed with his theme; with the most skillful and stinging irony he attacked his opponents; with the bravest and most honest zeal he vindicated his friends. For a time the exhaustion of disease was overcome: his eye sparkled, his voice glowed; he was again the athlete in the proud confidence of his prime. But the excitement could not sustain him long: his voice failed him; and when he told his hearers in feeble accents: "In no

case whatever shall I again be a member of any ministry; during what may remain of my public life, I shall be the servant of none but you," they saw that he spoke truly; that he had really done with cabinets and governments *here*, that the fee-

ble thread might be snapped without warning at any moment; and some at least among them felt grateful that the atonement which they owed to the greatest orator and historian of his generation had not been delayed till it was too late.

SHIRLEY.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, SEN.

THE following sketch, to accompany the portrait in the previous number, was not received in time for insertion. It was prepared to accompany a portrait of Professor Silliman published in Vienna in 1857, being one of a series of one hundred portraits of men of science, residing in different countries in Europe, and in the United States, copies of which have been received in this country.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Doctor of Medicine and of Laws, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in Yale College, Founder and Editor of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, President of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, President of the American Association of Geologists and Naturalists, Honorary Member of the Smithsonian Institution, Member of the Geological Societies of London and Paris, of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin, of the Royal Mineralogical Society of Dresden, of the Natural History Societies of Athens, Belfast, Halle, etc., of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston, of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, etc.

Professor BENJAMIN SILLIMAN was born August eighth, 1779, in the town of North-Stratford, now Trumbull, Fairfield County, Connecticut. His father, Gold Selleck Silliman, Esq., was a lawyer of distinction, who held during the war of American Independence a commission as Brigadier-General in the militia of Connecticut, and rendered important services to the colonial army.

In 1792 the subject of this sketch entered as a student Yale College, a flourishing institution in his native state, which then as now attracted a large num-

ber of scholars from all parts of the United States; and from that time until the present, a period of more than sixty-five years, Mr. Silliman has been almost uninterruptedly connected with the same seat of learning.

He was regularly graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1796, and Master of Arts in 1799, and at the latter date was also appointed a tutor in Yale College. As it was then his intention to enter for life upon the practice of law, he pursued a course of studies which resulted in his admission to the bar of New-Haven in 1802.

Chemistry as a science was then almost unknown in America, but the brilliant discoveries of Lavoisier, Sir Humphry Davy and others, had attracted attention to its importance, and Dr. Dwight, the President of Yale College, became interested in its adoption as a regular department of instruction. With his usual sagacity, he selected Mr. Silliman as the proper person to become a Professor of Chemistry, and the latter consented to abandon his legal studies and accept the new position thus offered to him, provided that time and opportunities should be allowed for the requisite preparation.

He accordingly passed a part of the next two years in Philadelphia engaged in scientific studies, and on returning to New-Haven, in 1804, he delivered his first course of lectures to the students of Yale College. In 1805 he visited Europe, purchasing books and apparatus for the institution in which he was now a Professor, and attending in London and Edinburgh the lectures of various eminent men. He returned home after an absence of fifteen months, and soon published an

account of his journey in a work which was received by the public with remarkable favor.

Not long afterward he made a geological survey of part of his native state, which is believed to have been the first in a series of scientific explorations now widely extended through America.

In December, 1807, a meteorite of uncommon magnitude and splendor passed over New-England, and, bursting with loud explosion, threw down large fragments in the town of Weston, Connecticut. Professor Silliman, aided by his friend Professor J. L. Kingsley, immediately visited the scene of this occurrence, and after a thorough investigation published a full account of the phenomenon, accompanied by a description and chemical analysis of the fragments. This is one of the earliest and one of the most interesting and well-authenticated cases of the fall of meteorites in America. Soon after this he first effected the fusion of lime and magnesia by the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, and in 1822 the fusion and volatilization of charcoal by galvanism.

In 1818 Professor Silliman founded the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, with which his name is still connected. This Journal, now in its eighty-first volume, a survivor of most of its contemporaries, has been recognized at home and abroad for forty-two years as the chief repository of American science. Its publication has called for incessant labor, as well as for heavy and unrequited outlays upon the part of the editor; but its acknowledged services in the advancement and diffusion of scientific learning entitle its founder to the honorable remembrance of every scholar. The first series of fifty volumes, ending in 1745, with which Professor Silliman is particularly identified, will remain a permanent monument to his scientific enthusiasm and perseverance.

Professor Silliman was probably the first in America to lecture before a miscellaneous audience on scientific subjects. While discharging his continuous duties as a college instructor and as editor of a scientific journal, he was frequently invited to give public lectures on chemistry and geology, and much of the interest now manifested by Americans in the pursuit of natural science, and many liberal benefactions made for its advancement, can be directly traced to his influence. In Boston, New-

York, Philadelphia, Washington, New-Orleans, St. Louis, and other large cities, he has repeatedly delivered a series of scientific discourses, made popular, while his more scientific lectures at New-Haven have attracted to Yale College young men from every part of the United States, many of whom, now eminent in different departments of research, attribute to Professor Silliman their earliest love of natural science.

In 1830 Professor Silliman published a work on chemistry in two volumes, octavo, intended as a manual for those who listened to his lectures. He has also published with notes and appendices, several editions of Henry's Chemistry and Bakewell's Geology.

In addition to the volumes of travels before alluded to, he published in 1820 an account of a journey between Hartford and Quebec, and in 1853 an account of a second visit to Europe made by the author at an interval of almost fifty years after his residence as a student abroad.

In 1853 Professor Silliman resigned his office as a professor in Yale College and was elected an Emeritus Professor, but at the request of his colleagues he continued to lecture on geology before the students until June, 1855, when he gave his closing academic course. He was succeeded in the department of geology by Professor James D. Dana, and in that of chemistry by his son, Benjamin Silliman, Jr.

Notwithstanding the advanced years and laborious life of Professor Silliman, his vigor of mind and body remain unimpaired, and since his retirement from active duties in College he has continued to take a deep interest in the progress of science at home and abroad. He has also become conspicuous among American citizens for many years in the public-spirited earnestness with which he has aided in the promotion of objects of philanthropy.

Professor Silliman has fitly been called the Father of American Science, and although others of his countrymen preceded him in the study of nature, no man probably has done so much as he to awaken and encourage students of science, to collect and diffuse the researches of American naturalists, and to arouse in all classes of the community a respect for learning and a desire for its advancement.

The annexed catalogue comprises the

titles of most of Professor Silliman's separate publications:

American Journal of Science. First Series. Fifty volumes. New-Haven, 1818-45. 8vo. Second Series, by Silliman and Dana, still in progress. Thirty-one volumes issued down to 1860. New-Haven, 8vo.

Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland, in 1805-6. 2 vols. New-York, 1810. 8vo. (Two subsequent editions.)

Henry's Elements of Chemistry. Edited with Notes. Three Editions, the last, Boston, 1814. 8vo.

Bakewell's Geology. Edited with Notes and Appendices. 1st Edition. New-Haven, 1829. 8vo. 2d Edition. New-Haven, 1833. 8vo. 3d Edition. New-Haven, 1839. 8vo.

Elements of Chemistry in the order of Lectures given in Yale College. 2 vols. New-Haven, 1830. 8vo.

Visit to Europe in 1851. 2 vols. 12mo. New-York, 1853. Six editions.

REV. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER, D.D.

IN connection with the accurate portrait likeness of a good man which stands at the head of this number of the *ECLECTIC*, we record a brief biographical sketch. We desire to honor his memory as a man, as a faithful minister of the gospel, as an active Christian, as an indefatigable laborer in the cause of his Divine Master in every good word and work, and as a friend and classmate in college.

He "was the son of the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer and Cornelia Paterson. These are historical names; the one in New-York, the other in New-Jersey. He was born in the city of Albany, May 25th, 1808. He graduated at Yale College in 1827. He was admitted to the bar in his native state in 1830. The same year, having decided to devote his life to the work of the ministry, he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New-Jersey. He was ordained to the sacred office in 1835, and commenced his ministry in preaching to the colored population in Virginia. Circumstances beyond his own control constrained him to leave that chosen field of labor, and in 1837 he was installed the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Burlington, New-Jersey. In 1837 he was chosen Corresponding Secretary and principal executive officer of the Board of Education, under the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in which service he continued to the end of his laborious life. This is a brief record of the more important dates in his professional history.

Cortlandt Van Rensselaer was a good son and brother; a good husband and father; a good citizen, neighbor, and

friend; a good minister and a good Christian. During his lingering illness, which terminated in death at Burlington, July 27th, the General Assembly in session at Rochester, "embracing more than three hundred members, gathered from every state of the Union, (excepting three,) addressed a letter to Dr. Van Rensselaer, then upon his dying bed, expressing their sorrows for his affliction, and their high estimate of his worth and services. That letter was heard in the midst of tears and sighs. It was adopted by the whole assembly rising to their feet, when the oldest minister present gave utterance in prayer to the feelings which swelled every heart. This is an incident unprecedented in our history. No other man was ever so honored. It was a tribute not to greatness, but to goodness.

The following is a copy of the letter sent to the Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer by the General Assembly:

"TO THE REV. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER, D.D.

"*Beloved Brother in Christ Jesus:* The General Assembly has learned with deep solicitude of the afflictive dispensation which detains you from its present sessions. It has pleased him whose 'way is in the sea and his path in the great waters,' to visit you with a painful illness. We can not permit you to suppose that the Church which you have loved and served so well, is unmindful of you in this season of trial. And we should do injustice to ourselves not to assure you of our united and cordial sympathy.

"We are all well aware that one who feels himself drawing near to eternity, and around whose couch of suffering the light of that 'better country' is shedding its heavenly radiance, can stand in no need of earthly consolations. Nor would we offend your Christian humility by enlarging upon the services you have rendered to the cause of Christ. But we may—nay, we must—magnify the grace of God in you, which has wrought so effectually to the furtherance of the Gospel amongst us through your instrumentality. We can not accept your resignation of the important office you have just relinquished, without bearing our formal and grateful testimony to the manner in which its duties have been performed. With devout thankfulness to God, and under him, beloved brother, to you, we record our sense of the eminent wisdom, fidelity, and efficiency, and the noble, disinterested liberality with which you have for fourteen years conducted the affairs of our 'Board of Education.' Under your administration it has risen from a condition of comparative feebleness, to strength and power. Its plans have been matured and systematized. Its sphere has been greatly enlarged. It has assumed new and most beneficent functions. Your luminous pen has vindicated the principles which lie at the basis of true Christian education. And by your numerous publications, your sermons and addresses, your extended correspondence and your self-denying activity in visiting every part of the Church, you have, by God's blessing, accomplished a great work in elevating this sacred cause to its just position, and gathering around it the sympathies of our whole communion. Nor may we forbear to add, that in prosecuting these manifold official labors, you have greatly endeared yourself personally to the ministry and membership of the Church.

"Rejoicing as we do in the auspicious re-

sults of these unwearied exertions, we mourn this day the sacrifice they have cost us. While the Church is reaping the harvest—a harvest which we fully believe she will go on gathering until the Master comes to present her unto himself, a glorious Church—the workman who has done so much to prepare the ground and sow the seed, falls exhausted in the furrows. There, dear brother, we doubt not you would choose to fall—upon that field to the culture of which you had dedicated your life.

"On behalf of the Church we represent, we once more thank you sincerely and gratefully, for all your labors and sacrifices. We lift up our hearts in humble and fervent supplication to our common God and Father, that his presence may be with you in this hour of trial. We hear with joy, that he does not forget you; that he is giving you strength according to your day; and that your peace flows like a river. We plead with him that if it be possible, this blow may still be averted, and your health be restored. But we desire to commit you into his hands. That Saviour in whom you trust will not forsake you. The Divine Comforter will comfort you and yours. Your covenant God will be the God of your children.

"To him, the Triune Jehovah, we affectionately commend you—praying that his rod and his staff may comfort you, and that whenever the summons shall come, an entrance may be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"On behalf of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in session at Rochester, N. Y., May 23, 1860.

"JOHN W. YEOMANS, Moderator.

"WILLIS LORD, Stated Clerk.

"ALEX. T. MCGILL, Permanent Clerk.

"A. G. VERMILYR, Temporary Clerk.

"[Signed also by the whole Assembly.]"

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB; in four volumes. A new edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Company, 117 Washington street. 1860.

CHARLES LAMB is a favorite author with many lovers of literature, who will be glad to see and possess this new and beautiful edition of his works, so tastefully executed by the publishers, and embellished with a portrait engraved on steel. Vol. I. fills 422 pages, comprising his numerous letters to Coleridge, Manning, Southey, Mrs. Wordsworth, and others, written in his familiar and genial style, so attractive to many minds. Vol. II. fills 429 pages, comprising his letters to Robinson, Proctor, Barton, and others, with eight chapters of his final memorials. Vol. III. fills 464 pages, the contents of which are: 1. *ELIA*; comprising twenty-eight topics, about as varied, amusing, and humorous, as it would not be easy to find elsewhere in the same space. 2. *THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA*; comprising twenty-three topics, alike varied and attractive, from his gifted pen. 3. *POPULAR FALLACIES*; in sixteen chapters, concludes this volume. Vol. IV. fills 444 pages, the contents of which are: Rosamund Gray; Essays, etc. Letters under assumed signatures, published in the *Reflector*; poems, sonnets, blank verse, album verses, with a few others, miscellaneous pieces, sonnets, commendatory verses, translations, from the latin of Vincent Bourne. These volumes contain a great variety of brilliant thoughts on a great variety of subjects. For sale by Pooley, New-York.

THE AMERICAN THEOLOGICAL REVIEW. Conducted by Rev. H. B. Smith, D.D., and Rev. J. M. Sherwood. Boston and New-York.

THE November number of this able quarterly has been issued. It opens with a masterly article on the *Laws of Civilization*, by Rev. Prof. Hitchcock, of the Union Seminary. The article abounds with powerful and suggestive thought. *Objective Preaching* is the theme of the second article, from the pen of Dr. Asa D. Smith. It is a theme worthy of an angel's mind and pen, and we are glad to see so important a subject presented with so much force of diction, and so practical and pertinent in its bearing on the most solemn business of human existence. Other able articles follow. Dr. Samuel M. Worcester's article on the origin of American Foreign Missions will be read with interest. The whole number is admirably sustained.

HOME BALLADS AND POEMS, by John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

THIS neat volume contains ten ballads and twenty-five poems and lyrics. The lovers of poetry and the admirers of Mr. Whittier's pleasant harp and song will not need a second invitation to repair to this volume and drink of its fountains.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, Lord High Chancellor of England; collected and edited by James Spelding, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., and Douglas Denon Heath, Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. XI., being Vol. I. of the *Literary and Professional Works*. Boston: published by Brown & Taggard. 1860. Pages 462.

THIS volume is chiefly devoted to the History of King Henry VII., then follows an Appendix of some 25 pages, succeeded by the beginning of the History of the Reign of King Henry VIII., and a Latin *In Memoriam* of Queen Elizabeth, translated in English. The students of History will thank the publishers of this work for bringing it out in this neat and attractive form. The talents and genius of Bacon will render this work a desirable acquisition to many libraries.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, of Boston, have sent us another of the beautiful series of their diamond edition, works in blue and gold. *LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA*, as represented in the fine arts. By Mrs. Jameson, corrected and enlarged. Pages 483.

THE curious reader will find many curious things among these curious legends of by-gone ages. He will need to travel into foreign lands and cities and visit many galleries of paintings in imagination to find the works of art to which allusion is made. But it will prove an interesting excursion. We remember to have seen many of these beautiful works of art. They are worth an actual visit. An imaginary one even will give pleasure.

THE LIVES OF DR. JOHN DONNE, SIR HENRY WOTTON, RICHARD HOOKER, GEORGE HERBERT, and DR. ROBERT SANDERSON. By Isaac Walton, with some account of the author and his writings. By Thomas Touch, D.D., F.L.S., Prebendary of Durham. New edition, with illustrative notes. Complete in one volume. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Company, 1860. Pages 386; with a copious index.

IN this well-executed volume, is a sort of resurrection of the character, life, and times of these ancient worthies, so that the reader may hold communion with their minds and thoughts, which are here reproduced.

THE OAKLAND STORIES. *Claiborne.* By George B. Taylor, of Virginia. New-York: Sheldon & Company. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

IN this story of *Claiborne*, eight persons appear on the scene and speak their sentiments concerning the subjects of conversation which are introduced. Our young readers will welcome this pleasant story to their firesides, both for their amusement and instruction.

HAND-BOOK OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, from the best and latest authorities. Designed for popular reading and as a text-book for schools and colleges. By Anne C. Lynch Botta. New-York: Derby & Jackson, 1860. Pages 567; with a copious index.

This is a book of rare excellence and value. It is the result of very extended research, and the literary treasures which are here brought together and arranged for convenient use, constitute a work highly creditable to the talents and judgment of the authoress. The young lady or young gentleman who shall mentally digest the literary aliment of this book will possess a richly-endowed mind.

BROWN & TAGGARD, the publishers of **BACON'S WORKS**, have sent us Vol. XII., being Vol. II. of the *Literary and Professional Works*. Pages 454.

This volume is devoted chiefly to additions and corrections inserted by Bacon in a manuscript copy of Camden's *Annales and Essays*, or counsels, civil and moral. In these productions of Bacon's pen are found many treasures of thought which were held in high repute by his cotemporaries. They are still rich mines of intellectual wealth, where the lovers of literature of the present age may dig and explore, and find golden nuggets. For sale by E. French, 53 Cedar street, New-York.

THE "BOTTOM OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S HEART."—At one of the recent meetings of the Liverpool Social Science Association, Baron Gudin, the celebrated French marine painter, who was present, delivered a speech in English, deprecating any idea of a war between France and England, and arguing that the Emperor was most anxious to keep up the *entente cordiale*. He also mentioned that he (Baron Gudin) had invented an apparatus in connection with gas and water, which would, he hoped, be of great benefit to the public. "The Emperor," he said, "is my friend, and I know the very bottom of his heart." At these words, Lord Brougham, who was in the chair, smiled and shook his head; and at the conclusion of the Baron's remarks he highly eulogized his talents as an artist, and added, "but with reference to his great discovery—I don't mean that of the bottom of the Emperor's heart, but of the gas and water apparatus—I hope we shall soon hear more." These words, delivered in the noble lord's driest manner, excited roars of laughter, which seemed to puzzle Baron Gudin immensely. Baron Gudin, Lord Brougham stated, is married to a Scotch lady.

ROME IN THE COMING WINTER.—Some apprehension seems to exist in Rome with regard to the prospects of the coming winter season, supposed to commence on the first of November, by which date, or soon after, there is generally a strong muster of foreigners—and especially of English—in the Pontifical capital. Numerous classes of Romans and some foreigners depend in great measure for employment and prosperity on the annual influx of our countrymen for a few weeks' visit, or a few months' stay. Artists of all grades and descriptions, sculptors, painters, mosaic workers, cameo engravers, etc., would be sensibly affected by the absence of English. The shops await the British advent before replenishing their stock and filling their windows. As for hotels and lodging-house keepers, they depend entirely on the winter, and some of the former have

only just begun to receive guests, having preferred to close altogether during the summer, as Baden inns do in winter. "To judge, however," writes a correspondent, "by the enormous rents demanded for furnished tenements, whether large or small, their owners feel pretty confident of tenants."

DR. SMITH'S Dictionary of the Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History of the Bible, is now for sale at the Boston bookstores—thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Little and Brown, the joint publishers of America—at less than one half the English price. The first volume only is yet published—volume two, completing the work, will appear in about eighteen months. Among the contributors appear the well-known American names of Professors Calvin E. Stowe, Felton, (of Harvard), Conant, Hackett, and others, in juxtaposition with Dr. Stanley, Dean Alford, A. H. Layard, Rawlinson, James Ferguson, etc. In spite of the low price at which the original edition is offered, two houses have announced reprints.

DR. LORD'S LECTURES.—The new course of six Historical Lectures of Great Representative Women which this eloquent lecturer is about to deliver in this city, is so rich and instructive that he may well expect large assemblies of hearers, for repeated courses.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Sitting in my humble doorway,
Gazing out into the night,
Listening to the stormy tumult
With a kind of sad delight—
Wait I for the loved who comes not,
One whose step I long to hear;
One who, though he lingers from me,
Still is dearest of the dear.
Soft, he comes—now heart be quiet!—
Leaping in triumphant pride,
Oh! it is a stranger footstep,
Gone by on the other side.

All the night seems filled with weeping,
Winds are wailing mournfully,
And the rain-tears close together
Journey to the restless sea.
I can fancy, sea, you murmur,
As they with your waters flow,
Like the griefs of single being,
Making up a nation's woe!

Branches, bid your gusts be silent:
Hush a moment, fretful rain;
Breeze, stop sighing—let me listen,
God grant not again in vain!
In my cheek the blood is rosy,
Like the blushes of a bride,
Joy! alas, a stranger footstep
Goes by on the other side.

Ah! how many wait for ever,
For the steps that do not come!
Wait until the pitying angels
Bear them to a peaceful home!
Many in the still of midnight
In the streets have lain and died,
While the sound of human footsteps
Went by on the other side.

THE *Official Journal of Naples* publishes the following address to the Palermitans from Garibaldi:

"Near to you, or from you, brave people of Palermo, I am with you, and with you for all my life!"

"Bonds of affection, community of fatigue, of danger, of glory, bind me to you with indissoluble ties; moved from the very depths of my soul, with my conscience as Italian, I know that you will not doubt my words. I separated myself from you for the common cause, and I left you another self—Depretis! Depretis is confided by me to the good people of the capital of Sicily; and, more than my representative, he is the representative of the holy national idea. 'Italy and Victor Emanuel!' Depretis will announce to the dear people of Sicily the day of the annexation of the island to the rest of free Italy. But it is Depretis who must determine—faithful to my mission and to the interest of Italy—the fortunate epoch. The miserable beings who talk to you of annexation to-day, people of Sicily, are the same who a month ago spoke to you and stirred you up; I ask them, people, if I had condescended to their individual littlenesses, I could have continued to fight for Italy—I could have sent you this day my salutation of love from the beautiful capital of the Southern Italian continent. Well, then, noble people, to the cowards who hid themselves when you fought in the barricades of Palermo for the liberties of Italy, you will say, from your Garibaldi, that the annexation and the kingdom of King Victor Emanuel we will proclaim quickly; but there, on the heights of the Quirinal, when Italy shall count her sons in one family, and receive all as free men in her illustrious bosom, and bless them.

"G. GARIBALDI."

THE "GREAT FLOAT" DOCK AT BIRKENHEAD.—The gigantic dock at Birkenhead is rapidly approaching completion, and it is expected that the water will be let into it in the course of a fortnight's time. The total water-space of the Great Float is 110 acres; and the lineal quay space round it is upwards of four miles. During its formation the contractors, Messrs. Thompson & Co., and Messrs. McCormick & Co., removed two million cubic yards of timber. The depth of water will be about nine feet below the old dock sill at Liverpool—amply sufficient for the requirements of the largest vessels.—*London Paper*, Oct. 20.

NEW MISSION FOR PRINCE NAPOLEON.—It is said that the Emperor is about to confide to Prince Napoleon (unless his services should be required elsewhere) the important mission of making a scientific tour round the world, and it is expected that one of the consequences of this mission will be to increase French influence. The announcement of the Prince's visit to foreign and distant parts coinciding with the article in the *Constitutionnel*, is not unworthy of notice. The Prince has repeatedly expressed his conviction that Rome would soon be the capital of the Italian kingdom of his father-in-law.—*Letter from Paris*.

DON'T SWEAR.—Profanity is one of the most ofensive and disgusting habits to which humanity is given; to say nothing of its sinfulness, (which every one of course understands,) profane swearing is a vile, vulgar, low-bred habit, from the indulgence of which a proper self-respect should restrain a man, even if he has no regard for the dictates of religion. It is a habit, too, which increases with fearful rapidity, when once given way to.

A WEDDING AT KNOWSLEY.—The marriage of Lady Emma Charlotte Stanley with the Hon. Wellington Patrick Manvers Chetwynd Talbot, took place on Thursday, the eleventh inst., at the parish church of Knowsley. The bride, who is the only daughter of the Earl of Derby, was one of the bridesmaids of the Princess Royal, and adds another to the "fixed" stars among the constellation of beauty which then surrounded her Royal Highness. The bridegroom, who is a brother of the present Earl of Shrewsbury, was a captain in the 7th Foot, and formerly aid-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He was appointed Comptroller of the Household in 1846; Lieut.-Colonel of the Staffordshire Militia in 1853; was private secretary to the Earl of Derby in 1852; British resident at Cephalonia in September, 1855; and Sergeant-at-Arms in attendance on the Lord Chancellor in December.

The *trousseau* of the bride was very splendid. Lord Derby presented her with a tiara of diamonds, and Lady Derby's present consisted of a unique set of ornaments, comprising a necklace, brooch, and bracelets, of pearls, diamonds, and emeralds. Lord Stanley's present was a dressing-case, with gold fittings; and that of the Marquis of Exeter was a large diamond cross. The following also were among the presents: The Earl of Hardwicke, a pearl and gold necklace; the Duke of Buccleuch, a large brooch, pearl, amethyst, and diamonds; the Duchess of Cambridge, an Indian scarf, brocaded with silver; Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, a gold clock; the Earl of Dalkeith, a case of gold spoons; the Duchess of Buccleuch, a handsome ruby ring. There were also presents from Mr. Frederick Stanley, Lord Chesterfield, the Hon. Mrs. Wilbraham, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, Lord Skelmersdale, Lady Sefton, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, the Marchioness of Alibury, Lady Jersey, Lord Winchester, Lady Alice Peel, General Hall, the Rev. Ellis Ashton, Capt. Hornby, Lady Eleanor Hopwood, Miss Penrhyn, Col. Wilbraham, Miss Stanley, Miss de Rothschild, Lady Cremorne, Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Hon. Mary Bootle Wilbraham, and others. The officers of the Staffordshire Militia also made a handsome presentation to the bridegroom.

THE CALCULATING MACHINE.—In November, 1857, the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury authorized Mr. Scheutz to construct one of his calculating machines, and after the lapse of rather more than a twelve-month it was placed in the General Register office for the use of the Statistical Department, where it has since been in daily operation, and the satisfactory manner in which it turns out the most abstruse logarithms, correctly worked, holds forth the most sanguine expectations that it will be the means of effecting a great saving of time and labor in the public service.

SMOKING.—The pupils of the Polytechnic School in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that college into groups—the smokers and the non-smokers—it is shown that the smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke enjoyed a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

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